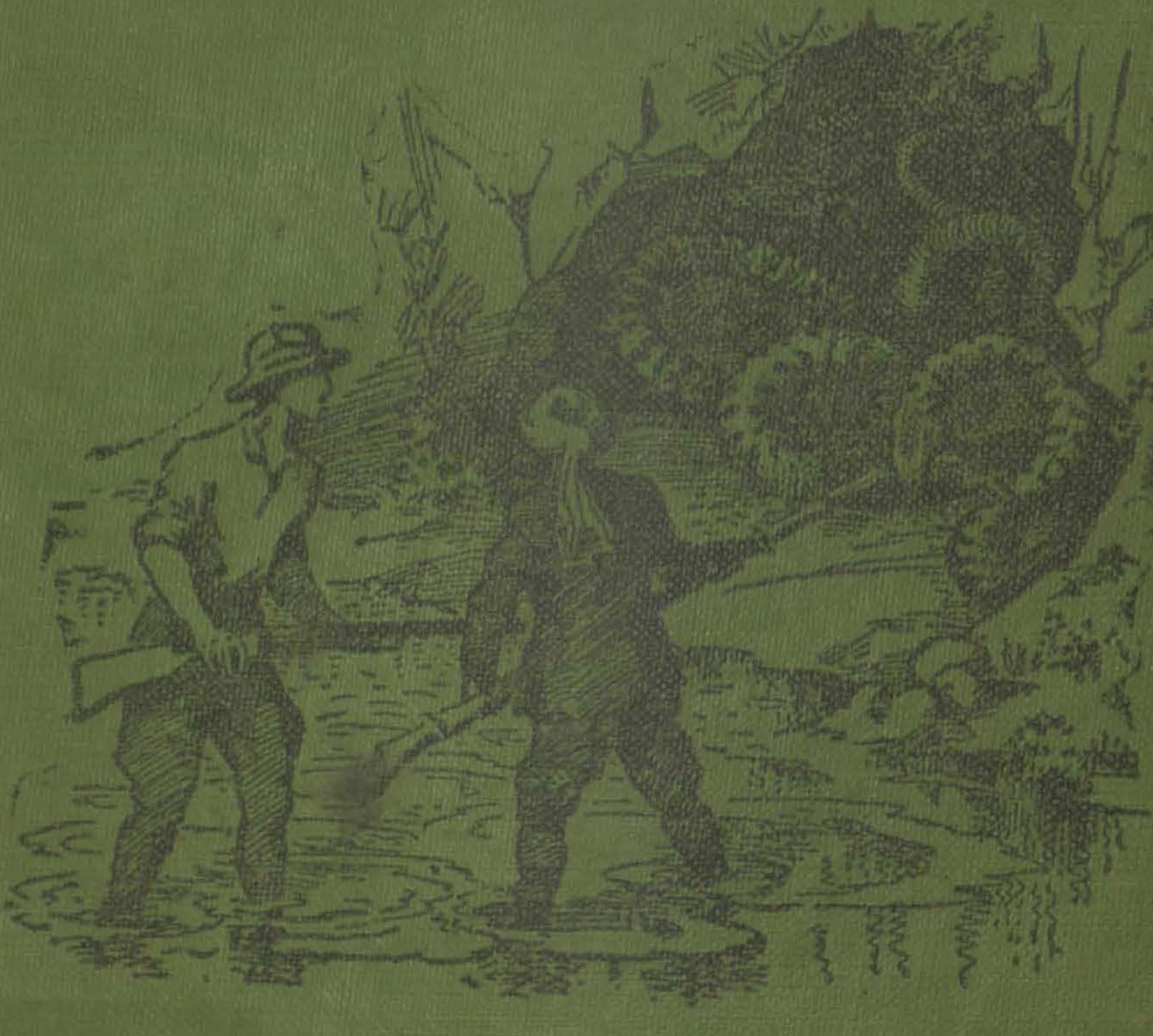
RECOLLECTIONS

50 Years in the Service of India



by

G. E. C. Wakefield

C.I.E., O.B.E.

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Illustrated by

M. G. ANDERSON

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FOREWORD

By H. E. Sir George Cunningham,
K.C.S.I., K.C.I.E., O.B.E., I.C.S.,
GOVERNOR N.W.F.P.,

GOVERNMENT HOUSE,
PESHAWAR.
NORTH WEST FRONTIER PROVINCE

1st April, 1942.

I have known Mr. Wakefield for a good many years, and throughout this volume of recollections I find what I would have expected—evidence of his genuine affection for the country and people of India. He has put down very simply the record of 50 years' experience in British India and the Indian States; I hope that many readers, besides myself, will enjoy this simplicity and the obvious sincerity of his story.

G. CUNNINGHAM.

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FOREWORD

Mr. Wakefield's active life in India covers the long period from the days of John Company to the dawn of Swaraj as reduced to writing in the 1935 Government of India Act. Opportunities for experiences, both horrible and enjoyable, such as are depicted in the pages of his book are fast disappearing; so rapidly is the background which was his, changing. In the anecdotal jottings which form Mr. Wakefield's "Recollections" we can recapture that India which most of us never fully experienced and which some of us have not even glimpsed.

LAHORE:

EDITOR,
The Civil & Military Gazette.

CHAPTER I

FIRST CONNECTION OF FAMILY WITH INDIA: TALES OF MY FATHER

THE connection of my family with India started with my grandfather who was a Colonel in India during the Sikh War and the first Cantonment Magistrate of Lahore. He sent his son out to India in 1851 as a Writer in the East India Company.

My father was John Nicholson's assistant in Peshawar when the Mutiny broke out at Meerut, Herbert Edwardes being Commissioner. Before the Mutiny actually broke out in Meerut, they got warning in Peshawar which enabled them to disarm the Indian Troops and thereby prevent a probable massacre of Englishmen, women and children, and the warning came in this wise.

After a long day's work in that fateful month of May, 1857, my father was riding home from his court one evening and noticed a new Fakir sitting under a tree by the roadside. It was no remarkable sight, but some inner consciousness kept on urging him to return and speak to the man. He was tired and longed to get home and resisted the urge as long as he could, but eventually it proved too strong for him, he rode back and spoke to the Fakir and becoming suspicious took him to his Court Room where he had him stripped and searched, but apparently without result. He could not get rid of his suspicion however, and suddenly noticing that the man who stood stark naked had his arms suspiciously glued to his sides, my father ordered his arms to be lifted and from under one of his armpits fell out a small leather-bag which was found to contain a long strip of closely-wrapped thin paper, upon which was written a message from the would-be mutineers of Meerut to the

Indian Troops at Peshawar, calling upon them to rebel and join forces with their confreres "with offerings of fruit in baskets". This was later found to mean the heads of their British Officers.

My father hurried the man over at once to John Nicholson's house, the doors were bolted and Nicholson, my father and the Fakir were in the room. "Now," said Nicholson to the Fakir in Urdu, "where did you get this document?" "I found it on the road," answered the Fakir. In spite of all efforts they were unable to get anything further out of the Fakir. Eventually, Nicholson ordered my father to stay where he was and to keep the Fakir in his personal custody, not permitting him to have intercourse with anybody, and went off at once to Herbert-Edwardes.

That evening the famous Council-of-War was held, at which Nicholson urged, whilst the General in Command at Peshawar resisted, complete and immediate disarming of all Indian Regiments in the Garrison.

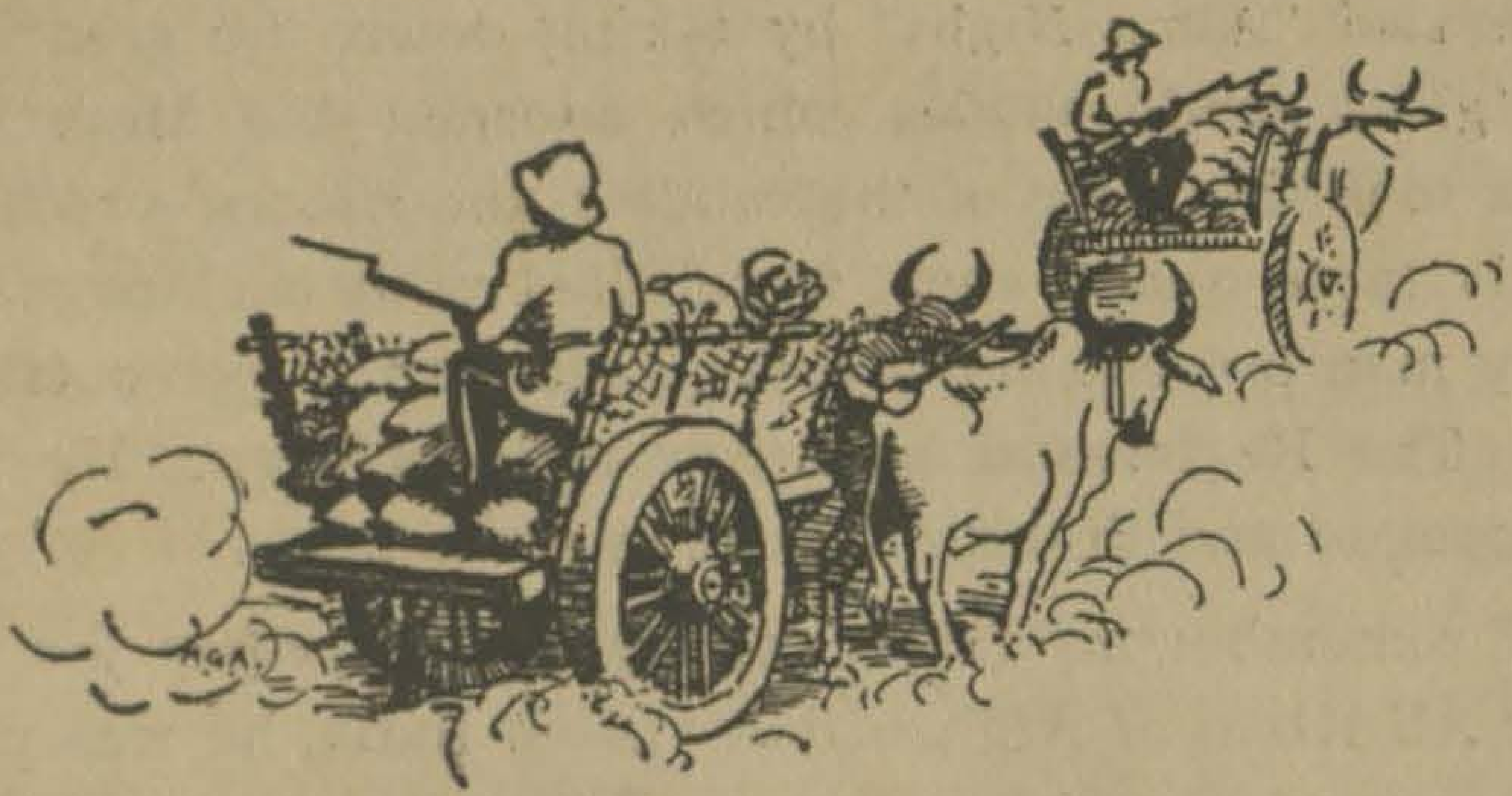
Nicholson at last prevailed and next morning the strong garrison of Indian Troops was disarmed on parade, overawed by a handful of British Gunners with their muzzle-loading pieces loaded with "Grape", covering the Indian Troops, every gun with a lighted linstock held over its touchhole, ready to fire at the least sign of refusal to ground arms.

Many of the British Officers of those Indian Units also threw their swords down, resenting what they considered to be most unmerited action against their beloved sepoys.

In anticipation of trouble my father was ordered to remove the Government Treasure to the Fort. The bags of rupees were piled in open country bullock-carts, with a British soldier sitting on the top of each heap.

When the treasure was counted in the Fort, the old Treasurer said in Urdu, "By the Grace of God and Your

Honour's prestige only fifteen hundred rupees are short". The temptation of sitting on bags of rupees had apparently been too much for "Tommy Atkins".



All was activity, the Mutiny had in the meanwhile broken out and all available British Troops were being hurried to Delhi to relieve that city which was in possession of the mutineers.

My father being Treasury Officer, British soldiers, before leaving for Delhi, came to him with their savings, to keep against their return. He advised them to go into the Bazar and buy Currency Notes which were selling at the rate of 2 annas for a ten-rupee Note, so great was the panic. They took his advice and those who survived returned and received large sums of money.

I remember my father telling me that when he came out to India in 1851, he travelled in a camel-carriage across the Isthmus of Suez as there was no Suez Canal in those days, and then in a palanquin from Calcutta all, or the greater portion, of the way to Peshawar.

Nobody drank the early morning cup of tea then, but commenced the day on a glass of 'Sher-ka-Dood' (tiger's milk) which was half brandy and half milk.

After mess one night, several of those sons of tigers galloped round the Peshawar Cantonment, refusing to answer the challenges and taking the shots of the Sentries.

Luckily nobody was hit but a General Order resulted deprecating such escapades.

They were great lads those. One British Regiment celebrated "Alma Night" by taking down the great vase-like glass candle-shades which adorned the Mess walls, corks took the place of the candles, the shades which held nearly three quarts each, were filled with champagne and every man present, hosts and guests, had to get outside of one. The Regimental bear was also included. He loved champagne and drank his portion standing.

I remember my father telling me that when the Amir Sher Ali Khan of Afghanistan visited India, he was placed in charge of one of his camps. When the Amir was leaving, he sent for my father and thanked him for all the arrangements made for his comfort. Using the well-known Persian idiom, my father said, "It is all yours," whereupon the Amir ordered everything to be packed up and took all away to Afghanistan, including a Piano. For years afterwards the Accounts people tried their best to recover the cost from my father, stating that he had exceeded his authority, in that he had *presented* the camp and its valuable contents to the Amir.

I remember another story of my father's illustrating the ways of the servants of the great. The Lieut.-Governor of the Punjab was on tour and my father was in camp on the border of his district to meet and accompany him. It was a desert district and supplies such as eggs were very hard to get. The Lieut.-Governor's advance camp arrived as usual in the small hours of the morning and presently from his tent my father saw the cook set about preparing his lord's breakfast. A Tehsil 'Chaprasi' (peon) brought him a basket full of eggs which the cook proceeded to smash one by one and throw away. The peon ran back to the Tehsildar's tent and returned with another basket of eggs which the cook accepted with a smile. My father

learnt later from the Tehsildar that he had put ten rupees into the second basket to prevent the cook from destroying all the perfectly good eggs which he had collected with such great difficulty. That cook received his deserts because my father happened to catch him, but, even now, so many servants of Sahibs get away with that sort of thing, to the discredit of their masters.

John Paul Warburton, the greatest policeman India has known, was District Superintendent of Police at Ludhiana when my father was Deputy Commissioner. I remember his coming to a Fancy Dress Ball dressed as a Fakir, complete in matted hair, ashes and tongs, and his own policemen rough-handling him and trying to prevent his entrance. To this day the people in the Punjab villages sing songs of his prowess.

One 1st April, my father got a bogus telegram delivered to the District Judge. It purported to be from the Commissioner of the Division and read: "Search Wakefield's house at once for Russian correspondence". In those days Russia was the bogey of India. The District Judge and his wife were great friends of ours, and she said she would leave her husband if he dared to do so dastardly an act. In distress the poor man rushed to Warburton, who at once smelt a rat and drove over to the Telegraph office to investigate. His redoubtable appearance was enough; the telegraph clerk confessed that the Deputy Commissioner Sahib had bribed him to send a bogus telegram. Warburton went home, got into full uniform and came to the house with a strong contingent of police, clanking manacles and leg-irons. The writing of this incident has reminded me of a good story of a telegraph Babu, told by a Director-General of Telegraphs. He was travelling by train and happened to get out at a small railway station to send off a telegram. "A form please," he said to the over-worked telegraph Babu and a form was flung at him. "A pencil please," he said, and a pencil was roughly pushed across. "Do you know, Babu, that I am

the Director-General of Telegraphs?" "Oh Lord, My God," said the Babu, "I thought you were a passenger." Here is another true Babu story. An old spinster English lady went to a post office to send off a money-order. The Babu saw the appellation, "Miss," and seeing how old the lady was he queried, "Not married?" The lady said, "No, not married." "Oh, my God," said the Babu.

An anonymous petition had been sent to the Punjab Government of such a nature that it was necessary to detect the sender. The case was made over to Warburton who very soon produced, out of the desk of a clerk, the other half sheet of foolscap, the torn edge of which fitted the edge of the half sheet upon which the petition had been written.

I remember he had once arrested a famous gang of house-breakers and we were given a demonstration of the



process of house-breaking by them, under police surveillance. One of the members of the gang was a small boy, who first crept up to the wall of the mud-house and from under his cloth produced an Iguana lizard, common in the Punjab, about 18 inches long. Round the waist of the lizard was tied a silk cord, the boy heaved the lizard up on to the top house and as soon as it landed on the flat of the roof he gave one or two tugs at the silk cord, whereupon the lizard dug its claws into the mud-roof and the small boy swarmed up the cord, hand over hand, onto the roof. Having got there, he fastened a stouter rope and let it down

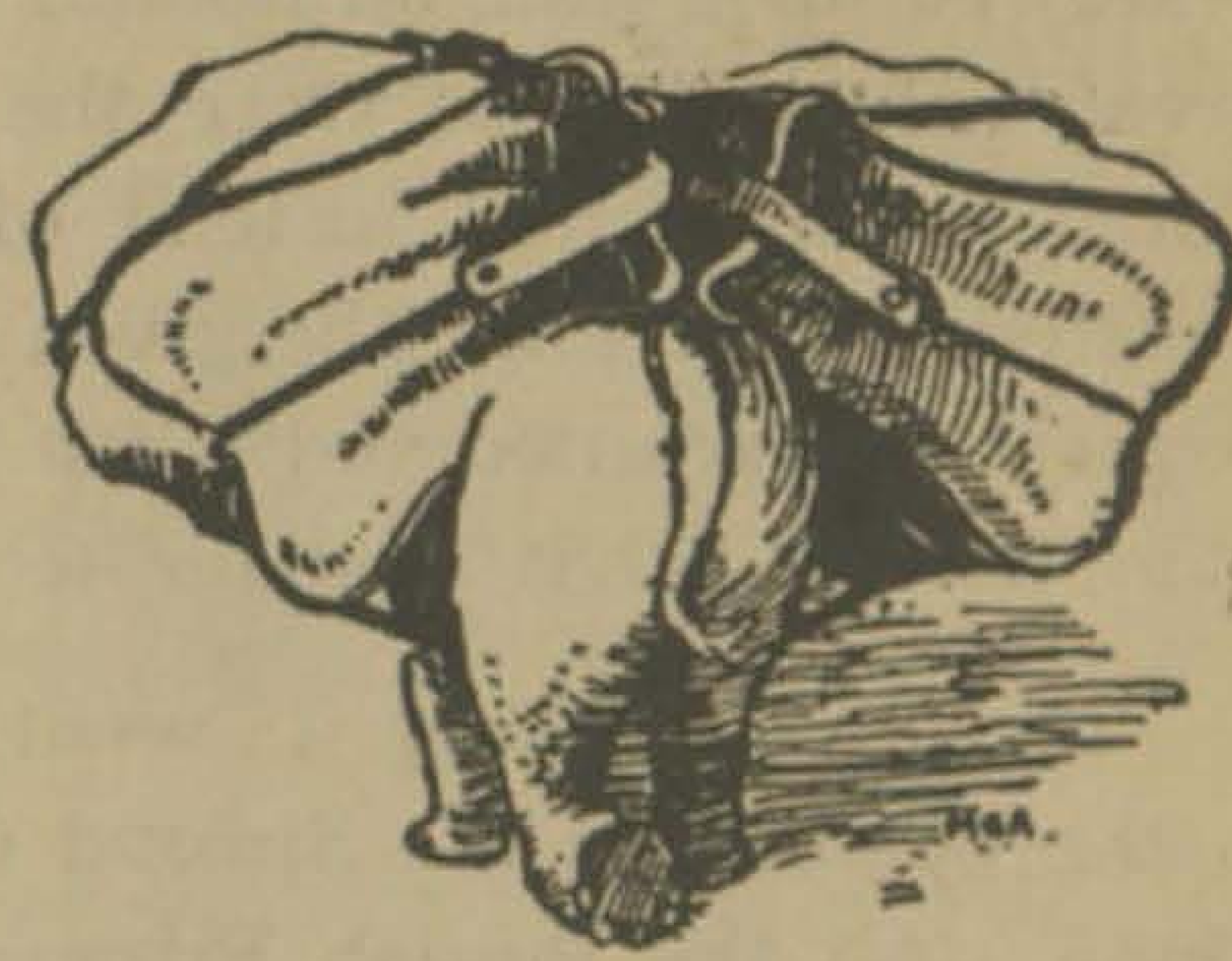
and a man immediately climbed up. He and the man proceeded to make a hole quietly through the roof, through which the boy descended and opened the doors to let other members of the gang in.

Warburton's shrewdness was proverbial. He was to be rewarded with a C.I.E. (which was all that was later bestowed upon him, an honour which in those days was of great value). Those were the early days of the Punjab Canal Colonies and instead of the C.I.E. Warburton requested that he might be given a few squares of land. The request was granted and when he died a few years ago, his daughter sold that land for ten lakhs of rupees.

As a small boy I went with my father in 1881 to the opening of the Sirhind Canal by the Viceroy, Lord Ripon. All the Punjab Princes were assembled at Ropur in the Ambala District for this function of the opening of what is still one of the largest irrigation canals in the world. The Viceroy had to turn a wheel to open the gates of the canal and let the waters of the river Sutlej in. Lord Ripon was not a powerful man and the wheel stuck. The then Raja of Jind, who was of burly figure, immediately stepped forward and assisted the Viceroy to turn the wheel. The gates were opened and the water rushed in. In doing so the Raja's great necklace of pearls caught in the wheel and the pearls were scattered on the dais. People picked them up one by one and returned them to His Highness who having smilingly got them all back, took off the rest of his necklace and suddenly cast the whole lot of pearls into the swirling flood. I can still hear the sobbing exclamation which went up from the crowd on witnessing the act. "What an utterly wasteful act", people said. But what of the spirit of the East? To that old Prince the breaking of his necklace on such an occasion was a bad omen to the success of the new canal, and therefore he immediately decided to make propitiatory sacrifice to the God of Waters.

I remember that the Engineer who was principally responsible for the construction of that canal (he was rather a gas-bag), said to his Superintending Engineer who was full of dry humour, "I think the least they can do for me is to give me a C.I.E." The answer was, "I think you will find they will C. U. D—D." and they did.

I remember visiting Patiala somewhere in the early 'eighties with my father and seeing two great Gladstone bags which had been specially made to be carried by an elephant, one contained complete furniture and fittings for a drawing-room and the other for a dining-room. I saw slabs of emeralds of the size of large paper-weights and a room full of nothing but lamp chimneys and globes, all packed in their grass-envelopes and stacked all round the room from floor to ceiling on regular shop-racks. My father enquired and was told that His Highness had walked into a lamp shop by mistake in Bombay, and to cover his mistake had purchased the entire shop as it stood and had had it transported to Patiala including the shelves.



My father was once placed on special duty to try and wean a certain Prince from the drink habit with the object of bringing him sober to an interview with the Viceroy. He made great friends with His Highness and got him to promise to try Burgundy instead of his usual drink which was brandy and champagne half and half. He supplied him one evening with a dozen quarts of the best Burgundy to try. Next morning my father called and found His Highness sober, but obviously out of temper. "Sahib", he said, "what trash you sent me last evening? I drank all 12 bottles without result. What is the use of stuff like that?"

A European Gunmaker of repute in India was owed a lot of money by the Prince who succeeded that veteran toper and he was paying one of his periodical visits to try and get payment. He went and saw the Private Secretary of His Highness who demanded 5 per cent. The Gunmaker indignantly refused to pay and asked to see His Highness, but was told by the Private Secretary that His Highness was much too busy to see the likes of him. One early morning the Gunmaker was out for a dejected walk and to his joy suddenly saw His Highness cantering down the road towards him. He barred passage and His Highness pulled up. "Hallo, Mr. . . . Glad to see you. I hope they are looking after you?" "I thank Your Highness very much", said the Gunmaker. "I am most hospitably entertained at Your Highness' Guest House, but may I say a few words about business?" "Certainly", said His Highness, and the Gunmaker told him how he had gone to the Private Secretary to try and get payment of his large outstanding account and how the Private Secretary had demanded 5 per cent. His Highness said, "Why did you not pay him?" The Gunmaker taken aback said, "But if I was to pay him, Your Highness, I would have to charge you extra". His Highness said, "Why the devil don't you? Good Morning, Mr. . . ." and cantered away.

The voyage home was a considerable undertaking in those days and people did not go so frequently as they do now. During his 38 years' service out here my father took leave twice only and one of those periods was not voluntary, because he had been deliberately poisoned in connection with a big judicial case he was trying and had to go to Kasauli to recover. I remember that we travelled from Ambala to Kalka in what were known as 'Dak Garis' (Post Carriages) in those days, a rectangular box on wheels drawn by two horses. Memories I have of Kasauli are of babes sleeping under waterfalls and of a seller of honey. Peasant women working in the fields, put their children

to sleep on rough stone platforms built near springs and train a trickle of water over the child's head, which soothes and keeps it sleeping whilst mother works. A man came round selling honey at 6 annas a bottle. One of our old servants begged my mother to lend him an empty "Jorum" bottle of champagne he had seen in the store-room. Now a "Jorum" holds three quarts. He plunked this together with 6 annas in front of the honey-seller, who looked at it for some time and then said, "You call this a bottle. I call it a Ghurra" (an earthenware pot holding about four gallons of water).

My father had built a Zoo at Ludhiana which was a great delight to the people of the district. Having no regular funds for the purpose, he had to exercise subtle methods of obtaining wild animals. Somebody brought him a beautiful white antelope with black eyes and hoofs. He put silver "bells on its fingers and rings on its toes," and sent it as a present to H. H., the then Maharaja of Alwar. It is customary in the East to give present for present and when the Maharaja enquired from the man who had taken the doe to him, what he thought the Sahib would like, the man, having been tutored, told the Maharaja of the Zoo and how much the Sahib longed for a tiger to put into it. Alwar had more tigers in its jungles then than it has even now and very soon two pairs of tigers were trapped and sent.

The Zoo was built in circular form with draw-doors between cages which were operated every morning by a Keeper who passed every animal through one cage which was always kept empty. From the inside of the circle he drew door after door and the animals were passed round the circle from cage to cage and each cage was thus emptied in turn so that it could be thoroughly cleaned. One morning the wrong door was opened and a very bad tempered she-panther invaded the tiger's cage and flew at the tigress. The

tigress saw her coming, sat back and slapped. That single slap tore off the whole under-jaw which was left hanging by a strip of skin.

I have seen some controversy lately as to whether the Indian Hyaena "Laughs" or not. I remember more than once the Hyaenas in the Ludhiana Zoo "laughing", a horrible continuous cackle which sounded like the hilarity of maniacs and which, I remember, used to set all the other animals off.

My father retired in 1887 as Deputy Commissioner of the Ludhiana District in the Punjab, and immediately on retirement was placed in charge of the Malerkotala State where the Nawab was a minor. I remember the arrival of the boy-Nawab, aged about 5, to see my father. He came in a closed palanquin with all the window-panes well chalked to keep out the evil eye. He emerged and walked into the large durbar-hall, carefully selected the largest chair with the highest seat and climbed into it as befitting his dignity. After that he used to come and play with my young brothers and sisters and that kind of nonsense was soon knocked out of him.

What a contrast the life of a District Officer now presents to the life then. My father was Deputy Commissioner of Ludhiana for no less than 10 years and was in consequence personally known to and looked up to by the people. Justice was not an abstract term in those days, but a personal quality. He was known as "Nausherwan," after the Persian King celebrated in history for magnanimity and justice, and his word was absolute law. Although it is more than 50 years ago that he ruled in Ludhiana, his name is still remembered and venerated. I was only 16 years of age when he died in 1889, but it was necessary that I should get to work at once.

I had not been sent home; what little education I possessed had been acquired at Stokes's School in Mussoorie

to which Institution I had been sent for six years only. But I had the advantage of knowing Urdu and Punjabi and also the inestimable advantage of having seen and imbibed my father's methods of dealing with Indians.

My eldest brother who had come out from England in 1881 was a Magistrate in the Karnal District of the Punjab and I went and stayed with him and worked hard at Urdu to pass the higher standard examination, with the object of getting appointed to the Punjab Police.

The Deputy Commissioner of Karnal I found to be an absolute contrast to my father. He had an elaborate system of spies and was execrated by the people. I saw a large stack of umbrellas in a corner of his court-room and found that his peons had orders to confiscate umbrellas from people who dared to unfurl them even in the precincts of his court.

Sir Denzil Ibbetson, probably the ablest civilian who has ever come out to India, had been Deputy Commissioner of Karnal and I heard a good story of him. He was overworked and kept on asking for a District Judge to relieve him of Judicial work, but he could not get anyone at headquarters to pay any attention to his request. So he started a terrific quarrel between the Deputy Commissioner and the District Judge. They wrote each other increasingly rude letters, until, at last, the Deputy Commissioner reported the District Judge for insubordination and requested that he be replaced by another man as he found it impossible to work with him. The case was being given the gravest consideration by the Punjab Secretariat, when somebody suddenly spotted that the Deputy Commissioner and the District Judge of Karnal were one and the same person. Ibbetson got his District Judge.

Here is another good story of this district. A year previously Government had ordered that a "Silo"-pit

should be made to demonstrate to the people the advantages of burying green fodder when it is abundant, and digging it out and using it for their cattle when it is not to be had naturally. All the notables of the district and hundreds of headmen and cultivators had been gathered to see the successful opening of the pit. The pit was opened and the stench was over-powering, for no ventilation-shafts had been provided. I heard a villager say in Punjabi, "Why not, it is a Government pickle!"

A young civilian, William Chevis (now Sir William) joined whilst I was in Karnal. He played the Piano divinely and his irrepressible spirit kept things going through the hot weather. There was a very stern lady in the station of whom we youngsters lived in awe. One evening, sitting out after tennis, her wrath was directed against the young civilian. She said, "I have never heard anybody say such extraordinary things as you say." He replied, "Madam, if you only knew the things that I think."

There was also a lady who dropped her aitches. One evening an owl suddenly hooted and some one asked, "What is that?" The lady said, "Don't you know, that is an howl, the bird wat oots." She was known thereafter as "The Baroness bird wat oots."

One hot-weather moonlit night, round games were being played and presently the stock ran low. Somebody said, "Mr. Chevis, do suggest a game." He said, "Very well, let us play Heathens and Christians; does anybody know it?" Nobody did. He made us all line up; the men in one line and the girls in another, facing one another. We lined up and asked, "What next?" He said to the men, "You are Heathens," and to the girls "you are Christians." "Well", we said, "what next?" "What next?" he said, "Advance Heathens and embrace Christianity."

One day a globe-trotter arrived, a regular "Paget M.P." He was very keen to shoot a black-buck, so the great

Shikari of the district, old Bobby Bruere the Policeman, took him out and at last managed to get him to shoot a buck. As soon as the buck fell, the M.P. ran up to it and cut rashers out of its still quivering haunches, saying those were the best parts to eat and taking no interest in the head as a trophy.

When we got him into camp he had a huge breakfast supplemented by the rashers of venison. Then he got the cook to especially prepare what he called 'Mealie Mealie' —Indian corn cooked in milk—which he ate. Then spying a dish half-full of rice, which was over from the curry and rice course, he commandeered that, treated it liberally with Worcester sauce and finished the whole lot saying, "I know old Perrins well and like to give him a chance."

The Mir of Khairpur asked my father to buy him a rifle. He said, "I will pay any sum you like, but it must have one qualification,—it must never miss."

I went to Mianmir, now called Lahore Cantonment, to sit for the Higher Standard Examination in Urdu. I had, amongst other things, to read a passage out of a book called the 'Bagh-o-Bahar' which was a text-book in those days. The Persian word for a tree 'Darakht' occurred and I pronounced the word correctly. The Examiner was a Major in the Army and he stopped me and asked me to repeat the word. I again said 'Darakht', but he corrected me and said that the proper pronunciation was 'Darakat.' As I wanted to pass the examination, I said 'Darakat' and I passed. But I was not appointed to the Punjab Police; it was a bitter blow. I was very young then and had such faith in the Government and such implicit belief that they could not but recognize my father's devoted services by giving his son the opportunity of serving them also.

CHAPTER II

EARLY BEGINNINGS: BALUCHISTAN

SOMETHING had to be done, so I commenced taking small contracts on the Delhi-Ambala-Kalka Railway which was then under construction and I made a little money and, what was more valuable, gained some practical experience. Through the friendly assistance of one of the Engineers of the Railway, I presently received an offer from a British Railway Contractor in Baluchistan to be his Assistant. I joined him at Harnai on the Sindh-Peshin Railway as soon as I was able to wind up my small Railway contracts in Karnal. Three of us lived together in Harnai—the Executive Engineer, a good fellow at heart but with a tongue like a rasp, the Contractor and I. It was the Census of 1881 and I remember the Census forms coming in as we sat at dinner. In the age column I put down 17 and my friend the Engineer said, "Good Lord, I had no idea we were entertaining a babe." We ran our mess on what the Scotsman of our Chummery called "the conthract system," at so much per head per day.

The inevitable happened, the food got worse and worse until one of us had a brain-wave. We got a lot of expensive stores from Quetta and waited. The next time an uneatable dish was served, we had the cook-contractor in, opened one of the most expensive tins and debited the cost to him in a little book kept for the purpose. The effect was magical and we fared excellently after that.

We were employed in improving the Railway line which had been hurriedly laid at the time of the Panjdeh incident when we were treaty-bound to attack the Russians who had gratuitously attacked the Afghans at Panjdeh.

The Indian Government immediately pushed a Railway through Baluchistan to the Afghan border beyond Quetta. A sapper of renown, "Buck Scott", built that Railway in record time, and considering the circumstances, jolly well. He had the wealth of Britain behind him of course, and no nasty critics; so he let his fancy run riot and that Railway possessed all the features known and unknown to Railway construction. I was sent to a place called Sunari and lived in a small tent on a hill overlooking the Railway. Those were wild times. I am speaking of 50 years ago when every gang of Pathans came to work armed to the teeth and men disappeared suddenly and no questions asked. We employed thousands of Pathans and also a good number of Negroes who were particularly good for scaffolding and bridge work. They hailed from the Makran Coast and were not true Negroes I suppose, but many grew wool instead of hair, and if not true Negroes, were not far removed. They wore raw hide belts, a loop at one end and a ball of lead encased in raw hide at the other. On feast days and holidays they fought bitterly like fighting-rams, butting each other at a run, their heads coming together with cracks like pistol shots, and that form of amusement did not appear to give them headaches. One evening word was brought to me in my tent that there was a great fight in progress between the Negroes and Pathans. I snatched up a Revolver and ran to the scene. About 600 men were fighting desperately, the Pathans with knives and stones and the Negroes with their cow-hide belts slung, working those deadly loaded ends like flails. The Negroes had the best of the fight by the time it was quelled. Enquiry showed that it had originated in a quarrel between a Pathan and a Negro over a flat stone upon which they cooked their 'Chapatis' (unleavened cakes). Several men had been killed and more injured.

In re-modelling the Railway line in one place, a fair-sized hill had to be removed. I held a Council of War with

our Pathan Contractors and we decided to go the whole hog and remove the hill by one titanic explosion. We set to work, and after days and nights of toil during which a great shaft was sunk into the bowels of that hill, we laid barrels and barrels of gun-powder in the innermost chamber and, having set the fuse, tamped down the shaft laboriously. When all was ready, I lit the fuse and we ran until we arrived at the top of a commanding hill about half a mile away, with our hearts nearly bursting. I shall never forget that tense wait, one Englishman and about a hundred Pathans all sweating with anxiety gazing at that mined hill. It seemed an eternity and the sweat literally poured off our faces. Suddenly, the hill just opened and subsided. There was practically no explosion, the charge had been just right and had done its work admirably. If it had failed I should probably have been sacked for taking so much responsibility without sanction. As it was, we feasted long into that night. My Pathans and I had 'Pulao' (rice and meat cooked together) made from dozens of fat-tailed sheep, for had we not accomplished in a few days what would have taken months to do? The Executive Engineer in charge came round a few days later. "God bless my soul," he said, rubbing his eyes, "where is that hill?"

They were cheery fellows those Pathans, but one never quite knew what would happen next. I was inspecting a cutting through a hill one morning at which Pathans had been at work at one end and Negroes at the other, and luckily for me the barrier between the two parties was in process of removal and the Negroes could see what was happening on the Pathan side. I found a Pathan Contractor there who ought to have been miles away doing an urgent job. I took him by the scruff and was pulling him out when his brother, who was making a blast hole in a rock above, jumped down upon me with a pick-axe. The blow of the pick was taken by a stout cork sun-topee I was

wearing which was crushed down over my ears as I was beaten to the ground. I was saved by the Negroes who swarmed over to the rescue.

Another time I had taken a day off and went into the hills to shoot accompanied by a Pathan Shikari who was as usual armed with a sword, knife and shield. We had a great day—incidentally losing our way and very nearly dying of thirst. On the return journey he was leading and suddenly stopped and pointed down to a path which wound along the face of the cliff about 500 feet below. He said, "You see that rock, I cut a man's throat there once". "The devil you did", said I, "what is the yarn?" He said, "One of your Indian Regiments was marching that way and I watched a straggler, a dog of a Sikh who was lame and could not keep up with the rest. He sat down to rest behind that rock and I was on him and slit his throat, before he realized that his end had come." "Dog", said I, "is that the limit of your courage, warring upon a helpless man?" His face went crimson and he half drew his sword until he realized that I had him



covered with a loaded rifle. "Friend", I said, "I cannot trust you now, place your sword and knife on the ground and step back. When I have taken possession of your

armoury, walk in front back to camp and I will walk behind." And so we returned to camp, he walking in front and I behind, burdened with his sword, knife and belt in addition to my own rifle. Arriving at camp he said, "What are you going to do now?" I said, "Take you to the Magistrate for drawing your sword upon me." He said, "You ought not to have called me dog". I, having in the meanwhile realized that to be called a dog (Sag) is a frightful insult to a Pathan, said, "Yes, I ought not to have called you dog." Said he, "Don't take me to the Magistrate and I will be your faithful servant." "Done," said I, and I let him go and he kept his word.

As some recreation in that very lonely life I had learnt to play the Banjo and two neighbouring Maliks or Headmen used to come over occasionally in the evening bringing their 'Rubabs' (a sort of violin) with them, and we used to have concerts. One evening one of them remarking on the fineness of my Banjo strings as compared with his Rubab strings, which were coarse and unfinished, asked what my strings were made of. I said "cat gut", whereupon he said, "Insha Allah, in my village there are many cats, they shall all die." It took me some time to save the lives of those cats by explaining that he would not be able to convert their guts into fine strings for his instrument.

I was sleeping outside my tent one hot night with a loaded rifle by my side, as I was very keen to shoot a Hyaena I had seen prowling round my camp. A terrier pup was sleeping at the foot of my bed and his growling woke me. There was a Hyaena about 20 yards distant, moving towards my tent. I could not see the sights of the rifle and took a snapshot, when to my astonishment the "Hyaena" rose on two legs and dropping a blanket, ran down the hill and disappeared into the night. A Pathan thief on all fours with a blanket over him to make him look like an animal.

A man sleeping in the open had a chunk bitten out of the calf of his leg, the hyaena thinking he was a corpse.

Cholera broke out and our labourers commenced to die like flies. I got dozens of bottles of Chlorodine and spent most of my time in visiting the stricken in their huts and doing what I could for them, but a regular panic had set in and there was no fight left in the people, they just lay down and died. I had mentioned the epidemic in a letter to my mother and she having been told by somebody of the properties of a drug called Quasha, sent me a bottle and a lancet, with urgent instructions to give myself an inoculation at once. I had no real belief in the remedy, but it struck me that I might use it as a means of allaying the panic and putting heart into the people. So I let it be widely known that I had received an invaluable remedy and that next morning, at the mouth of a certain cutting through



a hill, I would be present to administer the remedy to men, women and children.

They came in hundreds and I sat on a rock and inoculated. The medicine consisted of little bits of a woody looking substance soaking in a liquid. The liquid soon ran out, so I replenished with whisky; the lancet became blunt, I sharpened it upon the rock upon which I was perched. I did something like 1,500 inoculations that first day and so on for several days. The surrounding villages heard of the proceedings and joined in, all were told that they were immune, and wonder of wonders, the panic was stayed and the epidemic died out. But not before I had fallen a victim myself to that fell disease, in spite of having given myself an inoculation of that specific. Having as usual attended the stricken all day, one night I was suddenly attacked myself and very soon rendered so weak that I could only crawl across the floor of the tent, to where my stock of Chlorodine was lying. It was dark and I had not the strength left to light a lamp or to shout to my servant who was asleep in another tent some distance away. Fumbling in the dark, I found an open bottle of Chlorodine, how much it contained I do not know, but I felt it was a case of kill or cure; so I drank the contents and gradually lost consciousness. My servant found me asleep amongst the bottles next morning, more dead than alive but saved.

CHAPTER III

PUNJAB IRRIGATION

THE work upon which we had been engaged being finished, I had to look out for more work and having started as a Contractor I tried to get contracts by writing to all the Engineers of the Punjab I could think of. All but one wrote that they had no work suitable for me. That one was Thomas Higham, later Sir Thomas, one of the ablest Engineers who served in India. He wrote and told me that there was a new scheme for taking on temporary Engineers and offered to take me as an Apprentice Engineer on Rs. 100 per mensem and travelling allowance. That was in the year 1892. I accepted and was posted to the Karnal Division of the Western Jumna Canal and I was presently given charge of a Sub-Division. It was a very lonely life but full of work and health. The man in the next Sub-Division and I used to try and meet once a month, amongst other things to cut each other's hair, for civilized barbers were an unknown quantity in those wilds. If we failed to meet, as some times happened, there was nothing for it but to burn off with the aid of a comb, the hair hanging over one's collar.

I was presently made a Magistrate for the trial of Canal offences. Full of zeal I one day caught a man red-handed cutting the bank of a small canal to let extra water into his fields. I arrested him at once, brought him back to camp at my stirrup, tried him and sent him to prison for one month. He appealed and was immediately let off because a Magistrate may not try a case he has himself detected. I was enlightened but agreed that "the law is a hass". I was seven and a half years altogether in the

Punjab Irrigation Department, years full of work and intimate touch with the people. It was a very lonely life, but there was shooting and I kept a bobbery pack and hunted jackals and foxes and sometimes wolves. There were other excitements, too, to relieve the monotony of the daily round. When a breach occurred in a canal it was imperative to close the breach at once, to restore the flow of water to starving fields below. Punjab canals are hundreds of miles long and in the case of a serious breach, even if we telegraphed and had the head works of the canal, say, a hundred miles above, closed, we could not wait for the flow of water to cease to enable us to close the breach in comfort, for days must elapse before that would happen. So the job had to be tackled straight away and the best method was to get a mass of hundreds of men into the water, packed tight one against the other, right across the breach, so that the earth being thrown into it by more hundreds of coolies on the banks, was not swept away as fast as it was thrown in.

Some Punjab canals carry a greater volume of water than many so-called rivers, and when a breach, perhaps 200 feet broad or more, occurred in high embankments and the flood was pouring through it into the countryside, instead of down the canal, it was no mean task to close it.

I remember one such. We were up to our necks in the water, about 300 men, all wedged together, breaking the force of the water and thus enabling the breached bank to be reconstructed. The men were all "Vishnuites" from neighbouring villages, a peculiarly high caste of Hindus. Suddenly there was a shout and to my horror I saw the swollen carcass of a deer swirling down towards us. I shouted and tried to hold the mass but it was no good, fear of pollution caused them all to let go and we were all shot out of that breach into the fields by the released waters, like corks out of bottles. Many were nearly drowned and we had to begin all over again.

Fishing was a great recreation and sometimes of a novel kind. A great hole had formed below an important canal Regulator. The canal was to be shut off at its head,

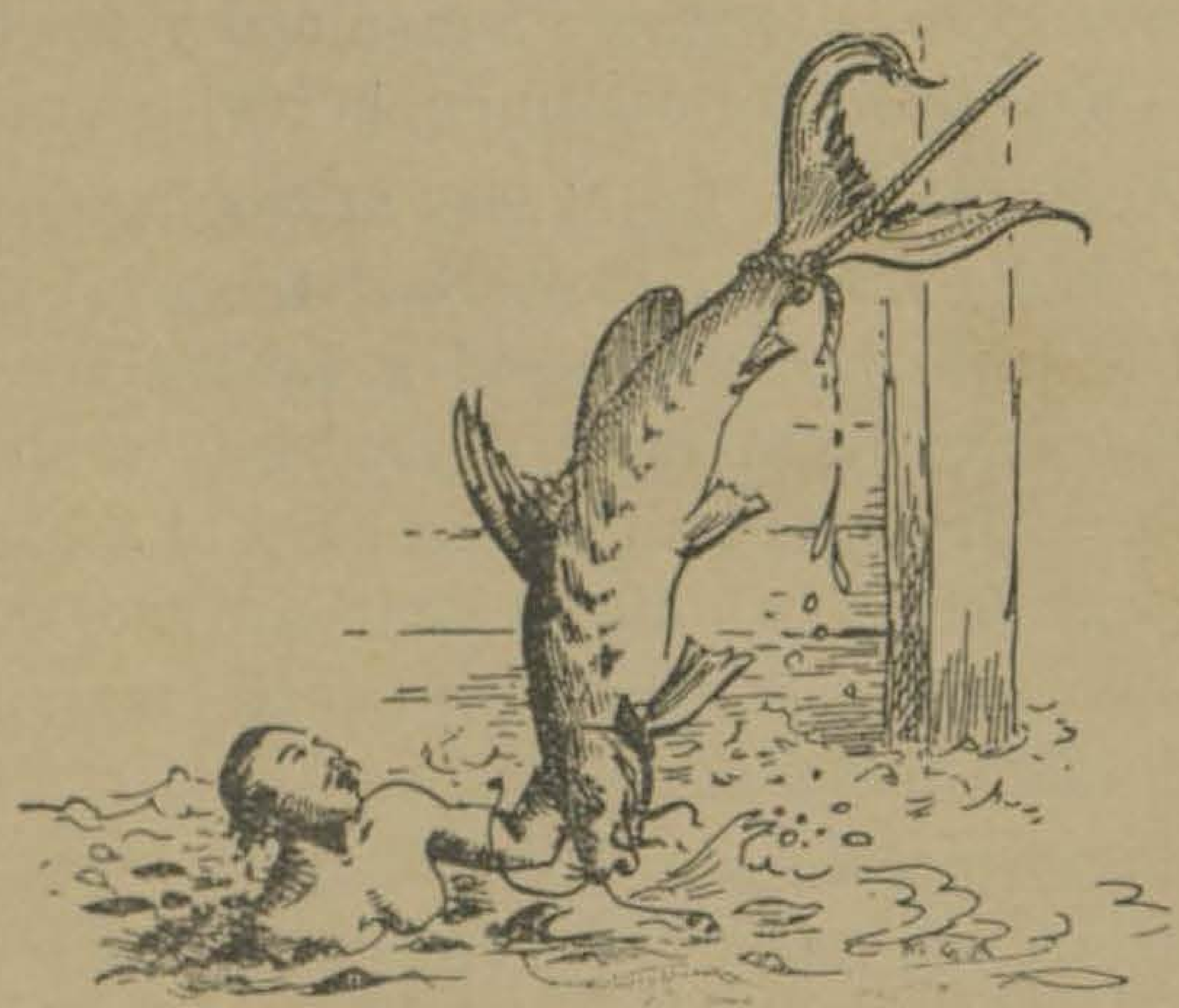


the water in the hole was to be pumped out and the hole repaired by filling with large blocks of concrete which had been prepared beforehand.

As the place was not far from the city of Ambala, a contractor came along and offered three hundred rupees for the fish in the hole. We closed with him on the understanding that all 'Mahaseer' fish, which we desired to protect would be transferred to a pool above the regulator and would not be his property.

Several very powerful steam pumps were set going and the water in the hole rapidly got lower. When the depth was about three and a half feet the contractor, who knew more than we did, commenced operations. One of his

men walked into the water carrying the noosed end of a stout rope, the rest of the rope being held on the bank by about six men. The man in the water felt about with his feet and presently dived and came out, having left the end of the rope under water. The men on the bank commenced hauling the rope in and suddenly pandemonium was let loose,—a fish, a hundred pounds and more, noosed by the tail, was dragged to the surface and was eventually despatched with hatchets amongst a struggling mass of men and fish.



The fish were 'Goonch', a kind of fresh water shark, ugly black beasts with sharply defined large tails. The 'Goonch' sometimes attains a weight of 300 lbs. and his habit is to sulk on the bottom when there is danger, as Mahaseer fishermen know to their cost. For once that habit was their undoing, for whilst they sulked the fatal noose was slipped over their well-pronounced tails and hundreds were dragged out and slaughtered, cut up into bits and carried off in 'Ekkas' to market in Ambala.

Ambala reminds me of an experience I had there fifty years ago. I was driving in a dog-cart and saw an Indian mercilessly beating a woman. I sprang out and

commenced beating the man, whereupon the man and the woman together proceeded to beat me : they were husband and wife.

A Sikh Sirdar came to see me one intensely hot afternoon when I was in camp in this district. I offered him a drink and he proceeded to help himself by filling a large tumbler almost full of whisky, and finally pouring into it about an ounce of soda-water "to aerate the whisky and make it more potent," he said. I enquired whether liquor ever made him drunk? He said, "Not, unless I want it to, all you have to do is to suck a lemon and you will not get drunk." I pass this information on, but without guarantee.

The Accounts Department was as troublesome then as now. We had a much over-worked Superintending Engineer. His office had purchased a rubber pencil-eraser, an unpardonable sin in those days, because all "Europe Stores" were purchased by the Secretary of State at home and sent out. The Accounts Department had written demanding explanation as to why a pencil-eraser had been purchased. The Superintending Engineer's office had replied (without placing the correspondence before him) to the effect that the eraser had been purchased for rubbing out pencil marks. The old man's first intimation of the case was a personal demi-official letter asking him not to waste time in making frivolous remarks.

It was about this time that a river had thrown up a mountain of silt which prevented any water entering an important canal which took out of the river. There was financial stringency just then and all the big fish of the Punjab Irrigation Department were collected to solve the problem with the least possible expenditure.

There was only one possible solution, which had to be adopted eventually, but as it was a very expensive one, many futile suggestions were made and discussed, amongst them one for a porous dam to raise the river water higher

than the silt. It was a hot thirsty morning and as it was lunch time and they all wanted to get away, the biggest noise present turned to the young Assistant Engineer who was in charge of the Head Works and said, "Mr. . . . you have heard the suggestion of a porous dam. We shall be back in the afternoon, please make rough calculations in the meanwhile. You understand the idea; a porous dam that will let the river water continue on its course, but will at the same time raise its level sufficiently to enable the water to enter the canal over the bank of silt which has been deposited. Good bye." The young Assistant was left standing on the bank muttering, "Porous-dam, dam."

We looked forward to the Annual Inspection, for that was the only time practically that we met English people from the outside world. I remember the inspection of a Superintending Engineer who was accompanied by a wife and four daughters. Several "water babies", as we Irrigation Engineers were called, had collected for the inspection and one was an Indian, a very good fellow but also very green in Western ways. He enquired how many visiting cards he should send in when he called on the Superintending Engineer and his family. I chaffingly advised him to send in a whole packet as there were so many of them and let them take as many as they wanted. Dining with the visitors a few days later and sitting next to one of the daughters I was overwhelmed when she remarked, "What a curious man Mr. . . . is? Do you know that when he called upon us yesterday he sent in a whole packet of visiting cards?" I confessed and was forgiven.

Frank Harris was one of my Executive Engineers. He held the distinction of submitting a memorial annually to the Secretary of State for India, ever since he had come out from Cooper's Hill, which was in those days the only College through which Engineers for India passed. He prayed that he should be permitted to retire as he found

he was utilized, not as an Engineer but as a mere cooly-driver. He addressed these petitions direct to the Secretary of State and they were sent back to him through the Viceroy, the Lieut.-Governor of the Province, the Chief Engineer and the Superintending Engineer, "to be submitted through the proper channel."

He was of an inventive turn of mind. The Superintending Engineer was on tour and we were sitting in a Canal Bungalow. As we were marching next day, Harris got up from his office-table and said to a peon 'bund karo' (shut up)—the Punjab Irrigation type of office-table was built to break up and hang half each side of a camel. The chaprassi proceeded to 'bund karo' and suddenly there was an ear-splitting explosion. Harris had devised an infernal machine with a blank 12 bore cartridge, to prevent pilfering from his money-drawer and had forgotten to put the safety-catch on. The Superintending Engineer, who had been much shaken by the explosion, said, "Harris, this is another of your infernal gadgets," and he solemnly carried it to the nearby canal and heaved it into the flood. Harris and William Chevis, the Deputy Commissioner, had a standing bet of a gold mohar on the colour of the turn-up card wherever they might be, the game was then whist, and they squared up accounts once a year.

I was transferred to Sirsa in the Punjab and I found myself curiously enough living in the house in which my father had lived when he was Deputy Commissioner of that District, and my eldest brother after him when he was Sub-Divisional Magistrate.

The house had been originally built by one John Oliver, "King John" he had been known as, and his story is worth telling as I heard it from my father. When the Mutiny broke out in 1857 John Oliver was a petty officer on the Salt Customs Line, which in those days stretched across Northern India to prevent salt from the Northern Salt

Mines being smuggled through to the rest of India without paying duty. It was later that the mines themselves were taken under Government control and the long and costly barrier removed and the preventive services disbanded.

John Oliver was posted in those days at Fazilka, a Sub-Division of the then District of Sirsa in the Punjab. He was much trusted and respected and when the Mutiny broke out he rallied a band of his followers, arming them with whatever weapons he could secure. Putting himself at their head armed with a big stick, he literally conquered the whole district, charging and putting to flight all hostile gatherings.

When he got to Sirsa, which was the headquarters of the district, having evolved order out of chaos, he sent a messenger to John Lawrence at Lahore, informing him that he had re-conquered the district and asking for orders. John Lawrence replied, "You are appointed a first-grade Deputy Commissioner, carry on," or words to that effect. He did carry on most effectively and his name is known and honoured to this day. When he retired he settled in Bath, which in those days was a great centre for retired Anglo-Indians. He was black-balled for what was known as the "Civil Service Club" in Bath, forsooth because "He was not a covenanted Civilian".

Hissar was one of my stations when I was on Punjab canals and we used to have excellent fishing in a tank belonging to the Skinner family near Hansi. Hansi was the capital of the domain which the original James Skinner of Skinners Horse fame, had carved out for himself. He was a cosmopolitan and when he was old he caused to be built in Delhi a Muhammadan mosque, a Hindu temple and a Christian church, the still famous "Saint James Church", near the Kashmir Gate in old Delhi. When the church was ready, they invited the old man to inspect and approve. He was full of approval until he stood before the altar, where he said he would like to draw their attention to a small mistake; "my initials are J. H. S. and not I. H. S." was all he said.

CHAPTER IV

SPORT

DURING my seven and a half years in the Punjab Irrigation Department I took short leave twice, once to Central India to shoot big game and once to the Kulu Valley and beyond into Lahoul and Ladakh, also to shoot. I was able to do both those trips only by taking no stores and by living on whatever was obtainable in the country, otherwise I could not have afforded them. During my leave in the jungles of Central India near Mhow I was encamped on a small hill overlooking the Narbada river and noticed one morning a large camp being pitched below on the bank of the river. Presently a large cavalcade arrived on elephants and horses and later I saw an enormous man being supported into the water where he bathed for a long time. I learnt that he was the Maharaja Holkar of Indore, the grandfather of the present Maharaja, the Maharaja who abdicated when Lord Curzon was Viceroy.

He had come into that part of British India with a permit to shoot bison and he presently sent a message asking me to be good enough to send my Shikari down to advise him. My Shikari returned to me about two hours later, chortling. I asked him what he was laughing about and he said, "Sahib, you never saw such fun. When I got down, the Maharaja asked me whether there were any bison in the vicinity, and I said yes. He then said, 'I will ask your Sahib to lend you to me and we will go on elephants and shoot bison.' I said, 'Maharaja, it is not possible to shoot bison from elephants because they run away, walking is the only possible way'. He said, walking, 'look at me, how can I walk, where is the man who said that I could shoot bison from an elephant?' The shivering wretch

was produced and was immediately shoe-beaten, that is why I am laughing."

The next day Holkar struck camp and departed. He was a most remarkable character, exceedingly clever and exceedingly difficult to deal with. Later on, during my service in Indian States, Sir Charles Bayley, who succeeded Sir David Barr as Agent to the Governor-General in Central India, told me that Sir David took him for a private interview with Holkar, to whom he said, "We have been very good friends, Maharaja, and I hope there will be similar friendship between you and my successor. I have one regret only, and that is that Your Highness did not build that Railway I advised, otherwise there would not have been such loss of life when we had a famine in those parts later, and there was no means of taking food quickly to the starving people." Holkar immediately turned round and said to his Chief Minister who was sitting behind, "Banao" (make it). The Political Officer who knew his man said, "Maharaja, railways are not built like that." Holkar immediately turned round again and said to his Chief Minister, "Kuch parwa nahin, mat banao" (never mind, don't make it).

I shall never forget my first march on that shooting expedition. The distance, I was told, was 6 kos (12 miles) but we tramped all day. I enquired about the local kos. "Ours is the Gondi kos," said the Shikari, "you pluck a leaf from the Gondi tree and place it in your turban, when the leaf begins to wither, one kos has been covered." The leaves of the Gondi tree are remarkably thick, and if the day happens to be cloudy, one might tramp to a standstill before reaching one's destination. I had a very successful shoot considering that I was an absolute griffin. Some of the incidents are worth relating.

My first blood was a bear and as I was still near the railway line I decided to send the bear whole into Mhow,

to be skinned there by a Taxidermist. I had shot the bear late in the evening. It was the first bear I had ever shot and as I was green and fearful of harm coming to it, I pushed it under my bed which was out in the open outside my small tent, and soon slept the sleep of tiredness and contentment.

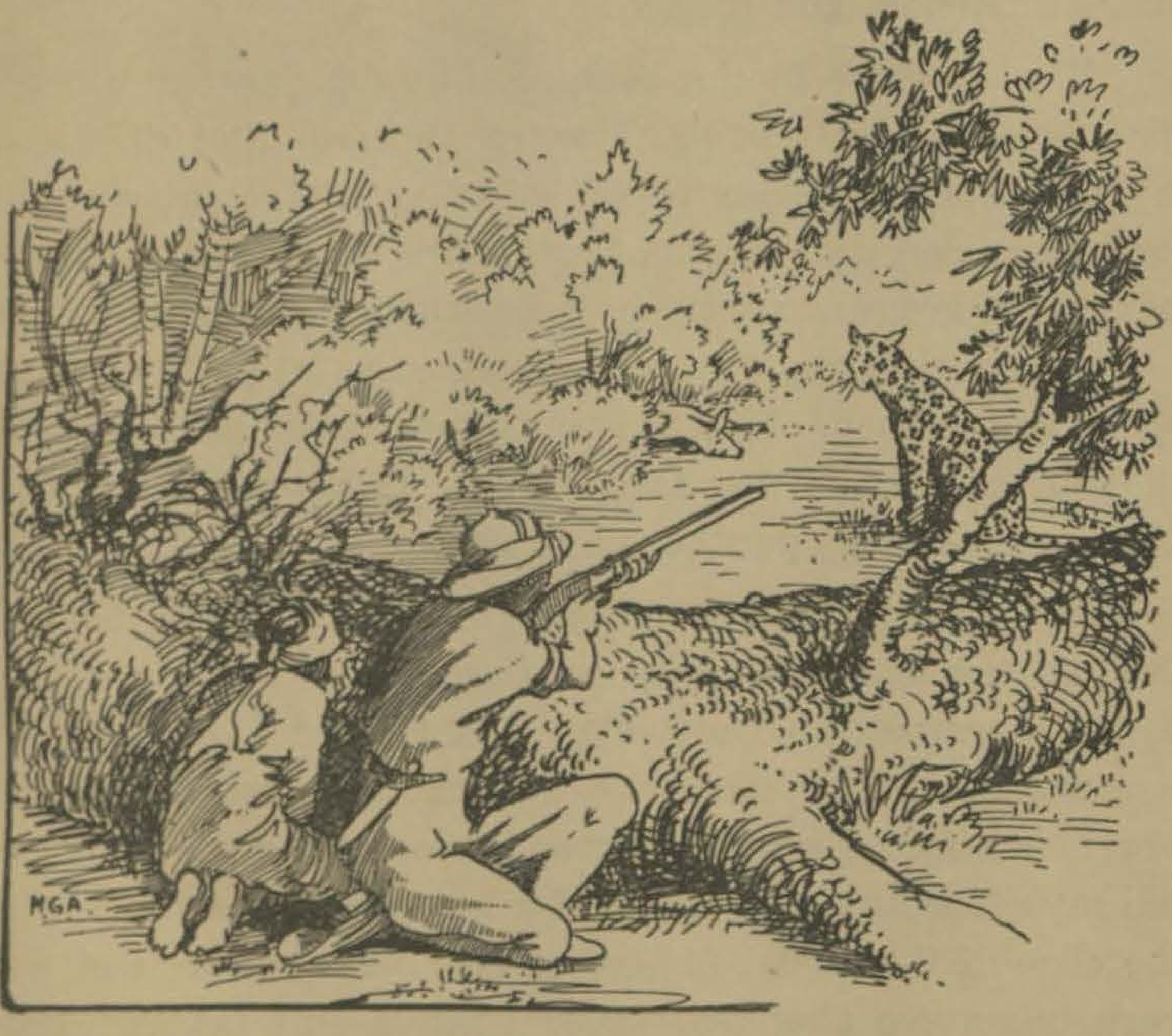


I dreamt the bear had come to life again and was rapidly carrying me, bed and all, into the jungle. I awoke to find to my horror that the bear was actually moving under my bed. I was trying to collect my thoughts and assure myself that it was a dream, but the movements continued unmistakably and I suddenly spotted the cause. A 'Bhil', a wild man of the woods, was lying flat on his stomach and was cutting away as fast as he possibly could a portion of the bear's anatomy which they much prize. I barked and he bolted into the jungle.

A panther had killed one of the baits I had tied out, and at about 4 p.m. the Shikari and I sat concealed behind the trunk of a fallen tree and waited. The kill, a young buffalo, lay to our right front and behind us were cliffs upon which a troop of black-faced baboons played most entertainingly, the mothers smacking their infants when they strayed too far.

I was watching the baboons when suddenly their demeanour changed, they no longer played but stared down over my head at something beyond me, making the most

raucous noises. It was my first experience of that peculiar noise that monkeys make, only whenever they sight their hereditary four-footed enemies. It is not possible to express the noise in writing, but it sounds uncommonly like hard swearing and it probably is. I looked towards the kill and all round it but there was nothing there. Suddenly, I spotted the panther. There he was, sitting upright like a dog, right in front of me, only about 30 yards away, staring at the kill and licking his chops in anticipation. I very slowly (slow movement in a jungle is essential to avoid detection) got my rifle rested on the tree-trunk behind which we were sitting, and drawing a careful bead on his shoulder, fired. With a grunt he took two flying



leaps and fell dead upon the kill, having been shot through the heart. I measured the distance and found it was 56 feet. The concentration of his mind upon the kill in anticipation of the great feast he was going to enjoy, made him

leap to it although he was mortally wounded, and he touched ground once only in covering those 56 feet. He was the biggest panther I have ever seen. I regret that, being raw then at the game, I had no tape to measure him with, but I remember that it took nine men all they could do to carry him to camp.

One morning a cowherd came into camp, to say that a panther had killed one of his calves. Out we went and found that the partially-eaten calf had been carried up into a sloping tree and hidden amongst the leaves (panthers occasionally use trees as larders to prevent their kills being eaten by other beasts and birds). As we approached the tree, a panther suddenly dashed away out of the grass. I had a snap-shot and missed.

We sat there in the evening, but the panther did not return. As next morning's march was in that direction, I made a slight detour to see whether the remains of the calf had been eaten or not. I never expected to find a panther there, but suddenly three rushed out of the grass —a she-panther and two half-grown cubs. I had two snap-shots and missed. The Shikari should have been a diplomat for he said, "Come away, Sahib, this place is haunted, those are not real panthers but ghosts."

In stalking through the jungle one afternoon by myself, on the chance of seeing something worth shooting, I came to a small pool of water. As I stood looking at the foot-marks of animals which had drunk there during the previous night, I heard a clatter approaching the pool and hid myself behind the trunk of a large tree which grew on the edge of the pool. A herd of Sambur soon arrived, one very immature stag and several hinds and fawns. They trooped past me and drank greedily. They then started nibbling the fresh green grass round the pool and the stag got his hindquarters so close to where I was hidden, that the imp of mischief possessed me. I gave him a resounding

smack on his buttock and away he went with his harem as if the devil were after him.



I made up my mind to sit up all one moonlit night over a pool, not to shoot but to watch the jungle-beasts come to drink. My Shikari insisted upon perching me high up in a tall slender tree because of his exaggerated notions of the dangers to be encountered on such a vigil. All I saw were three wild dogs and a porcupine which amused me very much because, as it toiled slowly up the hill to the pool, it snorted and puffed exactly like a stout old man.

But a more thrilling experience was in store for me. Presently, it blew a veritable gale and rain fell in torrents. My tree whipped like a fishing-rod and there was I hanging on for dear life, for hours, until the gale subsided.

On another occasion I sat up all night on the ground over a goat, waiting for a panther who never came. This was on the Shikari's advice—and he built a sort of zareba of stones for my protection.

The inevitable happened and I fell asleep, to be awakened presently by a short and a hot blast on my face. As I opened my eyes, I saw against the light of the moon a

veritable demon, peering at me over the low stone-wall and snorting. It was an inquisitive Hyaena. Talking of



Hyaenas, I thought they were eaters of carrion only. Kipling wrote of them, "They are only resolute they should eat, that they and their mates may thrive. And they know that the dead are safer meat than the weakest thing alive." But I saw one savagely attack a goat I was sitting over for a panther. I had my pocket full of stones and pelted him, but I was compelled to shoot him eventually to save the goat.

In East Africa, Hyaenas enjoy immunity from the Natives because they look upon them as their "living tombs". Only very old people who have lost all their teeth, mothers of very large families and distinguished chiefs are buried. The rest of the dead are exposed to be eaten by Hyaenas.

A tigress had killed near a water-hole at the base of a cliff and as there was no tree conveniently near upon which I could sit up for her return to the kill at night, the

Shikari suggested that I should sit in the mouth of a cave in the cliff. It was about 5 p.m. and it struck me that it would be advisable to investigate the cave before taking up my lonely quarters in it for the night.

I entered the cave and when my eyes had adjusted themselves to the semi-darkness, I saw asleep on a ledge of rock, an enormous python. I backed to the exit of the cave and raising my rifle, shot into the mass which was lying on the edge of rock. Hell was at once let loose. The cave resounded with the hissing snarls of the wounded monster and was filled by his writhing coils. We cut a long green bamboo from the jungle and introducing it into the cave tried to pull the snake out but he snapped the bamboo and crushed it to match-wood. Eventually, I was able to shoot him again and we got him out. He measured about 16 feet in length and about 3 feet in girth.



There was only one exit from that cave and I would have been sitting in it when the dragon awoke to go his nightly round.

I much enjoyed also my trip to Kulu and beyond. In contrast to the trip to Central India, the country was green and cool and one often walked for considerable distances amongst beautiful wild flowers, including sweet-smelling violets. Several Englishmen I found settled upon fruit orchards in the Kulu Valley. The fruit there was glorious, but as there was no road or means of exporting it I saw cows being fed on basketsful of French Apples.

I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Captain Banon, one of the Settlers.

He was most Moses looking, tall, with a snowy-white beard, clad in homespun and carrying a staff.

He took me for a walk one day and presently we came upon a great sheet of upright natural rock. Stopping before it he said, "This is where I intend to be buried. Don't you think it spacious enough to record all my vices and all my virtues?"

He had four sons and sent them to the Great War. They all distinguished themselves, but one was killed and the other day when I re-visited Kulu, I found that the old man who had died, had inscribed that stone as a memorial to the son who had given his life. One of those boys is Major Banon, the head of the House.

I was keen to shoot a red-bear and for 21 days I tramped the hills morning and evening, but had no luck. On the 22nd evening when I was preparing to go out as usual, although I had almost given up hope, my servant said, "You will shoot 3 red-bears this evening. I dreamt it last night."

I was much amused and left. We had climbed miles and feeling done I sat down at the top of a clearing in a pine forest and proceeded to light a pipe, putting my loaded rifle down by my side. I suddenly got a dig in the back from my Shikari who was sitting behind me, and

looking up I saw three red-bears working up towards me through the clearing in the forest.

As they came they turned up stones and ate the ants' eggs often found below them. I was almost petrified with excitement and moving my arms very slowly got hold of my rifle and waited. The wind was blowing up the clearing luckily and, consequently, the brown-bears, who have poor sight but very keen scent, continued to feed up towards me until they got to a distance of about 40 yards from where I sat.

I fired at the shoulder of the bear nearest me and to my astonishment saw two bears fall and only one make off. With my second shot I bowled over the third bear.

My first shot had gone through the shoulder of the bear I had fired at and into the head of the bear feeding directly below. Three red-bears with two shots, I have always been diffident about telling the story.

We were back in camp very late because men had to be collected from distant villages to carry the bears back. As we entered camp the procession was met by my servant who was doing a sort of dance of joy. "I told you so," he said, "and what is more, so certain was I of my dream coming true that whilst you have been away I have been making wooden pegs to enable you to peg down the skins." I found that he had actually made enough pegs for 3 skins.

Having read somewhere that "Westphalian Hams" used to be made from bears, I had some of the meat cooked and it was excellent. I also pickled two hams in brine in empty kerosene-oil tins and took them back when my leave was over and they were also excellent.

A red-bear is carnivorous occasionally, but generally speaking he is a very clean feeder.

He was very entertaining, that psychic servant of mine. I had picked him up at Lahore on my way up to Kulu, my own servant having developed high fever because somebody had told him that I was going to travel in very dangerous regions from which men seldom returned.

There were many applicants for service I remember, and one a cook, who proudly displayed the following certificate :

> "He has been my cook for the past month and now leaves me for reasons of health (mine)."

I remember seeing at another time a chit in the possession of a sweeper, which certified that he took a deep interest in his work.

One day the servant said, "Won't you give me some of those currency notes you make everyday under your bed?" I had a camera with plates: there were no films then and under my camp-bed, with quilts and blankets draped over, was my only possible dark-room. He had come to the conclusion that such secret proceedings could only involve the nefarious manufacture of currency notes, and he wanted his share.

One day we had to cross a raging torrent and the only means was one of those crazy swing-bridges made of plaited grass and twigs, slung high above the torrent and with nothing in the way of a hand-rail. "You can cut my throat if you like," he said, "but I cannot cross this bridge of Satan."

We had ultimately to bandage his eyes with his turban and tie a rope round his waist and he was thus ignominiously led and pushed across by two hillmen, holding him fore and aft, whilst he kept on murmuring "Ya Allah" (O God).

He was a devout and very orthodox Mohammedan, but dire necessity knows no law and when later on we were negotiating a mountain pass at an altitude of nearly 17,000 feet, and all of us were physically sick and doddery, he was glad of a reviving drink from my flask of brandy.

The day after we had negotiated that dreadful pass and were somewhat recovered, I asked the coolies to explain the cause of our sufferings. They at once said, "It is the wind blowing through poisonous bushes." But I objected and pointed out that there was no vegetation of any kind at that altitude. "That is the wonder of it," they said, "you can't see the bushes."

The story of the bridge crossing reminds me of another. There was a well-known, but rather pompous, old civilian in the Kangra District. He was out on tour and a similar nerve-racking bridge had to be crossed, and his poor wife said she would rather die than face it. They had a very small child with them and a storm was brewing and the bridge had to be crossed to get into camp on the other side. In telling the story the man said, "I was desperate, so I said to the servants, 'take the calf across and the cow will follow'. They took the baby across and my wife immediately followed."

In Lahoul, at a place called Kylang, there lived a Moravian Missionary and his wife. They had been there for 40 years. She knitted socks out of the local wool with a separate partition for the big toe, to permit of the grass shoe-tring fastening, and charged one anna per pair.

He had taught the people to cultivate potatoes and the disputes of the countryside were mostly settled in the veranda of his house.

He had built a church in which he held Services on Sundays and she played the harmonium. Had he made many converts? "Not many," said he, "come to Church to-morrow and you will see why."

The little church was crowded to suffocation next day, mostly by red-cowled Lamas (priests) from the neighbouring Buddhist monastery and they sang the Christian hymns lustily, which had been translated into Tibetan by the Missionary.

After Service the Missionary explained, "They are very tolerant, these people; the Lamas say yours is doubtless a very fine religion and when you have a Service we will help." "So," said the Missionary, "there are very few converts to Christianity".

On the return journey I went up to the source of the Bias river which roars down the 50-mile length of the Kulu Valley. I had great difficulty in persuading a couple of hillmen to accompany me as guides because they said the source of their river was guarded by an angry god, who hurled stones at all tresspassers on his domain.

As ill luck would have it, there was a sudden landslide as we were climbing the last lap to the source of the river and rocks came hurtling down. My guides immediately bolted and I was left alone to do the rest of the journey. When I found them again some hours later at the bottom of the hill, they were obviously astonished to see me alive and unscathed. "Did we not tell you that the god hurled stones," they said.

I write of the year 1898. I had travelled by rail to Pathankot, by tonga from there to Palampur in the Kangra District where the finest orange pekoe tea was grown in those days on the Holta Tea Estate, and on foot from Palampur to Kulu, more than a hundred miles. Now you can ride in comfort in a car or go by train. Taking advantage of my halt at Palampur, I visited the Tea Factories. I asked one of the planters to give me a cup of tea. He offered me a choice of strong drinks and said, "We sell tea, but we don't drink it." It is beautiful, the Valley of Kulu, beginning at Sultanpur at an altitude of some 4,000 feet as

far as I can remember and stretching for 50 miles to the Rotung Pass with an altitude of about 10,000 feet. The only drawback I found was the roar of the Bias river as it dashes down the centre of the valley. The road up the valley runs along the river and it is difficult to hear what your companion says,—so loud is the noise of the water. It got so much on my nerves that I treked right away up the mountain-side until the noise of the river was a distant murmur only and there I pitched my tent.

Sitting out in front of my tent that evening I saw at quite close quarters a woodcock flying slowly by carrying its baby in its claws. This puts an end to the controversy which took place in the Field some years ago as to whether the woodcock, which moves its young frequently, carried them on its back or in its claws. I was sorry to have to leave that charming valley. Every house kept Bees, just a hole in the wall and the Headman of the village, instead of presenting a rupee to be touched and remitted, presented a honey-comb on a shining brass platter. The taste of the honey altered with the flowers as you climbed up the valley, violets and asters and so on. There were no good fish in the rivers in those days, they said; the current was too strong but now Trout have been introduced and are quite plentiful.

I returned to Sirsa in the Punjab at the end of my leave. My father had been there before me as Deputy Commissioner and then my brother and I found myself occupying the same old house. I was reminded of a story my father used to tell. There was a salt-line in those days, running right across India to prevent smuggling. It was a regular Service with Officers and armed-guards, until it struck somebody that it would be cheaper and more effective to establish control at the salt mines themselves.

One of the Officers once a fortnight, when the 'bainghy' dak came in bringing his liquor supply (there

was no railway in those days and supplies were carried by 'bainghy,' *i.e.* a man carrying two baskets on a pole) he got drunk, and something always happened.

On one occasion he fell off a camel and my father went to see him. He said, "Look here, Mr. Wakefield, if you fall off a donkey you break your leg, but if you fall off a camel nothing happens; there is lots of room to fall."

Another story : my father's European Head Clerk had drunk himself into delirium and had himself carried out onto the Grand Trunk Road in a 'Palki' or sedan chair, much used in those days, together with a supply of liquor and a rifle. He held up the road and refused to allow anybody to pass.

My father walked out and was held up. He said, "Surely you will give me a drink on such a hot day." This appealed to the man and he consented and my father was able to disarm him.

The day after my arrival was Xmas Day and I went out for a walk to get my bearings. I saw a house and the compound was crowded with people with 'dalis,' or presents of fruit and sweetmeats. I thought that it must be the house of the Assistant Commissioner, but on enquiry found it was the house of the railway Station Master, obviously the most powerful individual in the station.

The young Maharaja Ganga Singh of Bikaner came across the desert in a camel carriage to Sirsa with Colonel Vincent, his guardian, a fine up-standing, soldierly young man. The income of his State was then 18 lakhs of rupees per annum if I remember rightly. It is now over a crore of rupees, all due to his personal enterprise.

I remember Dunlop-Smith telling me later on that he was the only man who had made money out of a famine. He built hundreds of houses outside the city of Bikaner and after the famine they were all occupied and became a source of revenue.

CHAPTER V

FAMINE IN THE PUNJAB

VERY soon after there was famine and I and another Engineer were selected for famine relief work, which consisted of building a weir across the Ghagar river at a place called Otu, constructing two canals below it, one on each bank of the river, to flow through British and into Bikaner territories. We laid out the works and waited and waited, but no famine labour arrived. We thought we were in for a holiday when suddenly the people started pouring in from all quarters, thousands and thousands men, women and children. Huts had to be built for them, work had to be provided, arrangements had to be made to measure up the work they did and pay for it daily, for they were all on the brink of starvation and had no other resources. Shops had to be established at which they could buy their supplies. Sanitary and Medical arrangements had to be made, and burial grounds for the Mohammedans and burning places for the Hindus established. We were hard at it, night and day, snatching meals and sleeping at odd moments. The other man had been, even in normal times, rather inclined to lift his elbow too much. The strain was too much for him and he drank himself silly and eventually I had to take over his hordes of people in addition to my own.

One day a telegram arrived to say that the Lieut.-Governor of the Punjab, as he was then styled, would inspect us next day. I knew it would mean the sack for my friend across the river if his condition was discovered. So I sat up all night with him and next morning he was well enough to mount a very quiet mare of mine, with instructions to merely take his hat off when we met

the Lieut.-Governor and to keep his mouth shut and leave the talking to me. We rode out and met the cavalcade and as I took my hat off, I saw through the corner of my eye that in her excitement at seeing so many horses approaching, the mare had turned completely round, and there was my friend solemnly taking his hat off time after time into space. He was sent off on long leave soon after and I was left in sole charge of some 50 thousand people in encampments spread along a distance of about 22 miles on both sides of the river.

There were a great many 'Pachadas' (a well-known tribe in the Punjab of cattle-lifters) in the camps, amongst whom young men did not come of age and were not allowed to wear turbans until they had proved their prowess in cattle-lifting. One night one of my camp Bazars was looted and by luck three of the raiders, who were all 'Pachadas', were caught by my specially organized band of watchmen. I had refused to have any regular police in my kingdom because I felt I must rule those hordes alone and the introduction of regular police would have meant divided authority. The question was what I should do to the three thieves caught red-handed. I was not a Magistrate and had no legal powers to try and punish them, but I dared not let them go unpunished. If I had, my camps would have been looted again and I would have lost control. I held Court under a tree, with thousands watching the proceedings, recorded the evidence, found them guilty and sentencing them to whipping and imprisonment, I sent them off to the nearest jail with an order of commitment. The Jailor, not dreaming that anybody who was not actually empowered would have the audacity to send prisoners to his jail, took the miscreants in and carried out my sentence. The Deputy Commissioner under whose general instructions I was working was James Dunlop-Smith, later Sir James and Private Secretary to Lord Minto. One could not wish for a better man to work

under. I wrote to him at once and he wrote to the Commissioner and the next issue of the Punjab Gazette invested me with special Magisterial powers from the day before the unauthorized trial. As a consequence, although I had about 50 thousand people on those works, there was no more lawlessness excepting one case of petty theft which was rather interesting.

I was riding past one of the famine camps one early morning on my way to a more distant camp, when I saw a crowd round the hut of the Subordinate in charge of the camp. I found that he had been robbed during the night of a box containing money and clothes. I dismounted and circled the hut and noticed a line of fresh footsteps running away from the hut towards the open sandhills outside the area of the camp. I took up the footsteps followed by the crowd and soon found the box which had been forced open and all valuables removed. I was standing staring at the box and at the footprints of the thief which were very clear where the box was lying, and was wondering what I should do next. The people who had followed me had closed in, forming a circle round me and I found myself staring at their feet. I suddenly noticed a foot which looked to me as if it would fit the thief's footprints. Looking up I found the owner was a lad of about 17 and on asking him I found that he was the Subordinate's servant. I made him place his foot on one of the footprints and lo, it fitted. I said, "Tell me at once where you have hidden what you stole". "You are all powerful," he said, "but I am not the thief." I made as if I was going to beat him, whereupon the crowd fled and the boy went down on his knees and said, "For God's sake, don't beat me, I will show you where the property is." He led us back to the camp flagstaff, upon which soared the Union Jack in every famine-relief camp, and it was there he had chosen to bury and he unearthed before

me, the whole of the stolen property. That was a bit of luck of inestimable value to me, for I was thereafter credited with almost supernatural powers of detection, and would-be malefactors became afraid and I had no more trouble. But the Public Works Subordinates were at their usual game, I felt sure. So one evening I walked into the nearest Post Office some miles away, and having squared the Postmaster, I went through the Register of Money Orders and found, as I had suspected, that several of my men had been sending money to their homes out of all proportion to their salaries. I noted the names of the delinquents and promised the Postmaster that he would not get into trouble for giving me the information. I sacked them all next day without giving any reason; all I said was they were lucky to escape prosecution. They went quickly and my reputation for the supernatural was further enhanced.

I got a telegram one day from Dunlop-Smith informing me that Reuter's special correspondent for famine relief works in India was about to visit us and that I must look upon him as of greater importance than even the Lieut.-Governor. He arrived, a genial personality, full of good stories. The difficulty with globe-trotters in India is to prevent their going astray with wrong information, which is so easy to pick up and founder upon in the East. Montague Butler, later Sir Montague, Governor of the Central Provinces, had just come out to India and was with me learning famine. He was put on to the correspondent and relieved him of the trouble of drafting his press-telegrams, and in consequence the world got no garbled accounts of our activities, as had been the case in another Province to its detriment.

Later on the Viceroy, Lord Curzon, descended from Simla in the hot weather to visit our works and I was told that I would be held responsible for the Viceroy's safety,

but I must remember that he hated to see policemen and desired that the people should have free access to him. It was a sandy country luckily, so I dug holes all along the road, into which my watchmen disappeared and squatted out of sight when the Viceroy passed. I had no fear of the people on the famine work, but I dared not take the risk of not guarding the roads and thereby permitting some outside miscreant to misbehave. From Sirsa the Viceroy went on to Hissar to inspect the cattle-farm and there occurred an incident which, as far as I know, has not seen the light of day before this. He was riding through the farm which is comprised of an area of some 60 square miles of jungle country, when suddenly an Akali Sikh (Akalis are an ultra-militant sect of Sikhs and go about wearing knives and such implements in their turbans) suddenly dashed out from behind a bush and got hold of the Viceroy's foot. Lord Curzon was nearly unhorsed and lost his hat and also his temper. The man was soon pulled off, but the Viceroy had naturally taken him to be an assassin. As a matter of fact, all that the poor wretch had been trying to do was to put his forehead on the royal foot, a method of salutation common in the Punjab in those days and called 'Matha tekna'.

CHAPTER VI

FAMINE IN TONK, BUNDI AND SHAHPURA

IN the year 1889, famine broke out in Rajputana, the severest famine of modern times, in which eventually about 35 per cent. of the population and about 90 per cent. of the cattle died. Because of his good work in the Punjab famine, Dunlop-Smith was appointed Famine Commissioner for Rajputana.

He selected me to assist him and I left the Punjab at 24 hours' notice and proceeded to Deoli where Francis Younghusband (now Sir Francis) was Political Agent.

He was the most silent man I have ever met, a habit doubtless conduced by his historic travels through the most silent regions of the Earth.

It was a habit which added much to his prestige in the Oriental atmosphere of the Indian States in which as a Political Officer his work lay;—they said, "He is very wise, he is always thinking", and as they never knew what he was thinking about, many a guilty conscience was perturbed and restrained.

I was placed in charge of famine operations in the Indian States of Bundi, Tonk and Shahpura. That was in November, 1899.

I found that relief operations had been delayed to such an extent that there was practically no strength left in the people to work. They were put on to mild work and as their strength increased, to harder work,—principally building banks to make irrigation tanks.

The Prime Minister of one of those three States was an absolute fiend in human guise. I found that he had commenced by commandeering privately practically all the

grain in the country, as soon as he knew that there was going to be a famine, so that he could make enormous profit by the sale of it later on.

He was very specious and ready always to promise even the Moon, but all the time he played his own hand and had his tongue in his cheek.

In addition to famine, cholera had descended upon the countryside and the people were decimated. In the capital town of that State it was quite a common sight to see human bodies tied on poles, being jogged through the streets by two carriers and thrown down the hillside outside the town to be devoured by dogs and jackals and vultures. One day, during a walk, I found a body floating in a well, one of those big wells with a flight of steps leading down into it, and from which the people used to draw water to drink. I sent for the Prime Minister and told him of the fact and upbraided him for not having carried out my instructions given during my last visit, to effect that he should take measures to adequately guard all drinking water supplies to prevent contamination. He said at once, "You need not worry Sahib, I will have this matter put right at once, I will sprinkle some Ganges water in the well and everything will be quite all right."

As I have said before, he was a most plausible devil and a master of eye-wash.

The Famine Commissioner and the Political Agent were coming to inspect and on the road there was a Poor House which had been established for the famine-stricken. They were accompanied by Earl Percy and the then Lord Stavordale, the present Lord Ilchester, who were friends of Younghusband and were paying a visit to India.

I had been sent out with Lord Stavordale to give him some duck shooting on a tank which was situated about a quarter of mile from the place where the Poor House had

been established. The arrangement was that Lord Stavordale and I were to meet the others when they got to the Poor House and after its inspection we were all to proceed together to the capital town of the State.

We could see the road from the tank and as soon as we saw the party in the distance approaching the Poor House we left off shooting and proceeded to walk towards the Poor House.

One of the Prime Minister's myrmidons was with us and he kept on trying to divert us from a path which quite obviously was the straightest road to the Poor House. I was leading, and refusing to be diverted, continued along the path, when I suddenly came upon the explanation of the myrmidon's anxiety. There was a large pit and it was full of human bodies in every stage of decay, from the grinning skeleton to the recently dead and there was one which still had life in it. I stopped short and Lord Stavordale who was following, suddenly coming upon that gruesome sight, was physically sick.



I walked rapidly up to the Poor House and found the Famine Commissioner and the Political Agent being led round by the smiling Prime Minister. There was a large

red and gold "Welcome" written up over the entrance, the inside had been white-washed and garnished, and a whole lot of obviously selected people were ornamenting the institution. I walked straight up to the party and said, "Follow me if you want to see the true state of affairs." They followed me without a word and I took them up to the brink of that dreadful pit, the poor wretch who had been alive when I first got to the pit had died in the meanwhile. No word was said, a mournful procession wended its way back and proceeded on its journey.

This incident was the last straw and I had the satisfaction eventually of having, that fiend, together with all his relatives numbering over 70, with whom he had packed every branch of the Administration, expelled for ever from that State at 24 hours' notice.

Forty years have elapsed, but only the other day I was told that the people of that State still talk of that expulsion with gratitude.

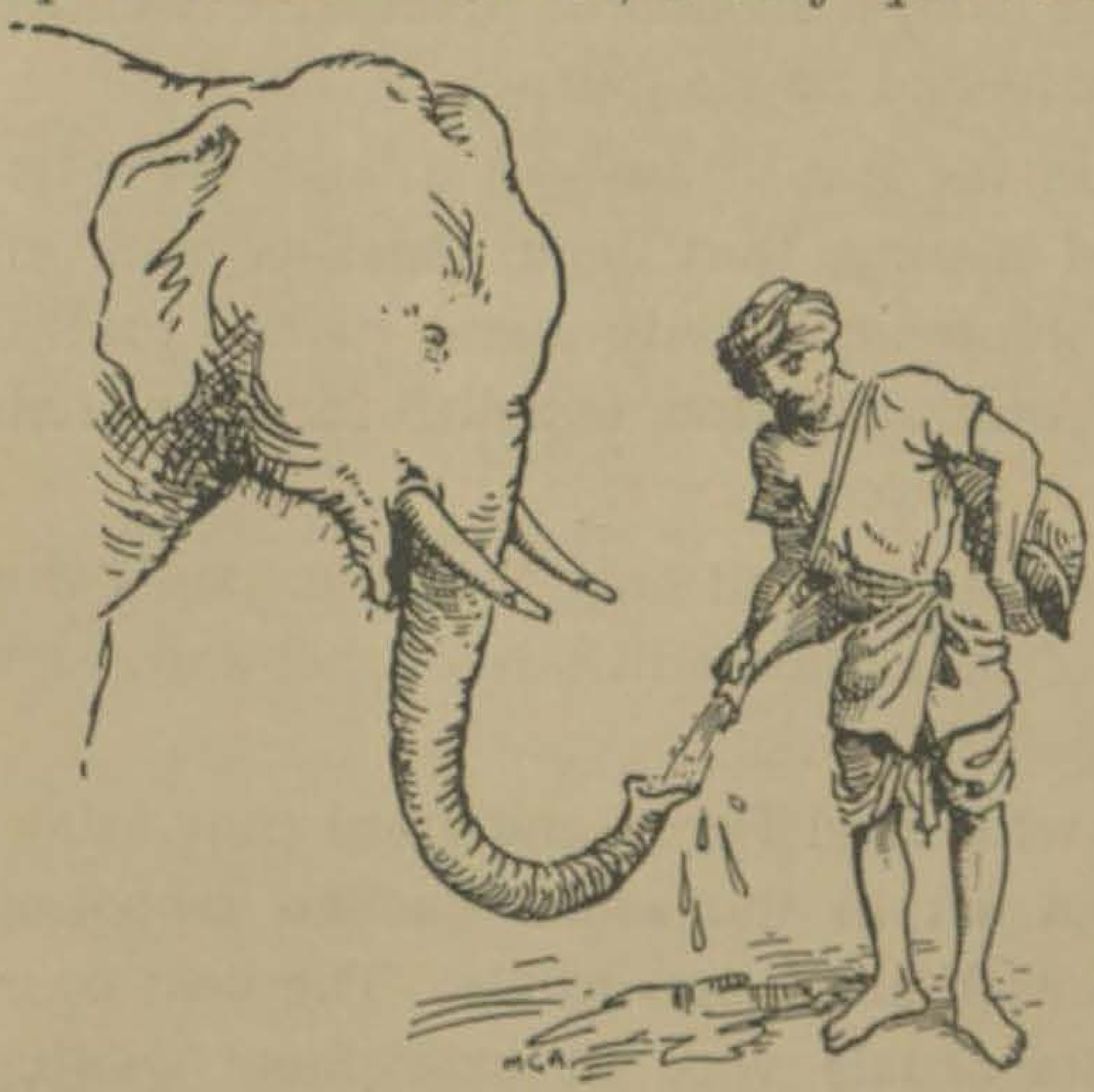
I was sent out, with Earl Percy and Lord Stavordale, panther-shooting and sat in the same Machan (shooting platform up a tree) with Lord Stavordale. The beat commenced and Lord Stavordale was all excitement waiting for the panther to appear. I warned him that as Earl Percy was the bigger bug, the panther would be driven to him. I saw the panther presently coming straight for us, but a man judiciously posted made a slight noise and the panther was at once diverted to Earl Percy who missed him.

There were two panthers and as the beat ended in a sort of cul-de-sac behind us in unclimbable cliffs, it was thought that the panthers could be beaten back past us. But I had seen the pair make magnificent springs and climb over those cliffs to safety.

When we were returning after a blank day we were met by His Highness the Maharaja of Bundi, who, as he

knew no English, asked me to tell his guests how sorry he was to hear that success had not crowned their efforts, but he begged them to realize that this was often the fate "of beggars and sportsmen."

It was in this State that I saw Elephants solemnly turning up their snouts to be filled by 'bahishtis' (water carriers) from their leather bags, and transferring the liquid to their mouths, a very quaint sight.



Water was not the only liquid consumed in that State, at orgies literally fountains spouted fiery liquor.

I remember my first interview with one of the Rulers of those States. He was an old man and after the usual compliments I asked how many children he had. He turned round to his Prime Minister and said, "Bolo kitne hain?" (say how many are they). The Prime Minister, obviously flurried, replied "Sarkar, shayad pachas honge" (Your Highness, perhaps 50). His Highness looked at me very coyly and said, "Log mujhe Adam-i-sani kehte hain" (people call me the second Adam).

I am reminded of the story of another Oriental Potentate, Nasar-ud-Din Shah of Persia, who when visiting England and driving in the vicinity of Hawarden, enquired what all the rejoicings were about.

He was told that Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone were celebrating their "Golden wedding." "What is a golden

wedding?" he asked, and on being told that they had been happily married for 50 years, he said, "Pshaw, that is nothing to being married for one year to 50 of them."

As usual, cholera came with famine and the Political Agent accompanied by the Agency Surgeon, arrived at the headquarters of one of those States and insisted upon the Ruler calling a meeting of all the leading citizens to consult them as to the preventive measures to be taken.

The Ruler protested as much as he could. He said, "I have ruled these people for the last 30 years and you can take it from me that if you go consulting them, it will only turn their heads; tell me what you want done and I will have it done." But the Political Agent prevailed and a meeting was held at which it was explained to all the City Fathers that there was danger of cholera entering their congested city and as a precautionary measure it was necessary and had been decided to disinfect all the wells.

The meeting broke up, the City Fathers went away and so did the Political Agent and his Doctor, leaving several Medical Subordinates to carry out the disinfection.

The house I lived in was on the top of a hill and the city stretched below it, the Hindu quarters being up in the hills and the Mohammedan quarters down in the plains.

It was hot weather and sleeping out on the roof one night I was suddenly awakened by a distant tumult. I saw torches flashing up on the hill in the Hindu quarters and then a great procession of people with burning torches wending its way down the hill through the Mohammedan quarters towards the Fort where lived the Ruler.

I got into my clothes as quickly as possible and very soon the Prime Minister arrived. He said the wells up in the Hindu quarters had been disinfected with permanganate of potassium which turned the water red. It was immediately spread throughout the Hindu quarters that

cows had been slaughtered and their blood put into the wells. Thousands of people had rushed through the city to the Ruler who had told them not to disturb him at such an ungodly hour and to go to the Prime Minister. The Prime Minister had sent them home with promises of attention in the morning. As soon as they had departed he had rushed up to me for advice. He was obviously rattled and said that every shop in the city would be closed the next day and all business would be paralysed, what should he do?

I asked how many troops he had. He said about two thousand. I said, "Go and turn them out at once and post pickets throughout the city, you and I will take a ride through the city to-morrow morning."

The city was at once picketed and as soon as it was light I sent several people into different quarters, where they let it be known casually that the object of the Military pickets was to loot the shops if they were shut and left unprotected by their owners. The consequence was that a couple of hours later, when the Prime Minister and I rode through the length and breadth of the city, no single shop was closed and there was business as usual and no further trouble.

The Ruler of course said, "I told you so".

He was, as are almost all the Princes of India, most hospitably inclined, and sent me word, "You will kill yourself if you work so hard without relaxation, go and shoot a tiger, I will make the arrangements." I had not shot a tiger and was as keen as mustard to do so. I was sent out with one of his Nobles and we went into camp arriving at dusk. The tent was pitched on the fringe of the jungle and that night we had got about half way through dinner when suddenly there was a succession of roars and my friend jumped up, and snatching a rifle said, "run." I

snatched up my rifle and followed him. We ran about 200 yards down a forest path and I was led eventually into a low mud-tower overlooking a water-hole and made to crouch down below the rough battlement. I sat there with my heart going like a sledge-hammer. There was some light and it was possible to see dimly. Suddenly, out of the forest walked an enormous tiger, straight up to the water-hole and stood there about 30 yards away. I immediately covered him with my rifle but my friend pulled my arm down and hissed into my ear, "Wait until he sits down." I saw that the tiger had heard something in the tower and had turned his great head and was looking at it suspiciously. Feeling that he might suddenly bound off into the jungle, I shook my friend off and raising my rifle again fired. There was a great cough and away went the tiger.

My friend was very angry and said I ought to have waited until he sat down; he felt sure I had missed him, but I felt sure I had hit him.

It would have been madness to try and follow him up in the dark, so we crept back to camp and I saw tigers behind every bush during that journey.

Next morning as soon as it was light we took up the tracks and I suddenly saw a peacock in full plumage with his tail spread out, dancing. Going a little nearer I saw my tiger lying dead, the peacock doing a dance round him. It is curious, the fascination exercised over peafowl by tigers and panthers. I have seen men catching peafowl by wearing masks of yellow cloth with black stripes upon them and eye-holes. The man sits behind a bush where peafowl are feeding and wags his masked head at them, the rest of his body being concealed. As soon as he is noticed the peafowl begin to approach, making curious noises. They approach and retreat as if some power beyond their control was drawing them and they were trying



I SAW MY TIGER LYING DEAD, THE PEACOCK DOING A DANCE ROUND HIM

to fight against it. Eventually a bird gets so close that the man is able to grab it by the leg or neck.

I actually shed tears over the skin of this my first tiger because I had to leave the camp at once for the capital of the State where cholera had broken out virulently, and as the skin had not had time to dry thoroughly, the hair fell off in places.

In another of these States, Shahpura, I arrived and was as usual hospitably entertained. As my first dinner I sat alone at a large table in a very large room, with mirrors all round me, and as I ate there were hundreds of me reflected in the mirrors, all solemnly banquetting. Pipers played through that solitary feast and when the Port came round, the Decanter played "God Save the King" as soon as it was tilted, there being a musical box concealed in its pedestal. There was a wonderful mystery-room in the garden of the house that I was put up in. You walked in and the door being closed, the arrangement of mirrors in the room was such that it was impossible to find one's way out again.

In the jail I heard the story of an incident which occurred some years before, which vividly illustrates the power of a Political Officer of those days :

When the Political Officer was paying a visit to the jail, one of the prisoners made some appeal to him. He gave some answer verbally, which was misunderstood by the authorities to mean that the man was not to be released until further orders. He was in consequence kept in prison for several years, although his original sentence was one of months only, until a belated reference in my time to the Political Agent, who had in the meanwhile been transferred, revealed the fact that he had given no such order, and the wretched man was released.

Frank Younghusband, now Sir Francis, the well-known traveller and author, was Political Agent of Deoli in those days and his strong personality and the esteem in which he was held by all the Rulers in the Agency, insured success in the measures taken to combat that terrible famine.

Both he and Lady Younghusband were very kind to me, a stranger from another province.

I remember two stories he told me of Chitral which are worth recording. As Political Agent in Chitral he was accidentally hit over the head when playing polo with the Chitralis and rendered unconscious. Later, when he was still in bed, convalescing, the Mehtar, as His Highness of Chitral is styled, came to see him to express his deep regret. Younghusband did all he could to minimize the incident as having been purely accidental, but he heard the clanking of chains and the wretched player who had accidentally struck him was led into his sickroom in chains, followed by the State Executioner carrying a naked sword. "Say the word, Sahib," said the Mehtar, "and his wretched head shall fall."

His Highness the Mehtar came to Younghusband one day and asked permission to kill his brother, who he stated would otherwise kill him. Younghusband put him off with the maxims of civilization. Subsequently, the Mehtar's fears came true and he was assassinated as he had feared.

Younghusband was very tough physically. When George Nathaniel Curzon passed through Chitral on his journey from Persia through Afghanistan to India, he had written ahead to Frank Younghusband telling him he was in a hurry and begging him to arrange to conduct him rapidly so that he could see as much of the country as possible in the shortest time.

When Curzon arrived, Younghusband showed him the map and the journeys he had planned out for him, saying in his slow and deliberate way "To-morrow we ride from here to there" (pointing to places on the map), "the day after to-morrow from here to there." Curzon who had been anxiously studying the scale of the map suddenly realized that he was being called upon to ride about 120 miles a day, in that country of rugged bridle paths. He hastened to explain that he had not contemplated quite such rapidity.

CHAPTER VII

UDAIPUR

HAVING organized famine-relief works in the three States of Tonk, Bundi and Shahpura, I suddenly got orders in May, 1901, to go to Udaipur and take charge of famine operations in that State where things were reported to be in a very bad way. Before I left, the Prime Minister of the Tonk State, old Sir Obaidullah Khan made me promise that I would return and serve them after the famine was over.

My orders were to meet Captain John Pinney of the Central India Horse at the Ajmer Railway Station and take over charge from him, as he had broken down under the strain of famine work and was proceeding to England. I arrived at Ajmer Station on an exceedingly hot night. with a duststrom blowing, and went in search of the man from whom I had to take over charge.

I found him asleep on the back veranda of the Railway Station looking like death; he was very thin and had been sweating, the dust from the storm had caked all over his face.

I woke him up and introduced myself, whereupon he got up and staggered into the train with my assistance, saying that he had to go to Bombay at once and would hand over charge to me in the train.

I was to leave the train at a Station called Sojat Road on the Bombay-Baroda Railway.

In the train, Pinney told me that I would have to ride 60 miles next morning from Sojat Road on a camel and he made over to me a loaded revolver and a bottle of dilute sulphuric acid, saying, "I am giving you the revolver because you will probably be attacked by starving Bhils on the way, and if you value your life take a teaspoonful of

this dilute sulphuric acid everyday, because there is cholera everywhere."

He told me that I should probably find things very much out of hand when I got to the end of my journey at a place called Deogarh, which is the headquarters of one of the big Nobles of the Udaipur State, because, owing to his illness, he had not been able to visit that locality for some time.

The train got to Sojat Road and I got out and he proceeded to Bombay on his way to England. At dawn I mounted the waiting camel, my servant and bedding being carried by another camel and away we went.

I was not attacked by anybody and forgot about the sulphuric acid, but presently when we got into the hills and the road was such that we had to dismount and walk, I soon commenced to see signs of the conditions which I was approaching.

There were dead bodies everywhere of poor starved wretches who had just fallen down by the roadside and died. I pushed on and as I got nearer and nearer to the



city of Deogarh, so did I see more and more bodies of the poor wretches who had been making for the opulent city to try and beg food.

Quite close to the city I saw a Nulla full of bodies. It was obviously the dumping ground of the city and jackals and dogs and vultures were fighting horribly over their gruesome meal without fear, in the full light of day.

I sent for the Head Clerk who I found was in charge of local operations. He was a Brahmin, sleek and well dressed. He told me quite complacently that all supplies had run out, he had no money and the people were dying like flies from starvation and cholera, and although there was sufficient grain in the city close by, the merchants refused to give him any. I rode through the city and found signs of comparative opulence everywhere but the streets were full of starving beggars and a deaf ear was being turned to their pitiable entreaties for food. Indians are by nature charitable, but the conditions were such that charity had practically ceased, no man knew how long the existing conditions were going to continue, and consequently every man husbanded his resources as much as possible.



Every now and again a couple of men passed through the crowded streets at a jog-trot, carrying on their shoulders a pole to which by its ankles and by its neck was tied the miserable emaciated body of some poor wretch who had fallen dead in the street. These corpses were just

taken out and thrown into the nearest hollow where animals devoured them. I went back to the Garden House in which I was accommodated and sent for the City Fathers. They came, very sleek and complacent. I described the miseries I had witnessed and alluded to the thousands of people in the nearest famine camp for whom there was no food and who were stricken with cholera. They said, yes, but it is the Will of God. I said, yes, but it is the business of man to try and save these poor wretches, and I calculate that I must have 1,800 maunds of grain by 3 o'clock this afternoon.

I told them that I had not been able to visit the headquarers of the State to obtain money because my orders had brought me straight to this place, but I would give them a Note of Hand and as soon as I had finished distributing the grain which they were going to give me I would go to the headquarters and bring money and pay them.

They said, "1,800 maunds of grain, quite impossible, we have not got even 18 maunds to give you."

I tried to argue but it was of no avail and I saw that heroic measures were called for, so I stood up and said, "if 1,800 maunds of grain are not handed over to me by 5 o'clock this afternoon, I will lead the starving people into the city and will help them to loot it." Having said this I left the assembly.

Before 5 o'clock that evening I had received 1,800 maunds of grain and we at once set about organizing distribution.

The people in the Famine Camp were made to sit in long lines—men, women and children—the grain was poured into sheets held by four men and we passed down the lines pouring into the out-stretched cloths of the people the shares alloted to them, which were measured out with tin-cans filled from the grain in the sheets.

We distributed the whole of that night without cessation and the whole of the next night. About mid-night on the second night, when we were all more or less done, I suddenly heard a scuffle behind me and turning round I saw a man in the extreme stages of starvation, with his eyes sunken and his back-bone practically visible through his stomach which had receded until it touched the back-bone.



He had come wandering through the night and suddenly saw a small emaciated girl about 7 years of age picking up grain and putting it into her mouth. The sight of food was too much for him and he fell upon the child to wrest the grain from her. I got hold of him as soon as I could and picked him up and shook him until he dropped the child, but in his maniac strength he had killed her.

He was not a murderer in anything but the name. I had to keep him tied up and we had to feed him by spoonfuls at intervals, otherwise, if he had been permitted to eat his fill, he would have died.

Conditions were so bad that practically every tree had its bark torn off and devoured. Having finished this distribution of food I rode as hard as I possibly could—60 miles

to the nearest Railway Station and took the first train for the capital of the State. I had to change trains at Chitorgarh and my servant carelessly left my Sun-hat in the train from which we changed and there was I on a very hot day without a hat and on my way to see the proudest Prince in India.

I found another European travelling in the same carriage and I learnt that he was Colonel Pank, the well-known Doctor of Jaipur, who was travelling from Jaipur to Udaipur where he had been summoned by the Maharana.

I told him that I was going to see the Maharana to get money from him to carry on my Famine Relief work. He asked me whether I had made an appointment to see the Maharana. I said no, but it was my intention to go straight up to the Palace from the Railway Station and demand to see him.

Colonel Pank said I would never be able to see him in that way.

I said I could but try, if he would kindly lend me a hat and I told him how mine had been lost. He very kindly lent me a hat but unfortunately he had a very small head and when I landed in Udaipur and went straight up to the Palace to pay my first call, I had to wear that small hat perched on the top of my head.

I shall never forget that visit. When I got to the outer gate known as the "Tripolia", I was made to dismount and walk into the courtyard because that was the rule of the Palace.

I walked in, all alone and unbefriended, and came upon a knot of people sitting on some steps. They just looked at me and took no further notice, to them I was only another Globe-Trotter, hundreds visit that fairy-city annually.

I picked out one distinguished looking old gentleman and said, will you kindly take a message to His Highness and tell him that I must see him at once. He smiled and said it was impossible.

I said, will you kindly take my message because if you do not, it is my intention to walk into the Palace and I shall not be responsible for the consequences.

He held a sort of Council of War with the others and seeing my determination he disappeared, returning in about half an hour's time with a Sirdar who said, His Highness would be glad to see me if I came in the afternoon. I said I was extremely sorry to give His Highness so much trouble, but my business brooked no delay and as it was my intention to return by the afternoon train, I begged to see His Highness at once.

In about half an hour's time I was shown into the presence of the Maharana Fatehsingh Ji, one of the finest characters I have known of any race.

I was many years in his service later on, but excepting on one tragic occasion, I never saw him in anything but Full-Dress, which consisted of a long white coat made of the finest muslin with the sleeves rucked, a black leather belt over a white Kamarband and a plain sword in his hand, white trousers and bare feet and on his head a tigthtly tied Rajput Turban. Having introduced myself I told him something of the horrors which I had witnessed.

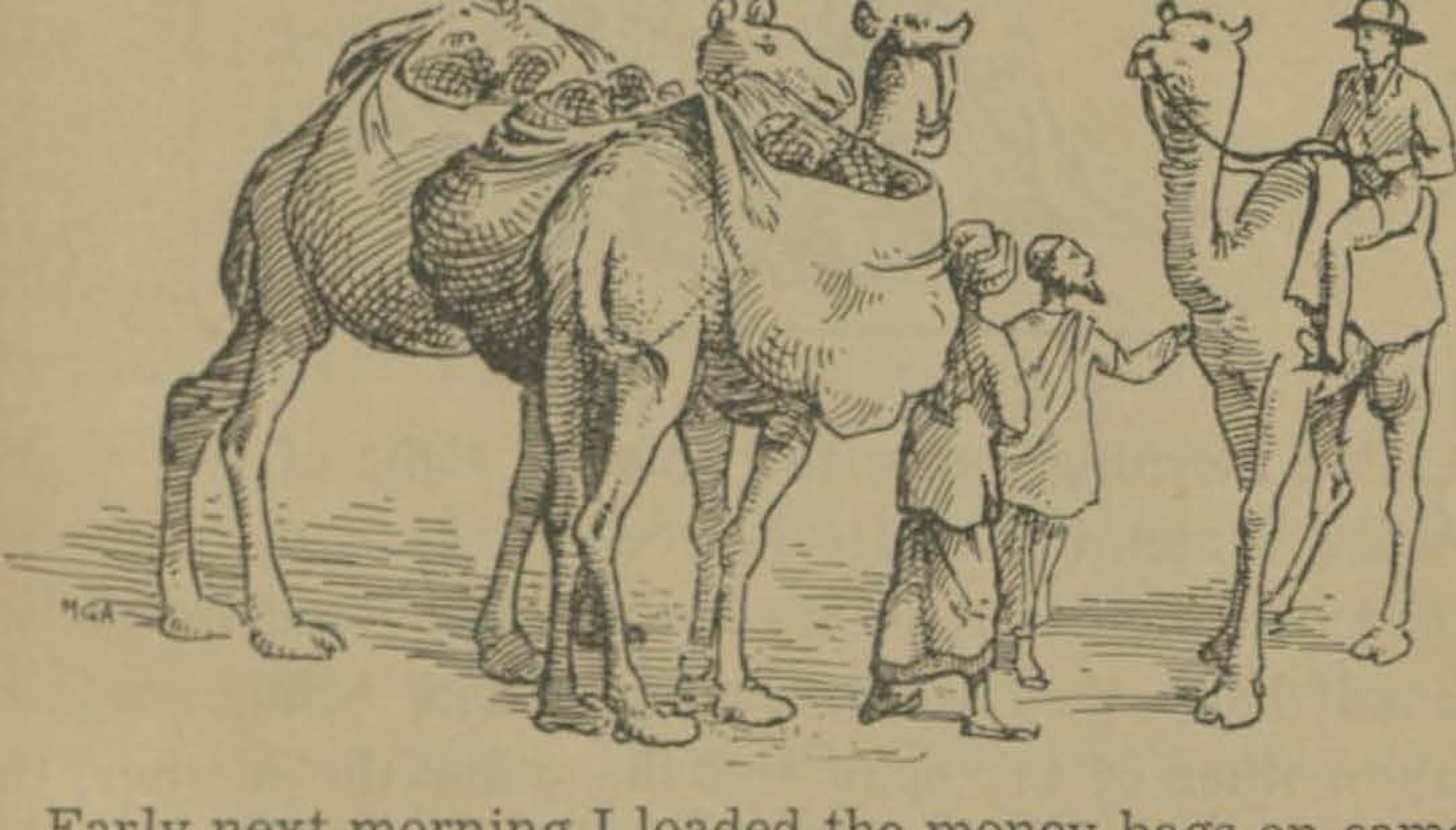
He was very much impressed and asked me to name the sum of money I wanted. I did so and he said he would arrange to have the money made over to me to-morrow. I said no Your Highness, I must leave by the afternoon train, for I have given my word to those merchants from whom I took grain by force, to pay them for it on a certain date and I shall be late if I do not leave this afternoon. He said, very well, I will see that the Sahib gets the money at the Railway Station this afternoon.

I went back to the Railway Station and when it was time for my train to start, I got into it but there was no sign of the money.

As the train was about to pull out I thought of getting out and going to the Palace again, but just at that moment a carriage came dashing up, and there, in full view of everybody, bag upon bag of rupees was landed in my Railway compartment until the floor was almost covered with them.

I was faced with the responsibility of carrying them through the night by train and 60 miles across country the next day. I need hardly say that I did not sleep a wink that night for I was alone in that carriage.

I incurred the displeasure of the British Resident (afterwards Sir Alexander Pinhey) for having failed to call at the Residency, but that was soon explained away and we became fast friends and worked together for many years after.



Early next morning I loaded the money bags on camels and we jingled our way over that 60 miles to the Famine Camp where my first task was to pay the merchants for the grain which I had taken, and I had no trouble after that in getting whatever supplies I wanted.

We set to and organized relief occupying the people with light work as they were too weak to do heavy work

having been allowed to run down so terribly. We got a Hospital Assistant and medicines and tackled the cholera as well as we could, also established Orphanages which rapidly filled with children who had lost their parents or had been abandoned.

I used to ride round every morning scouring the country and directing people to the Relief Camps.



One morning I saw the unusual sight of two women cooking something under a tree. I rode up and cross questioned them and to my horror discovered that it was a small baby they were cooking. One woman was the grandmother of the baby and the other the mother, they were both starving and the baby had died.

It was a gruelling time that, with not a moment to spare and very often one worked far into the night and sometimes the whole night, with cholera also raging all round because all water supplies had almost disappeared owing to lack of rain for 6 consecutive years.

I suppose we were all too busy to be ill, for I do not remember having suffered even from a headache. Re-action came later on when the famine was over, almost all the workers went down with one disease or another. Copious rain fell when the season came but over 35 per cent. of the population had died and 90 per cent. of the cattle.

The cultivating classes rose to the occasion wonderfully as they always do in India, in spite of their depleted strength and resources. The lands were cultivated somehow or other. I remember seeing a camel and a donkey yoked together to the same plough.

The country was soon a smiling area of crops and the scars of famine gradually became obliterated.

A Famine Fund had been raised throughout India and in England also and our last work was distribution of money to enable cultivators to buy cattle, we also purchased thousands of cattle and distributed them to the cultivators.

I remember camping near the home of a small Rajput Thakur where I stayed for two or three days distributing relief. I was told that relief was urgently called for in the house of the Thakur himself, but he was too proud to ask for it.

I made enquiries and found that several of the members of his household had died of starvation within the Purdah which is very strict in Rajputana. The old chieftain came to see me one day, still proud but obviously much emaciated. I told him that his brothers in England had, out of sympathy for their fellow-subjects in India, subscribed and sent us large sums of money and I would be grateful if he would permit me to make over a sum to him in the spirit of humanity in which it had been collected. He said, "I could not possibly take charity." I said, "Very well, let me give it to you as a loan." He accepted and we drew up

a regular receipt and what remained of that household was saved. The Seclusion of women is very strict in Rajputana, even the humblest Rajput cultivator maintains rigid Purdah. In consequence, half the population does no work.

A young gunner Subaltern had been sent to assist me and was in charge of an outlying camp where I arrived to inspect. It gradually dawned upon me that all the people in that relief camp had only one eyebrow, so I asked the Subaltern to explain. "Oh that," he said, "you see I have been distributing the valedictory dole before breaking up the camp now that the famine is over, and as I found it practically impossible to prevent fellows coming up more than once for the dole, I employed a barber to shave off an eyebrow as each fellow got his dole; it is all right they'll soon grow again."

During the course of my famine work in the Udaipur State, I had many opportunities of meeting and getting to know His Highness the Maharana Sir Fateh Singh Ji and when the famine was over and we had wound up the accounts, he was good enough to ask me to stay on in his service. I thanked him very sincerely for his appreciation, but told him I was under promise to return to the Tonk State. He readily understood, but made me promise to let him know in case I should be free later on to join him.

CHAPTER VIII

TONK

I was ill and asked the Punjab Government for leave which was due to me, but it was refused and I was ordered to rejoin. I was so disgusted that I resigned and went to Tonk and was there for 3 years in charge of the Land Revenue Settlement which I completed. The Tonk State consists of five islands of territory scattered over Central India and Rajputana with, in some cases, hundreds of miles of foreign territory in between.

This State of affairs came about in this wise. The original Nawab of Tonk, Amir Khan, was the head of the famous "Pindaris" of history. He had an army to be reckoned with, the services of which he sold to the highest bidder, and when the British came into power, he was found in possession of these five isolated territories which he held as security for payment of the expenses of his army from the different States for which it had fought.

It was decreed by the British that the *status quo* should not be disturbed, and in consequence the Tonk State was comprised of those 5 detached areas. In those days Tonk was 60 miles from the nearest Railway Station. I started a Club where we used to play tennis and polo and we had a small swimming Bath which was very enjoyable in the hot weather.

His Highness the Nawab also played tennis with us occasionally. He refused to serve from the usual place, he said it was too far. When playing he was attended by several servants—one with his sword, another with his handkerchief, a third carrying his "pandan" (betel-leaves box) and a fourth carrying tennis-balls. They all stood inside the court behind His Highness and moved with him

as he ran about the Court. I remember one day, having finished swimming, I was dressing when there was a great commotion near the Swimming Bath. I rushed out and found three men drowning. I got hold of them one by one by the hair as they came up and dragged them out.

One was a person of high degree who had commenced drowning first. Someone had pushed his servant in to rescue him, but the servant not being able to swim, also was drowning; the third man, rushing about excitedly, had slipped in and neither could he swim.

His Highness used to come down in the hot weather and get into the Bath with all his clothes on. He used to get into his carriage and drive home exclaiming 'Subhan-allah' (God be praised) as the wind caught his soaked body and cooled it down in the great heat of the day.

He was a sufferer from Gout and I used to remonstrate with him, but without effect. He had a small pavilion built in a garden, the walls of which were constructed entirely of 'Khass' which is a sweet-smelling grass. He used to sit inside in the lightest of clothing and attendants kept the grass-walls soaked with water.

He had many sons who were all locked up in a fort. I spoke to him about letting me see them. He used to get very angry with me for interfering in what he called his private affairs, but he gave in eventually and one day came to see me with all the sons. Later on when he trusted me I was able to take those lads to the Club and we started Polo.

Out for a walk one afternoon, I wandered into an extensive garden in which I found a palace being built.

In conversation with the Engineer I learnt that it had been building for 11 years, and on my expressing surprise the Engineer told me that the Nawab came and inspected it every Friday, and usually because of the suggestion of

some courtier seeking notoriety and favour, ordered alterations in the dimensions of rooms situated in the heart of the building, which necessitated alterations all round, and consequently there could be no finality.

One great Hall had been finished, at any rate for the time being, and the fresco paintings were remarkable. Indian artists of the old school usually have a stock of stereotyped subjects which they have learnt by heart. Painters had been summoned and told to paint, but they had been warned not to depict life in any shape or form because Muslims must not presume to copy and display the supreme work of the Almighty.

The result was truly wonderful. Smiling gardens being copiously watered by hoses suspended in mid-air because the men who held the hoses had been eliminated. Bazaars of well-stocked shops, but devoid of all human beings. Streets full of carriages, with the shafts suspended in mid-air, no horses, no coachmen and no occupants. Railway trains and steamers under full steam, but not a human being in sight.

The house I lived in was on a hill and one mid-night I was suddenly woken up by somebody knocking at my bedroom door. I opened the door and to my astonishment found His Highness there with a single attendant. He came in apologizing profusely for the untimely call, but he said he was compelled to see me at once because he had just learnt how to make gold and he felt he must tell me without delay because it would help me to liquidate the debts of the State.

I said I was very glad to hear the good news and enquired when we could begin operations. He invited me to see him at 8 o'clock next morning.

I was punctual and was received in the Garden House with the sweet-smelling grass-walls. I found His Highness sitting there with a large array of crucibles before him.

He told me that a very wise man had shown him the process of making gold and the joy of it was that it was made out of a plant known as "Akra" in Rajputana—a plant which grows profusely all over the country and is of no use to men or animals excepting goats who eat the leaves.

I suggested that we should begin operations and he commanded that the wise man should be sent for.

Half an hour elapsed and the wise man did not materialize. He was sent for again and again, but no wise man.

Eventually I said, "Your Highness, you will remember that some time ago I warned you against that man, he has taken a lot of money out of you and yesterday you gave him five thousand rupees. He immediately decamped, but I was watching him and here is a telegram announcing his arrest on your border, I am glad to say, with the bulk of money he has taken from you."

In going into the affairs of the State I could not help commenting upon the meagre pay of the soldiers. It was argued that they were able to manage very well because they all had three or four wives each, who worked and thus augmented the family income.

One day sitting in Durbar next to His Highness, he pointed to an old Nobleman in the Durbar and asked me to remind him sometime and he would tell me a story about the old man.

When I reminded him later, he said, "I was travelling on an elephant once and behind me on the Howda (elephant saddle) sat two of my Sirdars, one of whom was the old gentleman I pointed out to you. To relieve the tedium of the journey, I asked the two Sirdars to tell me what should be the attributes of a King. The other Sirdar, who was a born flatterer, said, "It is unnecessary to go into details because in Your Highness we have a living example of what

a King should be." The old Sirdar said nothing and begged to be excused when I asked for his opinion. Eventually, upon my insisting, he said, "In my humble opinion a King requires one attribute only." I was astonished and said, "And pray what might that be?" The old man said, "The power of choosing his servants aright."

When Lord Lytton was Viceroy of India, he paid a formal visit to Bhopal. During his interview with Her Highness the Begum, Sikandar Jehan, who was herself a poetess of no mean order, Lord Lytton said to the Political Officer, who was acting as interpreter, "Major——, please tell Her Highness that my father was an author and poet of considerable European repute. I have written a few humble books and I am glad to hear that Her Highness is also fond of wandering in these flowery paths."

Major——without any hestitation said, "Bęgum Sahib, Lat Sahib bolta: Hamara bap kitab likha, Ham bhi kitab likha, ap bhi kitab likha; Bara khushi." (Begum Sahib, the Lord Sahib says: My father wrote a book, I wrote a book, you wrote a book; great joy.)

"Dear me," said Lord Lytton, "What a very concise language Urdu appears to be."

There is a horrible practice in India of giving officials presents which are called 'Dalies'.

It is horrible, because it is practically never done without a motive.

But it is most difficult to suppress the custom, because such a present of fruit will come from some highly placed personage, who would feel himself insulted if it was refused.

Nevertheless, some Englishmen have tried to put their faces against the custom and a notable example was old Mr. Justice Knox of the Allahabad High Court, who was

rabid against the receipt of 'Dalies' and everybody knew this.

But he was defeated all the same, as this story will show:

He was trying a very big case in which the decision was doubtful, as the evidence had been most conflicting. The parties were *A* against *B*, and *A*'s pleader obtained decision in favour of his client by sending Justice Knox a 'Dali' in *B*'s name.

During one of my tours through one of the provinces of the State lying in Central India, a tiger had killed.

There was a very leafy tree near the kill, which was lying near the edge of a small clearing in the forest.

I had a charpoy (Indian bed) tied up in the tree and sat up over the kill and waited for the tiger's return.

As I had never seen a tiger actually killing, I tied up a half-grown buffalo near the kill and it contentedly munched the grass I had provided.

It was a most exciting vigil. At dusk, when the light was bad, the moon not having risen, I saw a dim form steal out of the jungle and approach the kill.

To my astonishment I saw it was a man. He peered about nervously and having satisfied himself that the killer was not about (he had no idea that there was anybody up the tree) he produced a knife from his loin-cloth, which was his only garment, and proceeded to skin the carcass. He was a 'Chumar' (low-caste leather-worker) and having heard that a tiger had killed a buffalo, he was out for the free skin.

It was time I interfered for the tiger might be arriving any moment, so I emitted a low growl. The effect was instantaneous, the man fled precipitately. The moon rose and my next visitors were a pair of Hyaenas who very

cautiously approached the kill, keeping a sharp look out for the tiger, whose prey they desired to appropriate.

I had a pocketful of stones and I kept them off for a bit, but eventually when my stones were exhausted they boldly settled down to eat.

I dared not shoot at them for fear of alarming the tiger and I was wondering what I should do when I suddenly saw the tiger walk out of the jungle at the far end of the clearing.

When he was half-way across the clearing in his approach to the kill, he saw the Hyaenas on his kill and with a roar charged, the Hyaenas fleeing with squeals of terror.

The tiger chased them away and returned and I waited to see how he would kill. But to my astonishment he walked up to the living buffalo, which was obviously terrified and was straining at the rope to get away. Having stared at the buffalo for about 15 seconds he calmly proceeded to eat his kill of the previous night, and the living buffalo resumed its interrupted meal of grass.

There they were, the tiger and the buffalo, with only about 10 feet of space separating them, both contentedly dining.

I do not think there is much cruelty in tying out baits, provided that they are regularly watered and fed.

I then raised my rifle to cover the tiger and to my consternation found that it was so dark inside that confoundedly leafy tree that I could not see the sights. Eventually, hot and bothered as you can well imagine, I threw the rifle up like one does a shot-gun, fired and missed and away went the tiger.

The Nazim, or head of the Province, who was a close relation of His Highness, took me out to shoot a tiger.



"BOTH DINING PEACEFULLY ABOUT 10 FEET A PART"

I did not know much of the game in those days and I was put up a tree with a bare dry nulla in front of me, with a fairly high-exposed bank on the opposite side on the fringe of the jungle. The beat came along as usual with drums and fifes and I suddenly heard a shot ring out on my right and the next thing was a large tiger galloping across my front on the opposite bank of the nulla.

I fired and he fell, but picked himself up and went on and disappeared into the jungle. We collected and held a council of war. I did not think the Nazim had ever seen a tiger in the wild before. He had seated himself on a fairly low tree and the tiger had suddenly appeared before him.

As far as I could make out he had shut both eyes and fired off his rifle and the bullet passed through the turban of a beater.

As I have already said, I knew very little of the game in those days and it was decided to beat the tiger out again and I was placed on the ground this time at the bottom of a nulla which ran up into the hills.

The second beat commenced and about 200 yards from where I was standing, pandemonium suddenly broke loose. I could see some of the beaters dancing about with naked swords in their hands and from their shouts I was able to make out that the wounded tiger had killed several men.

I ran as fast as I could, up the hill, and found myself in the midst of about 100 men, frightfully excited with weapons of all kinds in their hands and pulling me about from one direction to another to show me where the tragedy had occurred.

I eventually found myself in a small clearing and there a poor old beater lay dead. He had suddenly come upon the wounded tiger and it had knocked him down and bitten through his head.

I followed that tiger for many miles by the blood spoor, but never saw him again. We had a most mournful journey back to Camp and I remembered having jokingly told the same old man in the morning when we were leaving the Camp, not to go as he was too old to run away if the tiger attacked him, but the old man had scorned my advice.

In 1901, I had to go to Delhi with His Highness the Nawab of Tonk for the "Curzon Durbar" and I was told to see to it that the Nawab had his G.C.I.E. and Robes and other orders in good condition for the Durbar.

I spoke to His Highness several times to let me see all his orders, but he kept on putting me off, until at last one day he said to me, "I must tell you the truth now, I have lost my G.C.I.E."

We were able to get another from the Government of India only just in time.

In those days Indian Princes used to have the "British National Anthem" played for them on all ceremonial occasions and they looked upon it as their own Anthem. Lord Curzon altered that and directed that the British National Anthem should not be played in future for Indian Princes.

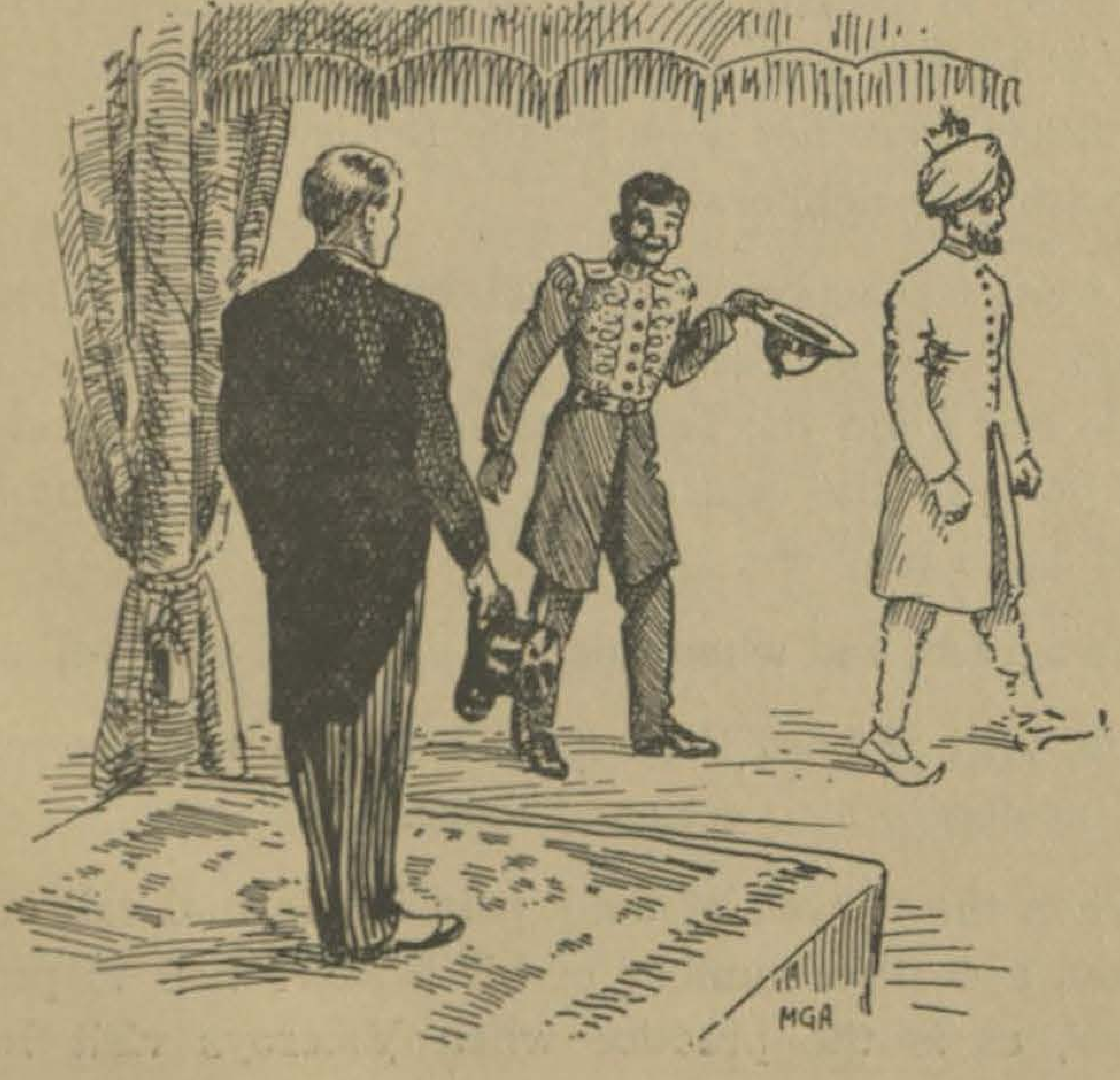
There was a very good Band at Tonk with a Goanese Bandmaster and he came to me one day shortly before our departure for Delhi and told me that His Highness had commanded him to compose an Anthem for Tonk and to "make it as like the British Anthem as possible". The consequence was that, when we arrived at Delhi by Special Train, the Political Officers who were on the Platform to receive His Highness, stood at the Salute when the Tonk Anthem was played as they failed to distinguish it from "God Save the Queen".

Writing of the Tonk Band reminds me of two incidents connected with it.

Lord Curzon came touring through Bundi to Deoli where His Highness the Nawab of Tonk met the Viceroy and took his Band with him.

Lord Curzon was very pleased with the Band and gave the Bandmaster a Large Silver medal with Lord and Lady Curzon's super-imposed busts upon it, in the manner of Kings and Queens. He said to me that he hoped that His Highness would bring the Band to the Durbar in Delhi and he said he thought the Bandmaster should have a uniform.

We set about evolving a uniform and produced a very gorgeous affair, something between an Admiral and a Field-Marshal. When after the Durbar, the Retainers of all the Princes assembled there, marched past the Viceroy, he immediately noticed the big Goanese Bandmaster, and he could hardly help doing so because, as he marched past the Viceroy, he took off his Military Halmet to him with a flourish.



The other incident connected with the band was this.

Colonel Curzon-Wylie, that very benevolent Political Officer, who was later on so aimlessly assassinated in the Imperial Institute in London, was Agent to the Governor-General in Rajputana.

He was on a visit to Tonk and when the Nawab paid his formal visit, the Band had been carefully instructed by me to play the first three bars of "God save the Queen" only.

All would have been well if the Band had been left alone, but just before His Highness arrived, one of the A.G.G.'s staff suddenly dashed out and said something to the Bandmaster, which he misunderstood, and when the Nawab arrived the Band played one bar only instead of three. As soon as the interview was over, His Highness sent for me. He was practically in tears and wanted to know why his Salute had been cut short.

I tried to explain, but he would not be comforted and said that he felt sure that he was being punished because such things were not done by the British Government except with due deliberation.

I went to Curzon-Wylie and explained the situation. He said, "What on Earth are we to do now?" I said, "If you do not mind the ludicrous suggestion I suggest that when you pay the return visit to His Highness, the Band should again play one bar only."

He agreed, and when this was done, all was well again.

The visit of Lord Curzon to Deoli reminds me of another incident which occurred there.

When the Nawab of Tonk paid his formal call on the Viceroy, a certain number of his Sirdars had to present 'Nazars', as is the practice when Viceroys visit Indian States.

The reception took place in a tent and in his nervousness one of the Sirdars let his gold mohur fall out of his handkerchief and it rolled away and disappeared.

He dared not get up and go groping after it. He tried to borrow from his neighbours, but they had none to spare, and so, in his desperation, he went up to the Viceroy when his turn came, with an empty handkerchief, hoping and praying that the Viceroy would merely touch the handkerchief and would not notice the absence of the coin.

I dare say his hopes would have been fulfilled with any other Viceroy, but not with Lord Curzon. He immediately noticed the omission of the coin by deliberately turning up all the folds of the presented handkerchief.

The perspiring Sirdar passed on. After the Durbar was over, I was sent for and asked what that particular Sirdar meant by insulting the Viceroy.

I tried to explain the incident, but my explanation was not taken. I then insisted upon searching the tent in which the Reception was held and there we found the missing coin lying between the edge of the carpet and the wall of the tent and the incident was happily closed.

There is a well-known fishing pool in the Banas river near Deoli and it had been arranged that Lord Curzon should have an afternoon's fishing. But the Political Agent in his anxiety had over-fed the fish and the Viceroy to his great disgust did not even get a rise.

There was a very good armoury of old weapons in the State. Lord Kitchener, who was a keen collector and for whom I used to buy old arms in Rajputana, asked me whether I had ever seen an "Andrea Ferara" blade (a celebrated Italian sword-maker of ancient days) in any of the States I had been in.

I told him I had seen two in the Tonk Armoury when I was serving that State. Some years later I was amused to see an announcement in the newspapers that His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief intended visiting Tonk. I wrote to an Indian friend in Tonk enquiring how the visit had gone off. He replied that the visit had been a great success and that His Highness the Nawab had presented Lord Kitchener with an old sword from his Armoury.

We used to enjoy a novel form of sport round about Deoli during the hot weather, Aligator Spearing.

Just before the rains set in, when the water in the numerous village-tanks in the country was at its lowest level, the fun began.

One went out in a light punt armed with a harpoon-head on a long bamboo handle, a length of stout cord being attached to a ring in the harpoon-head.

One man rowed the punt very quietly, whilst you stood in the bows with the harpoon and the connecting cord coiled in the boat and attached to it.

Air bubbles appeared on the surface of the water and commenced to show in a line away from the boat. They showed that the Aligator which had been lying on the bottom, was alarmed by the passage of the boat overhead and was on the move.

You followed the line of bubbles until they stopped. You then gently lowered your harpoon and thrust with all your strength as soon as you touched the Aligator below.

If you were successful, away went the harpooned Aligator.

The cord attached to the harpoon and coiled in the bow of the boat ran out rapidly and then the boat was taken in tow and dragged about and sometimes even upset by a large Aligator.



Eventually, you managed to row the boat to the bank, where willing villagers, who suffered much both in men and cattle from these pests, took hold of the rope and gradually dragged the struggling brute out and killed him with hatchets and staves.

I was out for a walk once with the Colonel commanding the Deoli Regiment when one of his dogs was taken by an Aligator before we could do anything to save him.

I was walking with another officer of the regiment on another occasion accompanied by a very fine Bull-terrier he had lately imported.

He was holding forth on the advantages of having a really well-bred dog who did not indulge in any dirty tricks.

We walked round a corner and found the paragon luxuriously rolling in the remains of a dead-donkey.



Younghusband, now Sir Francis, had a most remarkable career, amongst other things, crossing the desert of 'Gobi'. Whilst doing so his Chinese guide died and he was left alone and lost his way in a forest. He was starving and attracted by the smell of food, found a hut. The door was shut, but against the wall were propped the cooking-pots of the inmates and he managed to scrape out and eat an ounce or two of food. Chinese Trappers, to whom the hut belonged, came out and kicked him. Reaching the Pamirs on his way into Kashmir, he was arrested by the Russians. He was entertained to dinner and there was much wine. Younghusband pretended to be drunk and rolled into a corner of the tent. He learnt by listening that he was going to be called upon to undertake not to use any of the mountain-passes enumerated in a list he would be called upon to sign, which meant being driven back onto the Gobi Desert and certain death. But he noticed that a very remote and difficult pass had been omitted, so next day he signed the list, made two marches in the Gobi direction and then shot for the remote pass and got over. From Kashmir he wrote and told the Russians what had happened.

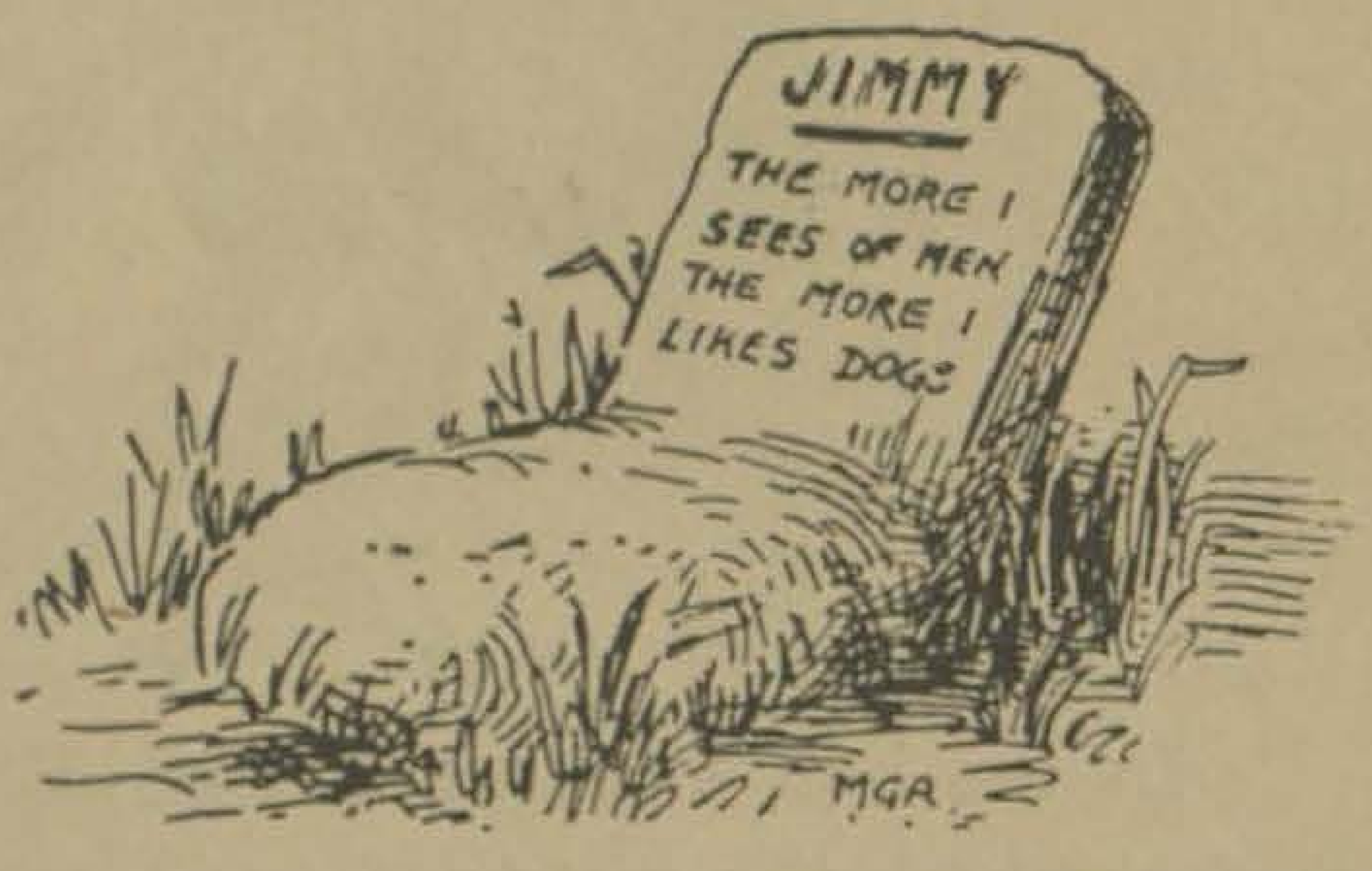
The Younghusbands went home on leave and gave me their dog "Jimmy", a wire-haired terrier, one of the best dogs I have known, faithful and affectionate and brave to a fault.

When poor old James was bitten by a rabid animal I do not know, but one day out in camp he suddenly

developed rabies and attacked me whom he would have defended with his life when he was sane.

I was sitting in a chair outside my tent, having just ridden into camp. Luckily, I saw him coming and realized what was the matter.

My hat was lying by my side and I had time to grab and hold it in front of me and the poor little beggar fixed his teeth in the hat and I was able to take him by the collar and tie him to a tent-rope and spring away. There was no course open but to kill the dog, which I soon did. I buried him near the camp and later put a stone to mark his grave upon which I was constrained to have carved the immortal Jorrock's words, "The more I sees of men the more I likes dogs."



Charles Macwatt (now Sir Charles) was Agency Surgeon in Deoli and had to visit the several States in the Agency.

During one of his visits to Tonk a well-known local cripple dragged himself to Macwatt's tent door and begged for alms.

Before he quite realized what was happening, Macwatt had driven him off to the hospital where he most successfully operated upon him and enabled him to walk.

He used to curse Macwatt for having destroyed his comfortable means of livelihood.

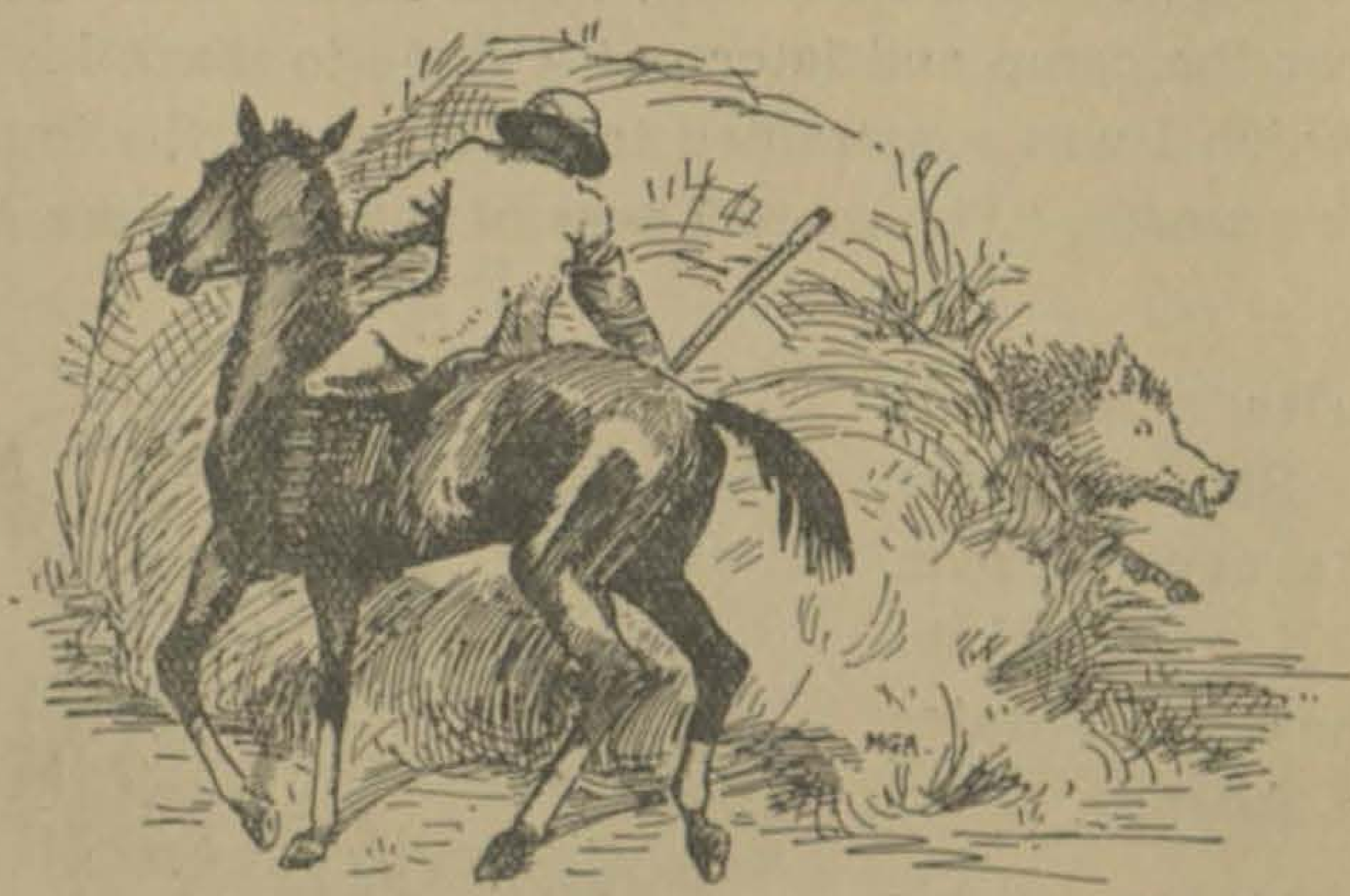
During my stay in Tonk, T. C. Edwards, I.C.S., was appointed Political Agent.

He was tall and very good looking and an absolute dandy in dress, but, as I was to learn subsequently, a man who knew no fear.

He had won the "Kadir" Cup and was very keen on pig-sticking.

We went out often and had a most wonderful time together. I remember that in three days two of us killed 21 boars and I was knocked out for half of one of those days with a very bad fall.

In those days pig abounded in the Game Preserves near Tonk. His Highness had strictly preserved black buck, the preserves were full of them and with them had been preserved the pig.



In the hot weather, when all the grass had been cut and stacked, the pig used to burrow in the grass stacks to get out of the heat; the procedure was to ride up to a stack and stick your spear into it.

Out would come a sounder and if it included a ride-able boar, away we went after him.

It was Edwards who taught me how to kill a pig on foot. I remember his saying to me one day that he hoped his end would be sudden out pig-sticking. He broke his neck later in Muttra riding a pig.

I was out with my wife one day and stuck a pig, but he continued through impenetrable thorny jungle and I saw him presently slowly climb an adjacent hill and disappear in a clump of bushes under a cliff.

I sent some beaters up to drive him down. They shouted that the pig was dead and proceeded to climb down to where he lay, and in doing so dislodged a large panther who came charging down the hill.



I waited until I thought he was sufficiently clear of the hill and rode after him. But I had not allowed him to get far enough away from the hill, for as soon as he realized he was being pursued, he doubled on his tracks and regained the hill.

We spent hours trying to beat him down to the plain again, but without success as he had had a lesson. We saw him several times as the beaters hunted him on the hill, but as I had no rifle, he remained safe.

The State of Jaipur is much interspersed with the home province of the Tonk State and during my tours I saw many Jaipur irrigation works which had been constructed by that remarkable personality, Colonel Sir Swinton Jacob, with whom I had the pleasure of staying in Jaipur.

He was a Gunner but he had made himself into an eminent architect celebrated throughout India. He was more than 40 years in Jaipur and was well-nigh worshipped by the people. One of the Jaipur Sirdars told me that in 40 years he had never known Jacob Sahib lose his temper.

I asked Sir Swinton why he had built his irrigation works with such very high and apparently unnecessary

and expensive factors of safety? He said, "I am glad you have asked me, for you are just beginning your career in Indian States. Take my advice and always build strongly, because when you are gone, as likely as not, nobody will keep your works in repair, and if they are washed away, not only will your name be discredited but all your efforts for the good of the people will have been undone."

Now, having served Indian States myself for 32 years, I pass that advice on as being very sound and applicable to more things than the building of irrigation works.

Jacob was deputed to take His Highness the late Maharaja of Jaipur to England to attend the coronation of King Edward VII. The Maharaja was an orthodox Hindu and took great precautions for the preservation of his orthodoxy across the "black waters" as the Seas dividing East and West are styled in India.

A whole ship was chartered and carried his own servants, cooking pots, supplies, water from the sacred Ganges and even quantities of Indian Earth so that his pots and pans could be scrubbed in London in orthodox Indian style.

His shoes are said to have been built with double-soles enclosing Indian Earth, so that he could say that he really stood on Indian soil all the time. One of the cabins was fitted up as a temple, in which was enshrined the family idol. Jacob wrote from Aden that they had suffered a very rough passage and all on board had been sick "Excepting God."

I served three years in the Tonk State and then decided to leave.

CHAPTER IX

UDAÏPUR L. PERIOD

As soon as he heard that I wanted to leave Tonk, His Highness the Maharana Fatehsingh Ji of Udaipur offered me the appointment of Boundary Settlement Officer and I joined his service in 1903. I was six years with him, six years full of incident and very happy memories. As I have said before, he was one of the finest characters I have ever known, the soul of truth and honour, but very slow to decide because of his overwhelming fear of deciding wrongly.

I remember his advising me not to be in a hurry to settle cases; he said, "If you leave files alone they often settle themselves."

He asked me to learn Hindi which I did, and after that he employed me to do the whole of his confidential work. I used to put all important communication from the Resident into Hindi and take them to the Maharana, take his orders and communicate them to the Resident.

I remember taking to the Maharana a long letter, written by Lord Curzon himself, in which he stated that His Highness should be made to realize that in these modern days kings were the servants of the people and not the people the servants of kings.

His Highness sprang out of his chair when he heard this and said he could not understand anybody having such an insane belief. I went to the Resident about the subject-matter of the letter and said I would tell him the whole story of my interview if he would promise to delete, according to my desire, that portion which I considered should not be conveyed to the Viceroy.

He promised, saying that he knew me well enough to give such an undertaking.

I told him the whole story and he agreed that no useful purpose would be served by informing Lord Curzon of His Highness' reception of his democratic pronouncement, for he and the Maharana of Udaipur, the proud representative of one of the most ancient dynasties in history, were as the poles asunder in such a matter.

But as a matter of fact, in his heart of hearts Lord Curzon was himself an autocrat par excellence.

Whenever the Maharana drove or rode out, the roads were lined by singing women. Two Sirdars rode, one on each side, carrying bags full of a special silver coin worth two annas, and dropped one skilfully into the outspread sheet held by each woman. They took these to the Palace and received in return a seer of grain.

His Highness was most conservative in all things and very reluctant to repose trust.

For instance, he had two Joint Prime Ministers, "the twins" as we called them, because he could not trust one.

But once he trusted, the situation became embarrassing. In my case I found myself Boundary Settlement Officer, Confidential Secretary, Superintending Engineer for Irrigation and Tutor to the Heir-Apparent, besides miscellaneous jobs like buying horses in Bombay, stores in Calcutta for a wedding and making arrangements for all the great visits that took place to the State.

It is interesting to look back upon incidents which occurred in connection with those manifold duties.

One day I was suddenly asked to take a confidential case to the Resident who was in camp tiger-shooting. I went by train to Sailana in Central India. On alighting I was taken up to a very fine-looking black stallion which was with difficulty being held by two men. I was told that

the Resident's camp was 30 miles away and all I had to do was to mount and the horse would do the rest.

I eventually succeeded, the earthquake was released and lived up to his recommendation for he immediately bolted, at the fastest and smoothest amble I have ever experienced, and we arrived at the camp without a halt. I tried several times to ease the pace but in vain. On arrival at the camp where I was quite unexpected, I got a cold drink and an iced mango luxuries, which can only be fully appreciated in the middle of an Indian Summer, and, being informed that the Resident was out shooting about a mile away, I took a guide and a fresh horse and went after him.

We had just got into really thick jungle when I suddenly heard the drums of the tiger-beat and the shouts of the beaters.

I looked round for my guide and found he had bolted.

I dismounted, tied the horse lightly to a bush so that he could break loose and bolt in case the tiger came his way, and I climbed the nearest tree.

It was frightfully hot and I was parched with thirst.

Taking stock of my surroundings I was astonished to see a man perched on a tree not far away and I then realized that he was one of the "Stops" and I was actually in the gun-line.

I could see a small pool of water behind the line, and as the beat was still far away, I beckoned the man and sent him to the pool with my hat, which he brought back filled with water.

We settled down and presently a single shot rang out to my left, the Resident had shot a fine tiger. He was more than surprised when I appeared and congratulated him.

Once a year a mountainous island in the Jaisamand lake was beaten for Shikar. The island was about half a mile from the shore and Tigers, Panthers, Pigs and Sambars

used to swim the distance to and fro. Elephants were also made to swim across to help the beat, as the jungle on the island was very thick. There was an unwritten law to the effect that any animal taking to the water was not to be killed.

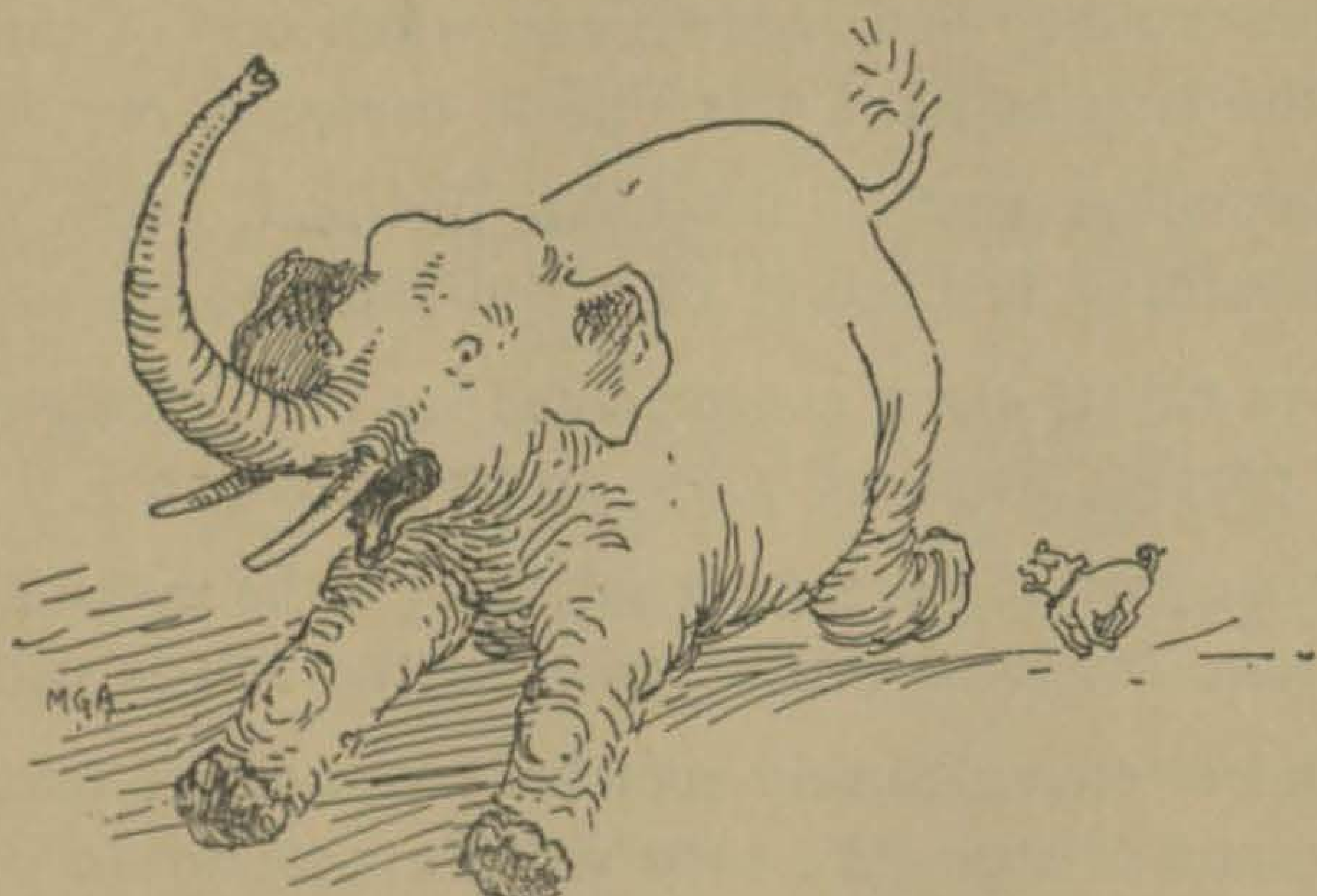
A Panther got through the line of guns without being shot and took to the water. He was followed in a boat, not to shoot him but just to watch him and see how he behaved. Whenever the boat came alongside, but at a respectful distance, he made most frightful faces snarling. He swam quite rapidly and strongly and soon got to the shore and disappeared into the jungle.



I remember one beat in which one of the elephants went 'Musth'. He left the line of beaters and came straight on in advance, scraping the Howdah and all its occupants off his back as he passed under trees. As it was mountainous country and he was going uphill all the time, he was literally bolting at a walk, and although several men with spears were following him and dancing round him and trying to stop him, he went on and on until at last he got to the top of the highest hill and there we could see him standing swaying his great body.

He had to be left there for 24 hours and was then captured with difficulty and brought home.

It is very curious, how a big beast like an elephant will face a charging tiger, and yet run away from quite a small animal. I saw a very large elephant bolt, because a very tiny little dog came out and barked at him.



As a Boundary Settlement Officer I remember particularly the settlement of one boundary.

There was a certain length of it regarding which neither side could produce any real proof of ownership, but as usual a great mass of false evidence had been concocted on both sides.

The two parties involved were big 'Thakurs' of the State and I was at my wits' ends how to decide rightly.

One day I got them both to go out shooting with me and when we were sitting on top of one of the shooting towers which are so common in Rajputana, just 3 of us, I appealed to them as sportsmen.

I said, "You both know very well that there is no real evidence on either side as to the rights of possession you claim over this particular tract, I make you a sporting offer, I will take two matches out of my match-box and

will shorten one and you two shall draw. Whoever draws the longer match shall have the land under dispute."

I pointed out that after all it was barren land and the decision of the whole boundary, which was very long, was hung up on account of that particular portion.

They looked at each other and then at me. To my astonishment they both agreed and when one of them had drawn the long match I was able to complete my decision.

I remember another laughable incident, when making my preliminary inspection of a boundary to be settled.

When riding along accompanied by the representatives of both parties, I noticed some disused salt-pans.

In that part of Rajputana salt used to be manufactured everywhere for local consumption as the soil is full of it.

I said at once, "Surely somebody can prove possession of these and I hope that they will be able to do so as it would facilitate decision".

I noticed that the representatives of one side looked very sheepish whilst those of the other side smirked.

On getting back to my camp, I made enquiries and this is the story. Some years before a circular came round from the Government of India enquiring from all States in Rajputana the value of the salt they made annually. In this particular Estate there was an over-astute Minister and he at once warned his Chief that it was probable that the Government of India desired to impose a tax and consequently it would be advisable to understate the value of the salt they manufactured annually.

Action was taken accordingly and the value was very considerably understated. To their astonishment came the decision later on that, in future they were not to make any more salt and that they would for ever be paid in compensation the amount they had stated.

It was in consequence of the ridicule attaching to that incident that the people concerned were ashamed to lay claim to the salt-pans.

Riding along in camp one day I saw a Zamindar chasing a small black-and-white bird called 'Ruparel', in Rajputana. He was running after it and throwing stones at it. I asked him what he was doing. He said, "Look at it, I have got to attend the courts to-day and it is most unlucky to pass this bird on the left-hand side, so I am trying to drive it to the right. If I do not succeed I shall loose my case."

I found that sometimes, to settle a boundary line, decision by Goat was locally resorted to. A goat was driven forward and the route it followed was accepted as the boundary line.

During one of my tours in the State I visited Nathdwara, which is one of the richest Hindu shrines in India.

The High Priest or 'Gosain Maharaj', as he is styled, is Holiness incarnate and must not be shaken hands with.

At our interview he sat in a chair which was placed on a separate carpet to that upon which my chair rested. During the interview his children wandered in and out, carelessly adorned with necklaces of some of the largest emeralds I have ever seen.

The food that is daily placed before the Idol in that shrine is sufficient to feed its five thousand hangers-on and there is a large hall full of jars of pickles of all kinds, also for the God.

Every day the Idol is clothed afresh and distinguished visitors are given those cast-off clothes as robes of honour.

Things have moved since then. I read lately in the newspapers that His Holiness the 'Gosain Maharaj' had actually gone to Simla where he had an interview with H. E. The Viceroy.

Here is a sample of a very mixed Rajput proverb, "Of two things there can be no doubt, Partridge feathers in the sky mean rain and when a widow blackens her eyes she is looking for a second husband."

I was touring through the Bhil country and read a newspaper account of an interesting machine evolved in America to crush Indian corn-cobs for cattle-food after the grain had been removed.

The writer regretted that the cost of the machine was prohibitive for India where the corn-cob, although of undoubted value as cattle-food, was burnt as fuel. Next morning when riding past a Bhil hut I saw they had solved the problem without expensive machinery.

A large cauldron was on a fire and the corn-cobs were being boiled to a mash for the cattle to eat.

I was suddenly sent off to Bombay to buy about a hundred "Walers"—as Australian horses were then called. As some of the animals were required for the Maharana himself, His Highness showed me a wonderful and apparently very old hand-painted book, depicting the lucky and unlucky marks of a horse, which in the East constitute the points of a horse, little attention being paid by the old school to formation and bone as in the West.

His Highness sent with me his favourite 'Chabuk Sowar' (rough-rider) to ride and try the horses to be purchased for him, and a host of syces to bring the animals back.

An old and trusted Rajput Nobleman was also detailed to accompany me.

As the day of our departure drew near, I kept reminding the Noblemen of the necessity for making timely financial arrangements in Bombay for paying for the horses.

He told me he had spoken to His Highness once regarding the matter and dare not do so again, but he assured me

that I need not worry, as I would find that all would be well.

I trusted that his knowledge of his Master was intimate for I knew that, amongst his other duties, was that of taking a preliminary dose of all the physic his Master had to take, and he had confessed to me that "Jab Julab lena hota hai, to bari taklif hoti haï" (When a purgative has to be taken there is much trouble). The day of departure arrived, we boarded the train and actually started without our having been told anything about our finances. But there was suddenly much shouting and the train was brought to a stand-still before it had cleared the platform, was backed into the station and an emissary from the Palace handed me a small box and departed, and we steamed out again.

I opened the box and found it contained one lakh of rupees in notes and a loaded pistol.

No receipt had been asked for and there were no instructions.

When we got to Bombay I drove to the Bank and asked to see the Manager.

He treated me with marked suspicion when I said I desired to deposit a lakh of rupees in notes which I produced there and then. I was kept waiting for a considerable time, presumably whilst enquiries were being made as to whether the notes presented had been stolen.

I was young and never having been to Bombay before to buy raw "Walers" (they really were raw in those days when buck-jumpers used to be shown off in Bombay stables as something to be proud of).

I was determined to ride every animal myself and appeared next morning in the hotel lounge booted and spurred.

Luckily for me, I hit up against Colonel Jim Crofts, that great character about whom I shall have some stories to tell presently. He explained that the horses I was going to see had never been saddled, and dissuaded me from trying to get my neck broken.

We were about three days choosing all the horses and when it came to the turn of the bunch selected for the Maharana's personal use, the old rough-rider insisted upon riding them.

I tried to dissuade him but to no avail. He took each plunging kicking animal over from the Australian grooms, and having led him about for a bit, put a saddle on and rode him about quietly. In his hands every animal at once became a lamb, to the intense astonishment of all the Australians in the stables.

The old man was always soaked in opium and that was perhaps the reason of his success as in that condition he felt and showed no fear.

When the purchases had been completed I asked for the bill and proceeded to pay it with notes I had deposited in the bank and had taken out again that morning.

The Australian Proprietor of the stables said, "You are the man for us, Sir, bridle in one hand and money in the other."

His Highness the Maharaja of Jodhpur was to marry the daughter of the Maharana and I was ordered to go to Calcutta to purchase saddlery, harness and wines. On arrival I went to a well-known Saddler and asked him to show me saddles and harness.

He asked me to return in the afternoon by which time he would have samples taken out of his store for me to see.

Leaving him I drove to Chowringee and saw there the shop of a wholesale Indian Saddler.

I went in and asked him to show me samples. He took me down a side-street, into a very large store where there were hundreds of saddles and harness.

I selected samples and brought them away to his shop.

When we arrived there he asked me whether I had already been to such and such a shop, naming the fashionable Saddler I had visited earlier. I said Yes, whereupon he showed a letter he had received by an urgent messenger, asking him to send up at once samples of saddles and harness. Having obtained his permission, I initialled the samples surreptitiously and asked him to send them to the fashionable firm, promising him that I would return and buy from him if I could not get better value elsewhere.

In the afternoon I went to the fashionable firm and they displayed the self-same samples, but at about three times the prices asked by the Chowringee wholesaler; so I returned and made all my purchases from the latter.

I then went to a famous Store and asked for wines. My membership number was demanded. On my stating that I was not a member I was told that I could not make any purchases. As I turned away to leave, the man asked me how much wine I wanted and I said about ten thousand rupees worth. Whereupon he begged me to wait and rushed off and brought the manager, who waived the necessity of a membership ticket and I bought my wine.

A very good story is told of the Emperor Akbar and Birbal, his famous Minister. The Emperor, having inspected a Trader's horses asked why he did not bring a better class of animals."

The trader said, "I have not sufficient money, if Your Majesty will advance me a lakh of rupees I will bring the finest animals."

The Emperor ordered that a lakh of rupees should be advanced to the Trader and it was done.

An enemy of Birbal told the King that Birbal had written him down a fool in his note-book.

The King was angry but incredulous.

Birbal was sent for and told to produce his note-book and there right enough was written, "the King is a fool."

"Explain," said the King, "I have been deceived in considering you a loyal servant and unless you can satisfactorily explain, you shall lose your head."

"Your Majesty," said Birbal, "the note-book was private, but as mine enemies have brought this tribulation upon me, I will explain.

"The other day Your Majesty advanced no less than a lakh of rupees to a strange horse-dealer whom we shall probably never see again. It struck me as a very foolish act and that is my justification."

Said the Emperor, "You are not capable of estimating the characters of men, that is the attribute of kings. What will you do if the man does not betray my trust and returns with fine horses next season?"

"That would be quite simple Your Majesty; I would merely have to erase Your Majesty's name and substitute his."

Colonel Jim Crofts, I.M.S., was a very well-known personality in Rajputana in those days. He stood about 6 ft. 6 ins. in his stockings and was built in proportion and one heard numerous tales of him.

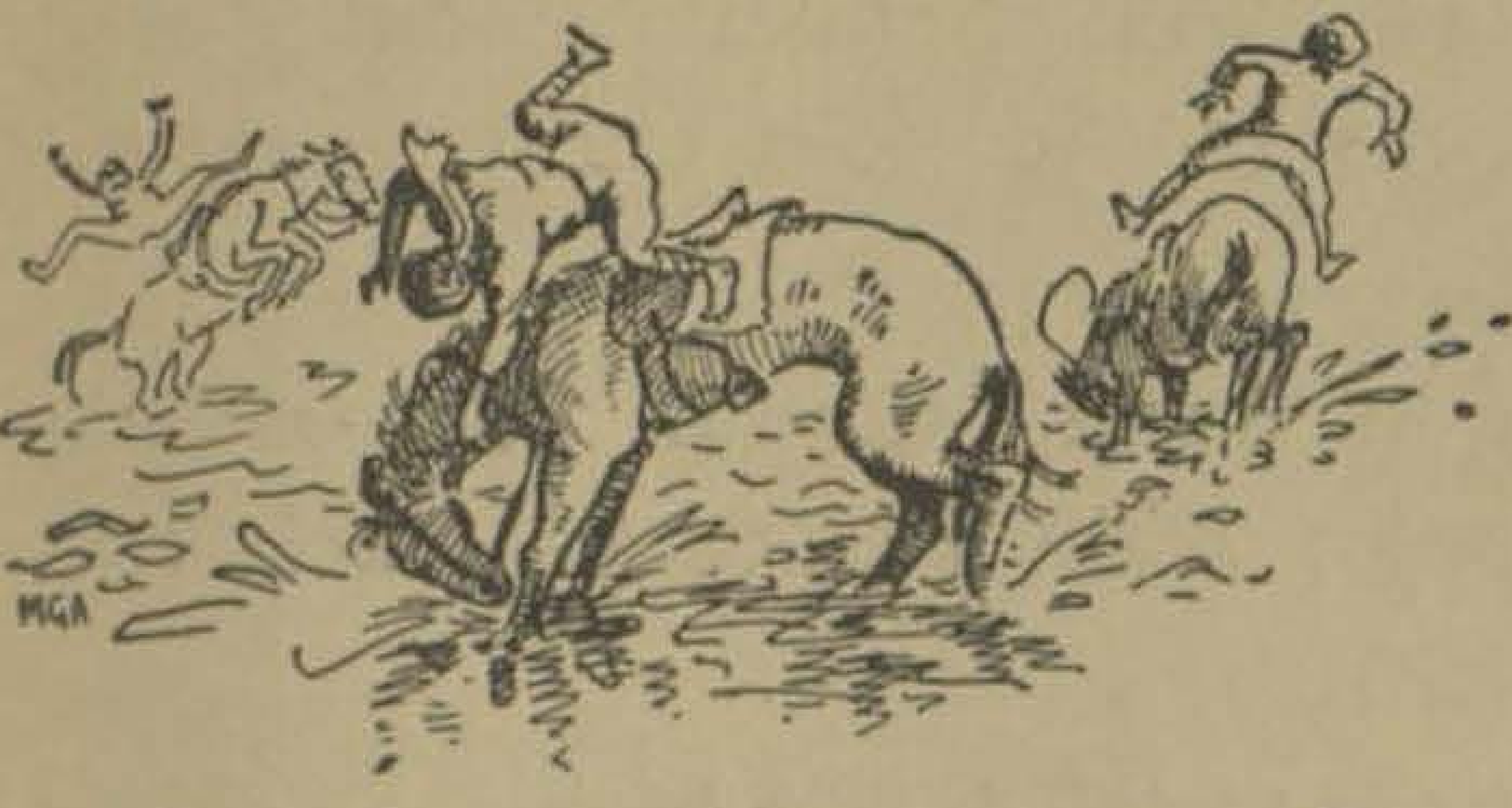
He advertised, "Wanted raging, tearing vicious walers; small price will be given."

In those days the horses of Australia were full of vice and tricks and he soon had a fine collection, which he succeeded in training and sold profitably.

His methods were unique.

Buckjumpers were tethered in water up to their girths where a rapid succession of syces rode them and were

bucked off safely into the water, until the animal became so exhausted that he gave up the game.



Some stubborn cases were however not cured by this method and for them he had a large cage built at the end of a long beam, the whole revolving on a pivot. The horse was put into the cage and coolies pushed the beam and revolved the cage until the horse was so giddy that he could hardly stand. He was then taken out and ridden and was so dazed that he forgot all his nasty tricks.

I knew Jim Crofts' servant later, one of the good old fat type of Mohammedan butlers.

He told me that when Crofts Sahib Bahadur first made the cage, he put him, the butler, into it and when he found that it made his servant giddy and sick he was satisfied.



He was a wonderful old servant and had the old Indian recipe for cooling drinks without ice.

He had a standing joke for the hot weather. When you went to dine at the house where he was employed, he came round to pour out the soda-water and pretended great astonishment at its refusal to pour, because he had frozen it solid.

Jim Crofts was one of three brothers who were all giants. The smallest was a doctor on the B. B. & C. I. Railway and stood 6 ft. 5 ins.

One evening after dinner the effect of smoking upon boys was being discussed. There was a pause and Crofts said in a rich Irish brogue, "Well, I started smoking when I was five years old and my mother told me it would stop me growth."

When the horses had been some time in Udaipur I was asked by His Highness to go to the Palace and show them to him.

He very cleverly got me to tell him which I considered the best.

A month later that animal was walked into my compound "as a present from His Highness for all the trouble I had taken in selecting such a good lot of horses."

I had a very narrow escape from a cobra. Riding a march in camp, I saw a wolf in very broken country. I took my rifle from the 'Sowar' escort, dismounted, and tried to get a shot at the wolf but lost him.

I was returning and saw an enormous cobra making for a hole. I fired and hit him, but he managed to partially enter the hole.

I pinned him with the butt of the rifle. It had a bolt action and the bolt fell out when I slammed the butt down on the cobra's tail. I tried to pick up the bolt with my free hand, but the cobra whipped out and struck where my hand had been. I was able to step back and shoot him dead.



The Maharana was a great Shikari, including pig-sticking, and carried a great dent in his forehead —the result of a pig-sticking accident.

I was pig-sticking with him at 'Nahar-magra,' one of his preserves, and whilst we were riding along to the beat I told him how my friend T. C. Edwards had taught me to kill a boar on foot.

I described how the game required two men to walk in at right-angles to the boar at bay, and when the boar charged one of them and was taken on his spear, the other man rushed in and finished him off by a thrust behind the shoulder. We ran a boar presently and having been stuck he came to bay against a large thorny bush. The Maharana said, "I would like to see you kill him on foot, Sahib."

He had obviously forgotten my having told him that two men were required to do the job and I did not relish the idea of trying to explain before so many spectators who had not heard my original conversation with the Maharana. Trusting to luck I dismounted, and with my heart doing an uncomfortable tatoo, walked into the pig.

My luck held, for he was too sore-wounded to charge and I killed him with a thrust behind the shoulder.

I then reminded His Highness that I had told him that two men were necessary. He remembered then and was much perturbed, and full of regret and apologies not only then and there but for a long time after whenever we met.



In the jungle close to 'Nahar-magra' (Tiger Hill) stands a 'Chhatri' or Mousoleum erected over the spot where a Rajput is burnt after death.

The story of that particular mousoleum is worth the telling, illustrating as it does the chivalrous nature of the Rajput character.

In those days there was much ill-feeling between the Maharana and his principal feudatory, the Rawal of Salambur. Things had come to a dead-lock and one day when the Maharana was in camp at 'Nahar-magra' and it was the Rawal of Salambur's turn to be on duty with his liege-lord, the Maharana suddenly invited him to walk alone with him in the jungle.

Having got clear of prying eyes and listening ears, the Maharana suddenly stopped and confronted the Rawal, holding out in his palm two white pills.

Addressing the Rawal he said, "This state of affairs between us cannot be permitted to continue any longer.



One of these pills contains poison, the other is harmless. You take one and I will take the other."

The Rawal said, "That cannot be, you are my Chief," and grabbing both pills he swallowed them and died.

To the memory of that loyal soul stands that cenotaph to this day.

Udaipur possesses one of the largest artificial lakes in the world, the Jaisamand or "Sea-of-Victory", which lies about 40 miles from the Capital.

It is fringed by jungle and has a mountain-range as an island.

The stone-dam, which holds up the waters of the lake to a depth of more than one hundred feet, was built in a great famine, many years ago, "when men ate one another", is recorded in an inscription on the wall.

The Maharana was often kind enough to ask me to shoot with him at Jaisamand where his Shikar organization was wonderful.

Every morning about 9 o'clock the head of the Shikar Department was given audience and he produced a map divided into compartments, each being numbered and he read out a list of the animals to be found in each compartment. He was able to do so because the whole game-preserve had been divided into compartments, each being surrounded by sanded paths.

It was only a matter of riding round in the early morning and noting the foot-prints on the sanded paths going into and coming out of any compartment, to know exactly how many animals of each description were in a particular block.

The Maharana then decided which block should be beaten and out we went, perhaps it was a tiger, or a panther or wild boar or sambur or cheetal.

Hundreds of years ago there was a very beautiful daughter of the House of Udaipur and two powerful Maharajas wanted to marry her.

The Maharana of the time was in a quandary, for he was not strong enough to give her to one and incur the wrath of the other.

Everybody was consulted, but no solution was found until an adventurer at the court advised the killing of the girl as the only solution.

In desperation and to their eternal disgrace this was agreed upon, and the princess was poisoned.

There was an old nobleman who lived some distance from the Capital. Hearing of the dastardly suggestion, he hastened to prevent the deed, but was too late.

He cursed the house, and said there would never be a direct heir to the throne and there never has been until the last succession when the present Maharana Sir Bhoopal Singh Ji succeeded his late revered father, the Maharana Sir Fateh Singh Ji.

One mid-night I was summoned to the palace and was ushered into the presence of the Maharana Sir Fateh Singh Ji, none else being present.

He apologized for summoning me at so unconventional an hour and with his usual courtesy told me that I was at liberty to decline to advise him if I did not care to take the responsibility of doing so.

He then told me of the curse as I have described it above and how, when he succeeded his childless predecessor, by the grace of God he already had a small healthy son and how he had lived in hope that the curse was thereby broken.

But that son was now suddenly taken desperately ill and the Residency Surgeon had that day given an ultimatum to effect that he would take no responsibility unless he was permitted to operate upon the boy at six next morning.

The Maharana said, "There is no other doctor here. Consider how much is at stake. I am anxious to have another doctor present. I telegraphed to my old friend Colonel Pank, the Residency Surgeon at Jaipur, but he has got fever and cannot come. What am I to do, Sahib? Advise me".

As I had been dining at the Residency that night, I was able to tell His Highness that I had seen a subsequent telegram from Colonel Pank, stating that he was coming by special train.

Colonel Pank arrived. A room in the old Palace had been converted into an operating theatre and on the operating table lay the hope of the most ancient Hindu Dynasty in India, and the first son of a Maharana for hundreds of years.

The room had small apertures pierced high up in one of the walls and I knew that the boy's mother and other ladies of the Zenana were there, stricken with anxiety and gazing in silent anguish, as Rajput women must neither be seen nor heard.

One end of the long room was partially screened off and behind the screen stood, in petrified silence, the Maharana and several of his nobles in full dress.

The Residency Surgeon, Major Woolbert, operated and thereby saved the life of the Heir, and whilst he operated he unconsciously sang in a very unmusical voice "Mary had a little lamb."

Some time later I was asked to induce Major Woolbert to sing that song into a phonograph-recording machine which was the predecessor in those days of our present gramophone. It took me a long time to persuade him, because he said he could not sing and did not believe that he did sing "Mary had a little lamb".

I induced him at last to make the record which was carried away and treasured in the Palace.

Some years later, when I was at Udaipur again, I asked for the record and it was produced wrapped up in a red plush-bag.

The cylinder had cracked in the heat and it played in Major Woolbert's old cracked voice, "Mary had a little lamb, its fleece, its fleece, its fleece," until an old Rajput who was the Heir's most faithful attendant, lifted the needle over the crack and Major Woolbert sang on and told us its fleece was white as snow.

I always felt that it was not merely idle curiosity which desired that record, but the belief that the song was a powerful incantation which had resulted in a successful operation.

He was "Royal" in the true sense of the word, the late Maharana Sir Fateh Singh Ji and intensely loyal to the British Crown, as were his predecessors.

The Maharana Sarupsingh Ji who ruled when the Indian Mutiny of 1857 occurred, saved all the European women and children from the neighbouring British Cantonment of Neemuch and gave them safe asylum in the 'Jag-Mandir,' one of the beautiful island palaces which float on the scintilating waters of the incomparable Pichola lake in Udaipur.

To this day may be read upon the coinage of Udaipur, which is one of the few Indian States left, which to maintain its dignity still retains its own coinage in spite of monetary loss, the legend "Dost-i-London" (friend of London).

I will conclude my reminiscences of Udaipur with the recital of two incidents further illustrating the loyalty which has descended unbroken from Maharana to Maharana ever since their connection with the British Crown.

When one of our Royal Princes was visiting Udaipur he accidentally peppered a cooly out snipe-shooting. He was shot through his lung and was ill for a long time.

The cooly was given a reward of five rupees by the officer in charge of the Prince. Later on, when the Maharana heard of the incident, he sent for the cooly and gave him five hundred rupees, explaining that five rupees had been given in error instead of five hundred.

When His Majesty King George visited India as Prince of Wales, he visited Udaipur first.

The Maharana sent for me as soon as the public arrival was over and asked me to go to the Resident at once and point out that the Insignia of Indian Royalty being carried with the Prince was all wrong and inadequate and should be corrected and completed before the Heir to the throne continued his tour.

The message was immediately conveyed to Sir Walter Lawrence, who was chief of the Prince's staff, and I was sent back to thank the Maharana and to ask him what he suggested should be done.

He at once offered to supply a complete set of the Insignia which had been carried by the Emperors of India. As we knew that nobody could have more intimate knowledge of such matters as the House of Udaipur, which had for hundred of years faced those emblems of royalty in battle and had sometimes even captured them, the offer was gratefully accepted.

Before the Prince left, a complete and accurate set had been produced, which he carried throughout his Indian tour. When the tour was over an attempt was made to return the articles, but I was deputed by the Maharana to say that he would feel honoured if His Royal Highness would take the Insignia home and hang them on the walls of his palace as a memento of his visit to Udaipur.

Later on, on my advice, some magnificent Hunters were sent out as a present to His Highness to his great joy, for he knew and loved a good horse.

The loyalty of this house is all the more valuable, because history shows that it was never bestowed as an act of mere sycophancy, as is so often the case.

In furtherance of the great Emperor Akbar's scheme of inter-marriage to secure for India a single nationality, this proud house consistently refused to give a daughter in marriage and was in consequence at war with the Mohammedan Emperors for hundreds of years, patiently undergoing practical annihilation, but never giving in.

Every stone in their great fortress of Chittorgarh must have been soaked in blood. More than once, when they could not hold out any longer, they deliberately destroyed their women and then opened the gates and went out and died.

On one such occasion, thousands of women, headed by the Queen, all bedecked as for a wedding with all their jewelry on, walked into the long tunnel which connected the Palaces with the 'Gau-Mukh' or cows-mouth spring, where they used to proceed in seclusion to bathe.

They were blocked in there by their men, who then went out and died fighting. They are there to this day and you must stand at that fateful blocked-up entrance to feel, as I did, in spite of the centuries intervening, the spirit of that tragic sacrifice.

Byron sang true, "there is a power and magic in the ruined battlement and tower, to which the palace of the hour must yield its pomp and wait till ages are its dower".

When the Government of India pressed the Maharana to make arrangements for the education of his son and Heir, he immediately appointed me his Tutor, in addition to all my other duties as Boundary Settlement Officer, Superintending Engineer of Irrigation, Confidential Secretary to His Highness, on the principle of preferring the devil he knew.

For three years I taught the 'Bapji', or 'Father' which is the affectionate title of the Heir to the Udaipur throne.

He was a most intelligent pupil and is now the successful Maharana Sir Bhoopal Singh Ji.

When the Maharanas of Udaipur, alone amongst the Hindu Rulers of India, opposed the Mohammedan Emperors of India, they had sworn never to go to Delhi, which was the outward and visible sign of fealty in those days, and to sleep on straw and eat off leaves until they recovered their great fortress of Chittor.

The great Emperor Shah Jehan when he was the Heir to the Delhi Throne, quarrelled violently with his father, the Emperor, and sought refuge in Udaipur with his father's hereditary enemy.

He was comfortably housed in the 'Jag-Mandir,' one of the island palaces in the Pichola lake, and so strong was the sentiment in Udaipur, as it is to-day, of the rights of a guest, that a special mosque was constructed on the island for his use and is kept intact to this day. And to this day at sunset, when peace descends upon the waters of that beautiful lake, a drum booms from the mosque in memory of the Royal worshipper of a faith against which thousands of Rajputs fought and died for centuries.

It was actually in Udaipur that Shah Jehan was proclaimed Emperor on the news being received of his father's death, and in token of gratitude and friendship he exchanged turbans with the then Maharana, and his turban is still carefully preserved in the Museum at Udaipur.

Some time later Shah Jehan wrote to the Maharana from Delhi, to the effect that he felt very much the absence of his Udaipur friends, and begged him to send his son and Heir to him at Delhi.

It was a clever move and the request was made in such a way that refusal to so powerful a friend was impossible,

and so in spite of deep reluctance, the 'Bapji' of the day was sent to Delhi.

Centuries have elapsed but because he went to Delhi, the son and Heir of the ancient House of Udaipur still has no seat in Durbar.

As no Maharana had ever been to Delhi, Lord Curzon was very anxious that the late Maharana Sir Fateh Singh Ji should attend his great Durbar in 1902.

He made the request personally at Udaipur and the Maharana readily agreed, although the long train journey from Udaipur to Delhi was a real hardship to him, because his very strict orthodoxy compelled him to stop the train and alight on mother-earth to wash or dress or eat his meals.

It so happened that his father died just before the Durbar was to take place, and Rajput custom laid down that he could not leave Udaipur for 40 days.

But Lord Curzon consulted another Rajput Prince, not knowing that he was a hereditary enemy of the Udaipur House, and on his advice insisted and the Maharana obeyed.

But he got a bad attack of fever (certified by two doctors deputed by Lord Curzon) on arrival at Delhi and was after all unable to attend the actual Durbar.

Later on, when the King Emperor came to Delhi, he was chosen to be in personal attendance on the Emperor, a distinction which was much valued by him and which solved problems of precedence which would otherwise have arisen.

The Revd. James Shepherd, Head of the Scotch Mission, was one of the Udaipur landmarks.

He had been there for 40 years and being a doctor by profession had done much for the people of the State.

He had also pulled H.H. The Maharana through after his serious pig-sticking accident.

He had great influence with the Bhils, a well-known jungle people, of more than usual importance in Udaipur because, during the time when the Maharanas were in revolt against the Mohammedan Emperors, the Bhils in their mountain fastnesses, had given them shelter.

In return for that loyal hospitality it was the custom for hundreds of years, although I believe it is discontinued now, for a Maharana when he ascended the throne, to be marked on the forehead with blood by the Bhil Chieftain which he drew by cutting his thumb. Many years ago, in the early days of census-taking, it was decided to enumerate the Bhils also for the first time, but being primitive jungle folk they were very suspicious and refused to be counted.

Troops were sent after them and many were killed, but their recalcitrance continued.

One night during the hot weather when Shepherd was sleeping outside, he was awakened and found one of his old friends, a Bhil Chieftain, crouching near his bed. The man had risked his life and stolen into the city to consult the benefactor of his tribe.

Shepherd took him into the house and asked what he could do for him. He said, "Tell me, why are we being chased about and killed." Shepherd explained that it was very foolish of them to resist enumeration and that the object was simply to ensure their welfare and to see that they did not decrease in numbers for any preventible cause.

The Chieftain said, "You are quite wrong, that is not the real reason". Shepherd asked him what he thought was the reason and he said they were counting the fat men and the fat women and the lean men and the lean women so that the fat men should be married to the lean women

and the lean men to the fat women. "They would not stand such curtailment of their liberties." Shepherd was very hospitable and I remember a dinner-party on the roof of his house one exceptionally hot weather night. He had one of the old fashioned Khansamas who ran his house as Shepherd was a bachelor.

I suppose he had ordered the old man to have a really top-hole dinner. When the pudding came round it was a plum-pudding with a rampart of flame six inches high which in that heat made approach difficult.

Being a holy man Shepherd did not swear, but I can still see his murderous looks.

There was very good fishing in the lakes of Udaipur. We caught fish, mostly Fresh Water sharks, in the Pichola lake scaling up to 30 lbs. Turtles were a great nuisance and so large that it was sometimes impossible to raise them to the surface and all that could be done was to cut the line.

We had a duck-shoot once on the Pichola lake. A celebrated General occupied one of the butts and shot several ducks, but they all disappeared into the reeds though dead. A dead duck floating in the water would suddenly start moving. Turtles were moving them from under the surface and we found many partially eaten.

During the rains you made a small light raft out of the wood of the silk-cotton tree and poled it along amongst the reeds on the shore. You were armed with a harpoon, the head loosely fitting the shaft, with a light fishing-line attached to the head.

A line of bubbles started showing that a Rohu (Labeo) was moving. As soon as the bubbles stopped, you jabbed and if you were lucky, got into the fish. During the rainy season the fish running up to the canal leading into the Fatch-Sagar, were a sight.

I often lay flat on the side of the canal and put my arm elbow-deep into the water and fondled the mass of fish running up the canal to spawn.

A few miles from Udaipur lies the Bari Lake, a beautiful mountain tarn, and there was very good fishing there, the Mahseer running up to 17 lbs. Some of the streams of the State also held speckelled trout. But all the lakes were infested by Aligators and they were often man-eaters.

I had two extraordinary experiences with them. One day I had to go to the Udai-Sagar, a lake about 6 miles out of Udaipur, to inspect the embankment.

As I was riding along the shore with a Sowar behind me carrying a rifle, a Cowherd came and complained that an Aligator caused them much damage, taking away their cattle when they were drinking.

I told the man to let me know if the Aligator emerged. I had ridden only a few hundred yards when he came running after me and took me back to show me the Aligator, a monster, lying on a spit of land with three-quarters of his body out and a part of his tail in the water.

I reconnoitered the position and found that I could not get any closer to him as there was no cover, so kneeling down I rested my rifle in the fork of a tree and taking very careful aim at his shoulder, fired.

He was obviously hit, did a wriggle and lay still.

We were discussing ways and means of bringing him in—as he was a very big and heavy beast—when he made convulsive movements, slithered into the water and disappeared from sight.

I was feeling very sad because I knew that by the time the body floated to the surface the skin would be hardly worth having. Suddenly he came to the surface again, only about 20 yards from where we were standing rushing round and round in the water and churning it up with blood.

I fired again and hit him and he sank.

He had hardly disappeared when he came to the surface again and, standing almost vertical out of the water, opened his great jaws and ejected a large black mass which floated. and sank for the last time.

We found that the floating mass was a large village dog which he had swallowed whole and had got rid of in the throes of death.



The place where he sank was not very deep and we were able to locate the body and bring him in.

Although 38 years have gone by, I still have a thermos-flask covered with a piece of skin, which looks as if it would last a century. In the same lake I was boating and fishing with Colonel Shore, the Residency Surgeon, when an Aligator showed up suddenly near the boat and I fired and blew the top of his head off. To our astonishment the beast did not sink and we were able to take the body in tow to the bank.

My doctor friend explained that the beast must have just finished inhaling and as my bullet in his brain paralysed him, his lungs remained inflated and so he did not sink.

He was always telling us something new, that doctor. He said we would find the Aligator full of stones, and on cutting him open, we found about five pounds of pebbles big and small.

We took his heart out and laid it on the bank, where it continued to pulsate for several hours.

I shot another Aligator and found a woman's brass bangles inside.

There was a very big tiger near the Jai Samand; he had become very cunning and I knew that the Maharana was very keen to shoot him.

He asked me to go out with him and when we climbed up into the Machan he most courteously desired me to take the first shot.

I had anticipated this and armed myself with a camera. I thanked him, but refused the first shot and, producing my camera, said that my weapon would never miss.

That tiger was not brought up to the Machan after all. A 6-ft. high line of 'Kanats,' or tent side-walls, had been put up across a bit of open country to keep him in the beat and we saw him make a magnificent leap and escape.

On another occasion as it was the opening shoot of the season, several of the first-class Nobles were in attendance. When we climbed into the shooting-tower we found small chairs arranged in a circle for everybody to be seated.

The beat commenced. There were 500 Bhil beaters in uniform, shouting and a brass band playing martial music leading them.

Just behind the tower where we all sat, was a small hill and suddenly a tigress appeared round it. Immediately half a dozen Nobles rose and putting their hands together said, "Nahar An Data" (the tiger O Bread-Giver).

The tigress hearing all the noise broke back. This performance was twice repeated and the Maharana was too courteous to rebuke.

Eventually the tigress with the brass band behind her came by at a 16-anna gallop and was missed.

The ruling house of Udaipur is of the "Sisodia" Clan, the highest amongst Rajputs and the acknowledged head and the most honoured.

Tradition has it that the name came about thus. Back in the dim ages a Maharana of Udaipur lay sick unto death.

A Hakim or Native Doctor was summoned at great expense from Delhi. His medicine effected a rapid cure and the Hakim was suitably rewarded and left. After his departure it was discovered that his medicines contained alcohol, and in those days a Rajput might not take alcohol under any circumstances whatsoever. So there was great wrath and much tribulation and the priests were summoned and commanded to prescribe some remedy to cleanse the King of his great sin.

They prescribed a cleaning-draught of a couple of pounds of molten lead which the Maharana drank in the presence of his court and survived. Hence 'Shish' lead and 'Odia' cleansed, Sheshodia.

Sometimes there is more than appears in a prosaic Gazette notification. It ran something like this: "The ——of——is permitted to abdicate and live in retirement in Benares". This applied to one of the lesser States.

His Highness departed and his son ruled in his stead.

For months the authorities had been receiving anonymous communications to effect that His Highness had beaten a maid to death and had thrown her body into a dry well in the courtyard of the Palace.

Anonymous communications are so common in India and the first resort of anybody desiring to cause injury to a rival or an enemy that as a rule the waste-paper basket is their home.

But in this particular case they were so insistent and gave such details of the disposal of the body, that action had to be taken.

As the body was stated to be at the bottom of a specified well, a retired Indian Police Officer, whose services had been much appreciated by the bestowal of titles and rewards and who was believed to be thoroughly honest and trustworthy, was selected and placed on special duty to investigate.

He proceeded to the spot and reported that he had thoroughly searched the well and had found no trace of a body and that the allegation was false.

"File," wrote the authorities and the incident was apparently closed.

But one evening, some months later, the Ruler walked into the Political Agent's House and said to him, "Please record my confession, I cannot stand it any longer, the woman appears to me every night and I cannot eat or sleep."

He had beaten the woman to death in a drunken frenzy and the body had been put down that very well. For adequate consideration received, that trustworthy police officer had found no body in the well.

On my leaving Udaipur H.H. the Maharana was good enough to give me a rifle, a replica of his own.

CHAPTER X

HYDERABAD

HAVING served six years in Udaipur, I was offered and accepted a higher appointment in the service of His Highness the late Nizam of Hyderabad, where I joined in the year 1909.

The morning after I arrived in Hyderabad I was visited by the Chobdars or mace-bearers, whose function it is to marshal the Nobles and Officials attending the Durbars of the Ruler.

On my enquiring what I could do for them, they said they had come to tender their congratulations on my appointment and to receive from me their customary douceur, which was equivalent to one month's pay of every official newly appointed.

I remarked that doubtless customs varied in Indian States, and informed them that Chobdars making such a demand in the State I had just come from, would have been thrown into a dungeon by the Ruler. But nevertheless, I would make enquiries, and would let them know if they called again after a week's time.

I wrote at once to Sir Faridoon-ul-Mulk who was Private Secretary to the Maharaja Sir Kishen Parshad, the Prime Minister.

He replied directing me not to give the scoundrels a penny, and if they dared to visit me again, I was to ascertain and send him their names, to enable punishment to be meted out.

I thought the incident was closed, but my friends appeared again punctually on the appointed day.

I told them what had occurred and demanded their names, which they at once gave me unabashed. I wrote a letter to Sir Faridoon enclosing the names and said to the Chobdars that, as I had no desire to begin my career in the State, by having anybody punished, I was entrusting the letter to them for delivery, and if they so desired they could destroy it.

"Not at all," they said and marched off and delivered the letter and I got an alarmed reply to the effect that it had been understood that the offenders were the Prime Minister's Chobdars, but they turned out to be the Chobdars of the Nizam himself and in consequence I might, if I so desired, write to Sir Afsur-ul-Mulk, Chief of the Nizam's staff.

I felt sure that the Nizam had no desire to countenance such behaviour by his Chobdars, so I took the law into my own hands and drove the offenders out with execrations, and heard no more of them.

I was talking to an Indian official later of the incident, and he said, "You ought to have paid up, Sahib; these people are often able to do great mischief. We Indians dare not refuse to pay, for, if nothing worse, we would be cuffed and buffeted and our clothes torn at the next Durbar if we failed to meet the exactions of these Chobdars who are all powerful on such occasions."

And I believed this when I heard later of a Durbar which lasted three days and three nights, because somebody had the temerity to send word to the late Nizam that the Durbar awaited him, and he sent back word, "Let them wait."

There was another story of a special train, which had to remain under steam for several weeks with staff and servants sitting inside it, because some other body had been foolish enough to send word to the Nizam that his train was waiting.

He was a great sportsman, the late Nizam and a wonderful rifle-shot. The Austrian Arch-Duke, whose assassination brought about the Great War, was also a remarkable rifle-shot, and when he visited Hyderabad a friendly shooting-match was arranged between them. They fired 21 shots each with rifles at swinging bottles. The Nizam won with 21 hits, the Arch-Duke having missed his last shot only. He was a very silent man, the late Nizam.

A celebrated English woman who was visiting Hyderabad, undertook to make him talk.

At a banquet given in her honour, she persistently refused dish after dish until the Nizam, who had taken her in to dinner, was compelled to ask her why she was not eating.

He was very pleased when she told him she was waiting for the Indian dishes, which always followed the English dishes at the Nizam's dinners.

When the Indian dishes came round she helped herself, but having merely tasted them, to the Nizam's consternation, she would not eat them either.

He enquired why and she said, "May I have the really hot dishes which Your Highness eats?"

The Nizam was really pleased now and immediately ordered up the real thing and carried on an animated conversation. Like King George V, he had a habit of standing for hours and I have seen fat courtiers surreptitiously sitting down out of his sight, before they dropped through sheer exhaustion.

He seldom appeared in public but he was literally venerated by his thirteen million subjects. He believed that he possessed the power of curing persons bitten by snakes, and I remember that on my first tour through his vast dominion, I was given a sheaf of printed circulars for distribution, laying down the formula to be repeated by

the person bitten and enjoining him to present himself in person to the Nizam within a year of being bitten, otherwise he would die.

At almost my first camp a man was bitten and was brought to me at once.

I opened up the wound with a lancet and rubbed in permanganate of potassium and made the man repeat the Nizam's formula many times, whilst I performed the operation. He recovered.

One of the most illuminating stories of Oriental intrigue I ever heard occurred long ago.

As was so often the case in those days, the city Kotwal, or Commissioner of Police, was, by virtue of his duty of daily submitting to his master confidential reports on all and sundry, one of the most powerful officials in the Kingdom, wielding great influence. To his chagrin he discovered that a favourite lady in the Palace was working against him, so he set out to bring about her downfall, and in this wise.



An apparently very holy Faqir (religious mendicant) sat himself down in the shade of a tree on a path much

frequented by the maids from the Palace, on their daily journeys to and from the city.

He sat there for months and presently it was famed abroad that he sold very "efficacious love potions".

The news eventually reached the lady in the Zenana, the object of the Kotwal's vengeance, and she, desiring to still further secure the affections of her Lord and Master, instructed a maid to buy a "love potion" and obtain instructions as to its administering.

The maid was sold a powder and told that it should be administered on a particular night of the week and in a particular kind of sweetmeat, which must be prepared and administered by the woman herself who desired to secure the affections of the man she loved.

The instructions were carried out faithfully.

The Ruler had promised to dine with the lady on the special night of the week. The sweetmeat specified had been carefully cooked by the lady herself, and the "love powder" mixed into it.

Half an hour before the dinner-hour the Kotwal craved audience.

He said, "Your Highness, it is only my high sense of duty and my love and affection that give me courage to say that which will give you great offence and probably result in my losing my head."

The Ruler reassured him and told him to say whatever he had to say without fear.

The Kotwal said, "Your Highness is dining with so and so to-night. It is my duty to inform you that she will attempt to kill you by administering poison in a particular kind of sweetmeat."

The Ruler was furious. He said, "You have to-day transgressed all bounds by making such a foul implication

against such a person, and you shall surely die if, as will be the case, there is no truth in it."

He went to dinner and naturally the wretched woman pressed him to eat that particular sweetmeat, assuring him that she had cooked it herself for him.

She was so insistent that the Ruler's suspicions were aroused. He took charge of the dish, took it away and when it was analysed it was found to be full of arsenic.

The Kotwal was top-dog again.

It was the late Nizam who was personally induced by Lord Curzon, to give up his claim to the Berars, and when later on he was awarded a G.C.B. the people said it spelt "Gave Curzon Berars".

I had the privilege of serving the late Nizam for about a year and a half only, when he died very prematurely.

The great city of Hyderabad, normally so noisy and full of life, presented a very impressive sight on the day of his death and funeral—hardly a sound to be heard, but thousands and thousands of his sad subjects, all moving in the direction of the palace where lay the body of their beloved Ruler.

In every one of the thirty thousand villages in his vast dominion, the people have spontaneously erected a replica of his tomb, at which the anniversary of his death is mourned to this day, although he was a Mohammedan, and of his 13½ million subjects, no less than 12 million are Hindus.

He lies buried in the big mosque in the city of Hyderabad, and although he has been dead thirty years you will still find hundreds of petitions tied to the pillars of his tomb, fluttering in the winds of Heaven, invoking his spirit to cure all the ills that flesh is heir to.

He had been living in the Falaknama Palace for some time and died there. After the body had been removed to the old Palace the present Nizam locked up Falaknama.

Some time later, when Falaknama was re-opened, it was found that the famous "Imperial Diamond" was missing, the stone through which the late Nizam's Armenian valet became a wealthy man, so large was his fee for introducing the merchant to the Nizam. A commission was appointed by the Government of India to assess the value of the stone before which the Nizam was compelled to appear, an indignity which he felt so deeply that he never again occupied the Palace in which the commission sat, converting it into offices.

The great stone which was unset, was found eventually in a verandah on a writing table, covered with dust, it had been in use as a paper-weight.

Sir Michael O'Dwyer was Resident when I joined Hyderabad service.

I was asked to tea one afternoon and Lady O'Dwyer said her husband would soon join us, he was in his study, giving "Poor Mrs. Sarojani Naidu" a dressing-down.

Those were Sarojani Naidu's early days of participation in politics.

He joined us presently, bringing in Sarojani Naidu, looking anything but penitent, to tea. She was unperturbed and brilliant and gave me further proof of the misnomer, "The Weaker Sex".

I shall have another story to tell of her later.

Sir George Casson-Walker was Finance Minister when I joined. In spite of ill health he had achieved the task of putting the Finances of Hyderabad on a sound basis.

He was very ably assisted by Akbar Hydari, later Sir Akbar, and I experienced great kindness and received much assistance from the Casson-Walkers and the Hydaris. Lady Hydari was responsible for founding the Mahbubia Girls' College which has done so much for the higher education of the women of Hyderabad.

I remember complaining to Casson-Walker of apparently unnecessary financial restrictions which hindered my work and he told me that such had been imposed because, amongst other things, he had found that an officer holding the position of a Collector had charged off to "Office Contingencies" a Tonga and pair of ponies, and a set of crockery, cutlery and glass for 24.

Arthur Hankin was Inspector-General of Police. He it was who established law and order throughout the Dominion and I soon found that there was little in Hyderabad he did not know. I received much assistance from him also.

Casson-Walker was succeeded as Finance Minister by Reginald Glancy, the late Sir Reginald, who carried on the good work most ably.

No man could wish for abler and more helpful colleagues. When the present Nizam succeeded we drew up a new Constitution under his Commands and the administration was placed on a satisfactory basis much improvement being brought about in all its branches.

I was appointed Director-General of Revenue when Mr. Dunlop, who had served the State for about 40 years, retired, and I proceeded to tour the vast Dominion thoroughly as that very essential portion of a Revenue Officer's work had not been performed for many years.

I omit, as of no general interest, references to the strenuous work that had to be done and will write of lighter incidents only which brightened existence.

His Exalted Highness the present Nizam Mir Osman Ali Khan is extremely intelligent and during my tenure of office I was invariably supported by him in rounding up dishonest officials and purifying the administration.

His officers seldom saw him on business, but he was very punctilious in the disposal of papers submitted to

him. Shortly after I had assumed charge of the Revenue Department he sent me for investigation and report a petition against the Estate Manager of one of his highest Noblemen. He was a remarkable character, that Nobleman, and had a remarkable figure and was called the "Duck". He held high office in the State and in his anxiety to preserve his remarkably fair complexion, he turned night into day. At night a line of servants stood like nine-pins connecting him with his Zenana apartments, which were a considerable distance away. When he said "pani" (water) the word was loudly passed down the line and a glass of water eventually arrived from hand to hand. He used to move about with great dignity and at a necessarily slow pace because he had an escort of Cavalry, in a specially constructed motor-bus, with silken flounces, his obsequious courtiers seated respectfully in attendance as in Durbar.

The next time I met him at some function I took him aside and told him of the petition and the Nizam's commands and I suggested that he and I should go out to his Estate together and investigate the matter. He said, "I go to my Estates, that is my servants' work." I said, "Do you mean to tell me that you have never been to your Estates?" He replied, "No, why, I do not even know where they are." It was literally true and I had to adopt other methods.

A few days after joining I was bidden to a banquet at the Falaknama Palace, one of those sumptuous entertainments which were so well known in those days. It was my first meeting with the late Nizam and I was much impressed by his regal bearing.

Like our late King George V he had the standing habit and it was amusing to see fat courtiers sneaking away to sit down for a few minutes' rest. After the banquet I was talking to a lady, the widow of a General. She lived in Hyderabad and was a remarkable character, her principal

recreation being tiger-shooting in which she indulged regularly in spite of age. I remarked on the lavishness of the banquet we had both enjoyed and she said, "Dear me, this is nothing, I remember the days when every guest found a valuable present in his serviette and pies were handed round and when the crusts were cut, hundreds of little birds were released and flew about the room. After dinner we danced, then we had supper and danced again and then we had "Choti hazari" before going home.

The late Nizam abhorred motor-cars at first and confiscated the first car imported into the State by one of his Nobles because it frightened his horses when he was out for a drive.

When their Majesties King George V and Queen Mary visited Hyderabad as Prince and Princess of Wales, the Princess induced the Nizam to drive with her in a car. He sat through the drive as if petrified. When he got home he sent for Sir Afsur-ul-Mulk and ordered five dozen. He used to be driven very fast and that is why people do not walk in the middle of the streets of Hyderabad.

His European Chauffeur fell foul of some body in power and was dismissed. Although he had been treated very well indeed, he lodged a complaint in British India claiming arrears of pay and compensation.

The complaint was sent to the Nizam who inquired whether anything was due to the man. On receiving report to effect that nothing was due, he inquired how much the man claimed, and was told ten thousand rupees. He said, "Send him twenty thousand, he was a very good chauffeur."

During his visit the Prince of Wales (the late King George V) was taken out to shoot tigers. Those were the early days of cars and a small single-cylinder De Dion Bouton had been imported for the Prince's use in the

shooting camp and a European chauffeur was employed to drive the car.

One morning the chauffeur did not see an almost right-angled turning until the last second and suddenly swung the car round violently nearly upsetting it. A voice from the back seats said, "Why the hell do you drive on two wheels when you have four?" In camp that evening the chauffeur wanted to resign, his nerves having been upset by the Prince's remark, but he was eventually persuaded to remain. That night the Prince was told of the incident and said he would put things right next day. Next day when being driven again he said to the chauffeur, "I say, I am sorry I was rough with you yesterday, but why the hell *do* you drive on two wheels when you have four?"

Writing of cars reminds me of another Hyderabad incident. There was a very rich Seth, worth, it was said, a crore of rupees (over seven hundred thousand pounds). He was an awful miser, but one day he bought a motor-car and was seen being driven about in it.

Very soon, however, the car was seen no more and it was learnt that when the first lot of petrol was finished and the chauffeur asked for money to purchase more, the old man was very angry and said, "I only bought the beastly thing because I thought it would run without having to be fed like horses; lock it up."

I remember a District Officer telling me that he drove a car into a village where a car had never been before. As the water in the radiator was boiling, he told the village headman to send for a pot of water for the car. He was astonished presently to see a pot of water and a bundle of grass being laid reverently before the monster for its refreshment.

During my 12 years' service in Hyderabad I was one of the few fortunate touring officers privileged to shoot tigers. The work was very strenuous and one could not

find much time for shooting, but all the same I was able to bag many tigers and panthers.

Corruption was rife amongst the officials and had to be put down with a firm hand.

Good work had not been recognized and made the basis of promotion. This was done and things soon improved.

I earned the unofficial title of 'Shaetan-ul-Mulk' (the devil of the dominion) as the result of this crusade.

It is a great mistake for a District Officer to look upon shikar as waste of time. There is nothing like shikar to take a District Officer into remote portions of his charge, which are otherwise neglected and never visited. Shikar also brings you into touch with the people and I always made a point of talking to my beaters and thus gained valuable information from them and was made aware of their woes and was able to try and redress them.

One morning a villager came into my camp and said there was a tiger lying dead in his field and that it had been killed by a porcupine.

I rode off to his village at once and there found a fine young full-grown male tiger lying dead, with five porcupine quills embedded in his chest and decorating it like a pin-cushion.



One hundred and twenty-two paces away lay a porcupine which had obviously been crushed to death.

Tigers like porcupines to eat and from the fact that one sometimes found bits of quill embedded in tiger's fore-paws, it appeared that the experienced tiger knocked his porcupine out first.

This tiger, being young and inexperienced, had obviously jumped on to his porcupine, with fatal results.

The post-mortem examination showed that one of the quills had penetrated his heart, and he had been able to stagger away one hundred and twenty-two paces only before death overtook him.

I sent an account of this incident to my old friend, the Maharana Fateh Singh Ji at Udaipur, who was a great Shikari, and asked him if he had ever seen anything similar. He had not, but he had at different times shot two very emaciated tigresses and found porcupine quills obstructing their intestines.

In 1913 Hyderabad was visited by the Crown Prince of Germany and a great Review of the Troops in Garrison was held in his honour.

He attended with the Royal Standard of Germany about the size of a bedsheet and when the Review was dismissed he asked that the 33rd Cavalry should be kept back and placed himself at their head, manoeuvring them all over the ground and ending up with a spectacular charge.

Later on he sent an Artist, a German Baron, to paint types of the Regiment. I was sitting next to the Baron at a banquet about a month after his arrival and he said, "I do not know what it is. In my country, officers consider it an honour to be painted, here I cannot induce them to sit."

Talking of the 33rd reminds me of an incident. They were being inspected by some General and pointing to the Camel Sowars of the Regiment, he asked Col. Edwards, who commanded them, whether any of the officers could

ride the camels. "Oh yes", said Col. Edwards, "here Mr. Willoughby ride that camel." Mr. Willoughby, who had never ridden a camel before, mounted and dug his spurs in and the beast bolted. I saw Willoughby at the Club in the evening and asked him what happened. He said they galloped 14 miles and would be galloping still if they had not come up against a hay-stack. Poor Willoughby, he was killed in the Great War by a bullet through his head at Shaiba in Messopotamia.

Lord Hardinge visited Hyderabad soon after he had recovered from the injuries that he received when he was bombed in Delhi.

I was placed in charge of the arrangements for the Viceregal visit, and we had to take very great precautions to ensure the safety of the Viceroy. He was put up in the Falaknama Palace, which is situated on top of a hill outside the city of Hyderabad. Some time before his arrival, when I was going over the Palace where he was to be put up, I wanted to know what was in the basements, and after some time I got them unlocked.

They were crowded with every kind of article of value and of no value—beautiful oil-paintings by famous artists, wonderful pieces of plate presented by reigning monarchs, along with cheap singing birds and toys.

I informed the present Nizam, who perhaps was not aware of the contents of those basements, because they had been filled at odd times during his father's life-time.

The basements were emptied, taking about 14 days to accomplish the task with all the State lorries requisitioned.

Having got the basements cleared I was able to lock them up and place guards to see that no bombs were introduced.

The inner guard for the Viceroy's safety was of British troops. There was then a guard of State troops and a third cordon of Police.

The British Guard came from an Irish Regiment and with the Officer in Command of the Company I used to rehearse the safety arrangements every night for about a week before the Viceroy arrived.

On the last night of rehearsal I told the Officer in Command that I would make an attempt to get through the guard. He said, "Impossible, because they have now received their last instructions to kill anybody who tries to get through after dark and it is now too late to countermand that order."

After the Viceroy's arrival General Sir John Nixon, afterwards of Messopotamian reputation, in full British General's uniform, was stopped by one of the inner-most sentries, and turned back because he had forgotten to bring his pass.

Sir John Nixon arrived a day or so before the Viceroy and when he landed from his motor-car, his small Australian terrier preceded him into the marble hall of the Palace. In that hall there were about six life-size tigers which had been stuffed by Rowland-Ward and made to



look very realistic. The small dog immediately flew at the nearest tiger's throat and we had to tear him off to prevent

him doing serious damage. In size he was about as big as a tiger's head.

For several years before I took charge of the Revenue Department, my predecessor had done no touring and in consequence matters were very slack out in the districts.

One Tehsildar was so fat that he had a special cart built with a floor of netting on which he used to place a large mattress upon which he used to lie, face downwards, and be carried thus from place to place.

I had issued orders that when I was on tour, all district officials should meet me on horseback on their boundaries.

When I arrived at this Tehsildar's boundary, there he was an absolute mountain of flesh, standing beside a small pony with about half a dozen men in attendance.

After he had greeted me, I said, "Please mount," and I rode on.

I looked back and saw that all the six men had got hold of him and were trying to lift him on to the pony and in their frantic endeavours they managed to throw him right over the pony on to the other side and there he lay helpless like a great water buffalo.

I was so consumed with laughter that I dared not stop and rode on.

There was a very important Hindu family in the State and disputes arose amongst the members about the distribution of the living quarters in their very big residence in the city.

I was asked to arbitrate and went to see the place one day.

The rooms were so dark and so devoid of light and air that in the middle of the day I was conducted by lantern light.

I reached one particular chamber which was worse than any of the others. It had one door leading into it, over

which a very thickly padded curtain was hung. There was no window of any description. I asked what this particular chamber was, and they said, "This is the chamber in which the women of the house are delivered." I said, "But surely women must die in a place like this." They said, "No this is our custom, for 40 days." I think, they said, "There must be no light and there must be no air."

As Director-General of Revenue, I had under me, amongst other things, the Court-of-Wards for the care of the Estates of Minors.

I soon realized that there were about 40 boys knocking about in the city and villages and being permitted to grow up anyhow.

I decided to have a Boarding House and hired a big house with fairly extensive grounds. Having furnished it and appointed a Lady Superintendent and House-Master, I commenced to gather the boys.

I met with the greatest opposition. The mothers used to come in closed purdah carriages, and camp out in the compound swearing that they would starve themselves to death if I did not give back their children.

In one year's time all this was changed and very often a boy used to be returned to me by his mother before his holidays expired, with a message to say that he was getting into mischief and was safer with me than with her.

There was one small boy, a Hindu, the son and Heir of a Raja who had died. He was strictly guarded by his mother who had lost several sons and was determined not to lose this one.

It took me about a year to induce her to make him over to me.

One day the boy, who was about 6 years old, was carried into my house sitting on the hip of an attendant, dressed like a girl and with hair hanging below his waist.

I said to the attendant, "Put the boy on the ground," but he only grinned at me. I repeated the order and he said, "But he has never been allowed to walk." I said, "Nonsense, put him on the ground."

He put the boy on the ground and to my horror he collapsed; his legs were atrophied through want of use and he literally could not stand.

He had been dressed as a girl all his life and his hair allowed to grow long with the object of keeping the evil eye off him, in the belief that a mere girl would be passed by the evil spirits.

I am proud to be able to say that within a year of his entry into the boarding house, he won a hurdle race for little boys.

Although boys improved out of all recognition both physically and morally, some of their ideas were hard to eradicate.

A "Gymkhana" was held and a prize was given for the most originally decorated motor-car. To give the boys of the school an interest, I spurred them on to enter for this event and I suggested that they should make their car look like a large shoe and enter it under the well-known nursery rhyme, "The old woman who lived in a shoe, She had so many children she did not know what to do."

The boys were enthusiastic and the car was made to look exactly like a gigantic shoe. No wheels could be seen and the shoe just glided along. There was a regular fight amongst the boys as to who should participate as the children of the old woman, but when it came to one boy impersonating the old woman herself, there was a regular

mutiny. I could not induce a single boy, even in fun of this description, to impersonate a woman.

A few days after my arrival in Hyderabad, one of the Noblemen who was very old-fashioned, came to see me.



He was carried into the compound in a palanquin with Band in attendance and people shouting out his titles.

Having been ushered into my room he sat down, and immediately started to tell me how much indebted Hyderabad was to me and how every soul in the city, men, women and children, blessed my name.

I have heard a good deal of flattery in my day, but this old man puzzled me, because I had only been a few days in Hyderabad and had never been in the city.

Suddenly light dawned upon me and I said to him, "Nawab Sahib, you are making a mistake. You are thinking of Major Wake; my name is Wakefield. I have only lately come to Hyderabad".

I must explain that Major Wake had been on duty for several months, distributing relief to the thousands of people who had been rendered homeless by the great flood in the river Musi, which practically flows through the city of Hyderabad.

Without the slightest hesitation the Nawab said "Kia mazaiqa. Is men koi shak nahin hai, ke ap un se bhi achhe haen". (What does it matter? There is no doubt that you are even better than he.)

Out in camp once a friend came to stay unexpectedly and it so happened that information was received that a panther had killed a calf not very far from the camp.

I had only one heavy rifle out in camp and as my friend had never shot a panther, I lent him the rifle and put him into the best Machan, where the local Shikaries said the panther was bound to go.

I climbed up a tree on one side of the line and, just for fun, took a .22 bore rifle up with me. The beat commenced and instead of going to my friend, the panther, quite a large one, came past me. I took a steady shot as he swung past; he did not even check his pace and I naturally thought I had missed him. The next day he was brought into camp stone dead. That tiny bullet had penetrated his heart and he had carried on for about a hundred yards before falling dead.

The more remote tracts of Hyderabad contain some curious people. In one part of the dominions live the Gonds, a primitive people who subsist entirely on the natural products of the forest.

They have their headmen styled Rajahs.

I asked one of these, what the origin of his people was and he said, "Once, thousands of years ago, there was a great flood and waters covered the whole earth for days and days until at last one mountain top appeared and upon it stood the first Gond."

In another part of the dominions there is a really wild tribe, called 'Chen-Chus' and the wildest of them live entirely in the forest and have no connection with other human beings.

I made a special journey into their country across which on the map the survey of India had written "Impenetrable unsurveyed".

Wherever I went and approached their habitations, which were very primitive huts, they fled and sat on crags and cliffs watching us with the greatest suspicion.

Eventually, I managed to get hold of some of them and through an interpreter explained the advantages of civilization and such details as Agriculture and the wearing of clothes, etc.

I offered to give them bullocks, ploughs, implements and seed free of charge, if they would till the land.

With great difficulty one of them was induced to speak and through the interpreter he said, he could not understand why any man who could get fruit and honey and wild vegetables and game in the jungles free from God, should take any trouble to till the soil.

In fact he was of opinion that, if he did so he would be sinning against his God, who provided him with all the products of the forests free of toil and trouble.

They wore the skins of animals they had killed, and had no other clothes.

The Tehsildar, who was with me, asked whether I would like to see them have a meal. I said "Yes" and two of them ran into the jungle nearby and came back with about four pounds of tamarinds. They got two stones—one flat, the other round—and placing the tamarinds on the flat stone they crushed them, seeds and all into a pulp. To this mass they added two handfuls of wood-ash from the camp fire and mixing the whole lot up, made a hearty meal which they washed down with water from the nearest spring.

The tamarind as all the world knows, is exceedingly sour, the wood-ash which contains soda was instinctively added to counteract the effects of the acid in the fruit.

The marriage ceremony of these people is a very simple one. When a man and a woman agree to be married, the man simply throws his skin cloak over the woman and takes her away.



VIOLET FRASER

Twice I was deputed by the Nizam to arrange tiger-shoots for Residents—the first was for Sir Stuart Fraser and I took him to the Adilabad District.

It is a district full of jungle and much grazing. I arranged to bring Banjara herds of cattle into one particular portion of the district.

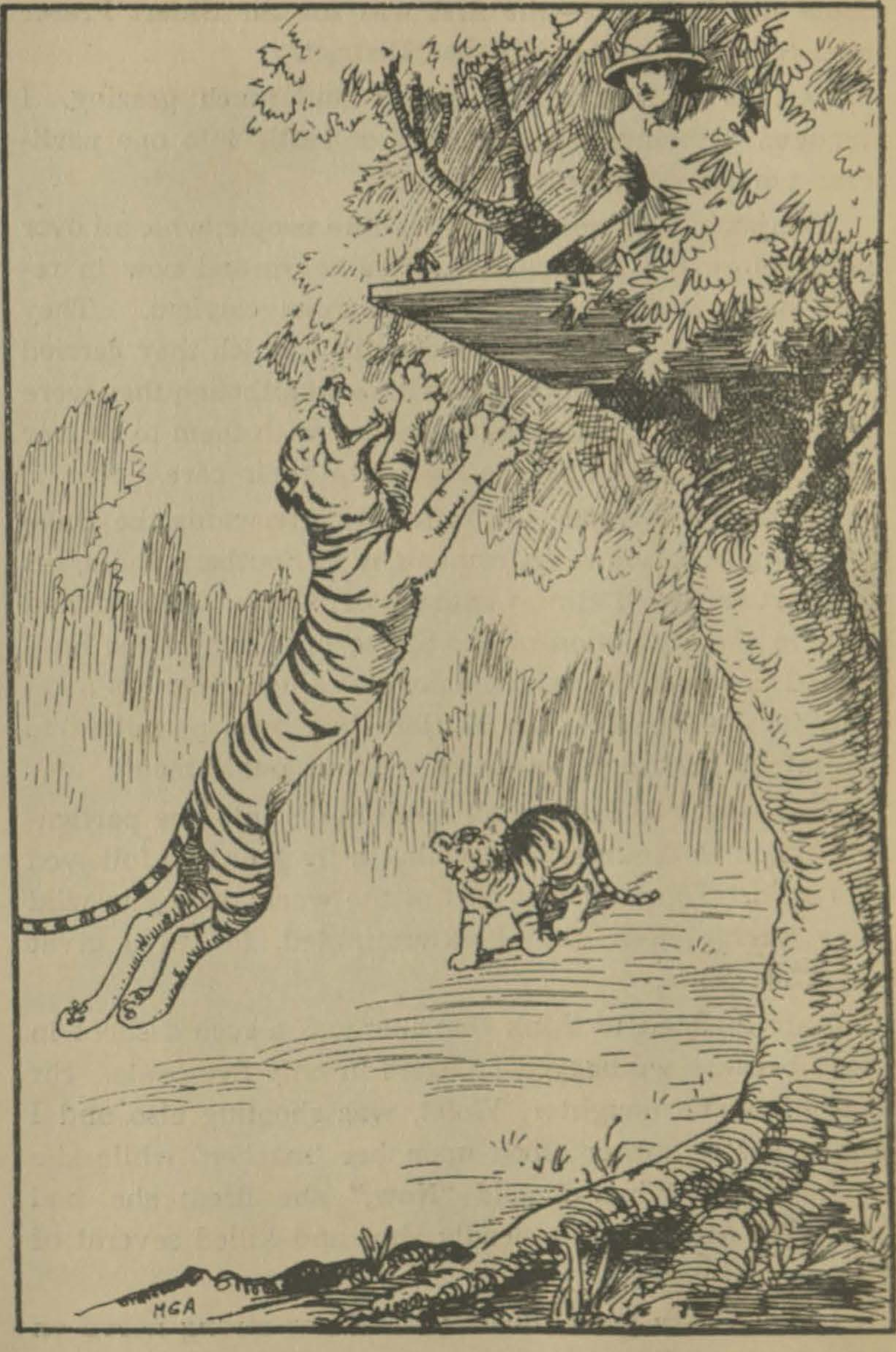
Banjaras are a nomadic gypsy-like people, who, all over India before the introduction of railways and now in remote parts, were the great commercial carriers. They kept very large herds of bullocks upon which they carried whatever they were entrusted with, and although they were often dacoits, it was a point of honour with them to deliver safely any merchandise entrusted to their care.

When the Marquis of Wellesley, afterwards the Duke of Wellington, fought his campaigns in Southern India, his transport consisted almost entirely of Banjara bullocks and I saw in the possession of one of the headmen of the Banjaras, a document in which amongst other things, as a reward for his services, the Banjara had been permitted to commit two murders annually without punishment.

The result of driving all these herds into one particular portion of the district was, that a tiger or two followed each herd. Tigers in that part of the world, owing to wild game having been almost exterminated, fed to a great extent on cattle.

I am inclined to think that this was a record shoot in a way because we bagged 12 tigers in only five beats. Sir Stuart Fraser's daughter, Violet, was shooting also and I usually sat or rather stood upon her 'machan' while she sat in front. When I said "Now," she fired; she had wonderful nerve, was a deadly shot and killed several of the twelve tigers.

I had a very good illustration of her strong nerve on one occasion. We found ourselves on a very rickety Machan, which had been hurriedly tied up on a not very



THE TIGERESS MADE TWO MAGNIFICENT LEAPS

strong tree. Suddenly a swarm of bees came all round us. I said to her, "Our only chance is to keep perfectly still, otherwise we shall both be badly stung". There was no way of getting down, because the ladder had been removed. She sat perfectly still with bees buzzing all round her and crawling over her, and presently the swarm left us unhurt.

I had gone ahead to make the bundobust for this shoot and one evening the cook and the khidmatgars suddenly sought refuge with me in the dining tent, from a panther who was prowling round the kitchen making that distinctive panther-noise like a saw cutting through wood.

Once, in a tiger-beat a cub came along about four months old. Then came the mother snarling back at the beat and conducting another cub. I decided not to shoot as the cubs were not able to fend for themselves, and stood up on my Machan and blew a whistle to stop the beat.

As soon as I blew the whistle the tigress saw me and made two magnificent leaps roaring fiercely but she failed to reach the Machan. It was a magnificent sight.

In a tiger-beat I took my small son, aged about five, up into the Machan. A tiger came out but got away galloping down the line of guns and out of range.

The boy said, "Look, Dad, he carries his tail upright," and so he did, I had never noticed that a tiger running carried his tail so.

Talking of running, if an urgent message has to be sent by runner in the jungle, feathers or chillies are always tied to the end of his staff.

The man-eating panthers in this district were a great curse. I think man-eating had commenced during some famine when weak women wandered the jungles in search of food and it had undoubtedly been continued by man-eating parents, principally the mother, teaching her cubs the same pratice.

Whenever we came into this particular district, we had to take special precautions against panthers by putting up split-bamboo palisades to keep them off at night. I had one very exciting experience. A. T. Mackenzie, our Chief Engineer, and I were out in camp together. Our camp was in a mango grove and as it was very hot and still at night we used to have our beds put outside the grove.

We both had mosquito-nets and I felt that, as a mosquito-netted bed looks quite solid at night when looked at from outside, we were fairly safe from panthers.

One night we were both woken up by shouting and screaming in a Banjara village about a quarter of a mile away. We both sat up in our beds and wondered what the row was about. The noise subsided and we fell asleep again.

Suddenly we were awakened again by much shouting and screaming about fifty yards away. We leapt up in our beds and found that a panther had jumped right into the middle of a circle of our sleeping servants and had killed a goat which was our milk supply. As the servants had all jumped up and shouted, he had no time to carry away the dead goat.

Next morning we learnt that a panther had gone into the village from which we had heard the great noise being made and there he had taken hold of a Banjara woman by the throat and had proceeded to drag her out of the hut.

Banjara women wear a great many brass ornaments on legs and arms and as the panther dragged the wretched woman, her bangles jingled and woke up her husband, who wanted to know where she was going to at that time of the night.

He suddenly realized what was happening and commenced to shout. The shouting was taken up by people

in adjacent huts and the panther ran away leaving the woman with three deep teeth marks in her throat.



I treated her at once syringing out the wounds with a solution of potassium permanganate and dressing them. We kept her alive for some days and I left medicine with her people, but we heard later on that she had died.

I determined to try and rid the countryside of this monster, who was credited with having killed over 200 women in about six or seven years in that locality. After killing the goat and being prevented from taking her away and wounding the woman, he had found two of our buffalo-baits tied in the jungle for tigers and had killed them both. One of these baits had been tied under a Banyan tree and killed there and I climbed up into the tree about 4 o'clock next afternoon and waited. The tree was on the slope of a hill and the view over the forest down into the plains was magnificent.

I was looking at the view with the sun setting on the horizon, when I felt that very queer feeling which one sometimes feels when one is being stared at.

It does not do to move suddenly in a jungle if you are after game; quick movements are at once detected by animals.

I moved very gradually to see what was behind me and there on the steep hillside almost level with where I was sitting, I saw the man-eating panther staring straight at me.

But the setting sun was apparently in his eyes and although he could not see me distinctly, he obviously suspected that there was something inimical to him in the tree, so he decided to depart and proceeded to walk off.

As soon as he turned his back upon me I swiftly brought my rifle up and as he passed between two bushes. I was able to shoot him dead.

When we cut him open to skin him he had the remains of a village dog inside of him.

In that single night he had first dragged a woman out of a hut; he had then killed our goat; he had then killed two of our buffaloes and, eventually, he had killed a dog and eaten it.

He was easily identified as the dreaded man-eater of the district because, we had been told some days beforehand, all his victims bore three marks of teeth only, his fourth tooth having been broken. The four victims of the night of tragedy which I have described, *i.e.* the woman, the goat and the two buffaloes, all had three teeth wounds.

The other Resident I had to take out, had only once before shot a tiger but he was very keen.

In the first beat, when we got to the Machan I saw him load his heavy rifle before he commenced to climb up the ladder into the Machan and just before he started to climb he handed the rifle to me.

I naturally unloaded the rifle, before climbing up to join him on the Machan, and when I got there I handed him his rifle and the two cartridges which I had extracted He sat in front and I stood behind him. The beat commenced and a large tiger came along and I saw him cover

the tiger with his rifle, continuing to do so for quite a long time. The tiger saw us and broke back before he was fired at.

He could not, however, get back through the beat and came again, but this time at a gallop, past another Machan to our right upon which the Personal Assistant to the Resident sat.

He was also quite inexperienced but he fired. The tiger spoke, but passed on.

We then proceeded to leave the Machan and climbed down the ladder. I said to the Resident, "Please unload your rifle before you go down, it is very dangerous to either climb up or down a ladder with a loaded rifle."

He proceeded to open his rifle to unload it and to his horror found that it was empty. He said, "But I loaded it when I handed it to you at the bottom of the ladder." I said, "Yes, and I unloaded it, because I would not dream of climbing up a ladder with a loaded rifle." He had forgotten to load it again and had been covering the tiger all that time with an unloaded rifle.

When we got down and walked across to see the tracks of the tiger, I very soon found blood. We did not follow him at once, but sat and had our lunch and allowed an hour to elapse. I would commend this practice to all big-game Shikaris. If a tiger is mortally wounded, he would be dead when you found him if you gave him an hour's grace. If he is slightly wounded, he will get right away in any case. If he is badly wounded, but not sufficiently to kill him, that hour's waiting will render him stiff and weak through loss of blood when you do find him to give him his *coupe de grace.*

After waiting an hour, we followed the blood spoor for about a mile, but presently the blood marks ceased and it was obvious that the tiger was only slightly wounded and had got away.

Three days later one of our buffalo-baits was killed on the same spot and we had another beat. A tiger came out to the Resident, but he hesitated too long and seeing him the tiger charged past me.

I was in a Machan behind this time and I shot the tiger dead as he passed me.

When we examined the body we found it was the same tiger, and that three days before his off fore-paw had been almost severed by the Personal Assistant's bullet, the claws and pad were hanging on by a strip of skin.

In spite of this wound, he had come back to the same locality and had killed another buffalo.

I think this proves that animals do not suffer pain to the same extent as human beings, probably because their brains are not as sensitive.

We shot four tigers during this quite short trip, and two which had been wounded gave us as much excitement as we wanted in walking them up and finishing them off.

After the second occasion the Resident, who in spite of being new to the game, had behaved splendidly, said to me, "I think a small whippet tank would be useful on these occasions."

Unless a tiger has been wounded or is a man-eater, he avoids human beings and has no inclination to harm them. I have had two personal experiences of this. I used to make a practice of going out myself in the morning to visit baits which had been tied out for tigers.

If one can find the time this practice adds very much to the interest of the game and to one's chances of success. The ordinary Indian Shikari is so keen to bring the Sahib news of a kill, that he goes out much too early in the morning and will very often rush back into camp to say that he found the tiger eating the kill. When such news

comes, you may just as well not go out, because nine times out of ten, a tiger so disturbed on his kill, will become suspicious and go miles away. Never go out to inspect baits before 9 o'clock in the morning.

Another great advantage of personal inspection is that you can bring your intelligence to bear upon the signs and circumstances surrounding the kill and can then make your arrangements accordingly, regarding the tying up of your Machans and the direction of the beat, etc.

You can also see to it that Machans are tied up with as little noise as possible. Very often through the noisy and careless tying up of a Machan, the tiger, who is frequently not very far away, is disturbed and departs.

One morning I had gone out as usual and found that one of the buffalo-baits had been killed.

There was fairly heavy grass and it was impossible to make out which way the tiger had gone, because he had eaten only a very little of the hind-quarters of the buffalo and had not moved the kill.

I noticed that about 50 yards away was a very old ruined temple and I thought I would go and have a look at it.

I walked slowly up to the temple through the grass and getting to the door, I was greeted by a low growl from inside.

I backed away most respectfully and went home.

Nobody had suspected that the tiger lived in that temple and in consequence I was told that he had over and over again not appeared at all in a beat in that locality. He used to let the beat go by and sit tight in his temple. On this particular occasion, as he had given himself away, I saw that the temple was not neglected and in consequence he came out and I shot him.

He was one of the biggest tigers I have seen, but built almost like a grey hound and not heavy, as most tigers are.

On another occasion, after studying the kill, I was putting a line of string with little bits of cloth hanging on to it like flags, across a fairly open part of country in which there were no trees to put stops on, so that the tiger should not escape that way. Such a string with fluttering bits of cloth, almost always diverts animals.

I had a roll of string in my hand and was walking from bush to bush attaching it, when suddenly from a bush right on the line on which I was walking, came a low growl.

The tiger was most unexpectedly in that bush and he warned me against coming any nearer although he could easily have jumped out and killed me if he had wanted to, as I was unarmed.

There is a belief that you can tell the age of a tiger by the number of lobes to his liver.

I shot a tigress once and when she was opened up, alas, there were 5 cubs inside of her.

Whilst she was being skinned the Hospital Assistant attached to my camp conducted an autopsy on the five unborn cubs and brought me their livers spread on a sheet of newspaper. Each had seven lobes.

A. T. Mackenzie, our Chief Engineer, had been many years in India but in spite of much trying had never succeeded in shooting a tiger.

I took him out and in the very first beat a tigress came out and went past Mackenzie's Machan at full gallop. He fired and the tigress rolled over and over and lay still.

I shouted my congratulations and came down from my Machan and went across to his and said what a fine

shot it had been for the tigress was shot through the neck, a very fine shot indeed with the tigress galloping.

He was still up his Machan, looking very glum and beckoning me up. I went up and he showed me a branch of the tree about as thick as a man's wrist, shattered by a bullet. He explained that he was so excited when the tigress appeared that his rifle went off without his knowing it and the bullet hit the branch and ricochetted into the neck of the galloping tigress.

A large cub had been seen with the tigress. I offered a reward for its capture and away rushed about one hundred beaters through a bit of swamp where the cub had been last seen and came back with their capture in a blanket. I opened the blanket very gingerly and found a large Iguana lizard.

Three of us were out tiger-shooting and in a beat a very large tiger was wounded and got away.

After giving him the usual hour's grace we followed the foot-prints, a Bhil tracker leading, we three in line with our rifles ready following him.

Presently coming to a slightly sloping hill, covered with bamboo jungle, the tracker said "Behold", and vanished into thin air, leaving us to see, charging down the hill upon us, a very angry tiger.

One of us had the sense to fire his rifle off, without putting it to his shoulder. That saved us, because the noise deflected the tiger's charge. There had been no time to fire at him as he charged because he appeared so suddenly.

As he galloped away he was shot dead.

We then looked for our friend the tracker, and found he had climbed to the very top of a high tree. How he got there none of us could say, all we could remember was his saying "Behold" and disappearing.

In another outlying portion of the Nizam's dominions, there are some primitive people called "Reddis," not to be confused with the high-class Teligu Reddis.

These people cultivate patches in the forest by burning down areas, hoeing them with primitive hand instruments made of wood, and sowing maize, which on those virigin patches grows to enormous size.

Next year they move on and burn down and sow another patch and so on.

They have steel bows and the arrows are also made of steel, which they themselves manufacture out of ore to be found in that vicinity.

With these formidable bows and arrows they are able to kill even the lordly Bison, the method being to sit on a tree overhanging a jungle path used by Bison and shooting down from the top into the neck of the beast. Although Bison were protected, I had learnt that these people poached them and also heard that they did a Bison dance.

It was difficult to induce them to perform but eventually I witnessed the dance.

They tie Bisons' horns onto their heads and dance to the sound of long narrow drums. Cock-fighting was apparently the great holiday pastime in those parts and one often came across a band of gaily dressed men and women returning from a cock-fight, carrying home in triumph the body of the vanquished cock.

Colonel Sally Swanston, Commanding the Poona Horse, was keen to shoot a tiger. Salar Jung, grandson of the great, Gayer the Policeman, and I took him out.

There was a beat and my Shikari came to say there was a tigress in the beat but it was so hot that she had gone into a clump of grass and would not move.

We went to the spot and there were men up trees overhanging the clump of grass and pointing out the

tigress. We could not see her, so I pushed Swanston up the tree and he could not see her for some time and then he suddenly said, "I can see about 4 sq. inches of stripes but I cannot say to which part of her body they belong."

It was apoplectic weather so I said, "Take careful aim and fire." They were up the side of a hill and I was standing at the bottom. He fired and by the mercy of Providence he smashed both hocks.

She came down at me snarling but luckily for me could not spring and I finished her off.

It is very important to be accessible in India although some officials look upon it as a waste of time, but they are wrong.

Every Friday morning in Hyderabad I devoted to interviews and people came and saw me freely and very often I was able to do good or to discover something which helped in my work.

There are dangers also in the practice which have to be guarded against.

There was one man, who came to see me regularly every Friday and in answer to my usual question as to what could I do for him, he always replied, "I have no desire, I merely come to pay my respects."

I said it was a great waste of time, but he persisted and presently I became suspicious and made enquiries and found that he was making quite a lot of money by pretending to people who had cases in my court, that he was able to influence me in their favour.

The Moharram, the great Mohammedan festival, was celebrated all over the State with great eclat. One of the features was men painted up like tigers and taken from village to village in chains.

One day I rode up to one of these performances and saw to my horror one of the tigers trying to kill a poor little

struggling kid with his teeth. I intervened and scattered the crowd. I reported the matter to H.E.H. the Nizam who put a stop to such practices.

I induced the Nizam to pay a visit to the Industrial Laboratory I had established.

I had arranged a small exhibition showing the industrial potentialities of the State.

He arrived with several Ministers and his Staff and spent several hours, during which I took him round, explaining everything and urging that a beginning should be made in industrial development, by the State permitting me to start two or three factories, which could, after they had been proved to be lucrative, be handed over to private enterprise.

The Nizam suddenly stopped and faced me. He said, "How many factories could you start if I gave you one crore of rupees?" I said, "It is very difficult to say, because the cost would depend upon the nature of the industries taken up."

I explained that, for instance, a small factory for making glue out of the hoofs of dead animals could be started with a capital of five hundred rupees only, whilst on the other hand a paper-mill would demand a capital of forty lakhs of rupees.

The Nizam still insisted and I said, "Well let us say ten factories." He then asked what profit I would be able to make. I replied that here again there was difficulty in answering, because on some things the profit would be greater than on others, but I thought that on the whole a profit of 10 per cent. would not be an unreasonable amount to expect.

The Nizam asked, "How much would that amount to on one crore of rupees," and I said, "Ten lakhs per annum when the factories were properly established and fully developed." He said, "Do you mean to say that I would

get ten lakhs of rupees per annum and still have my crore of rupees?" I said, "Yes, sir, that is what happens, when capital is invested in trade or in a Bank." He immediately collected his Courtiers and said, "Listen to this wonderful thing. Not only would my country be developed but my crore of rupees invested, would be intact and I would be getting an income of ten lakhs of rupees per annum."

There was a very stout American dentist in Secunderabad and he also had to undergo Military training during the Great War. The Sergeant Major shouted at him, "Cut that hand away more smartly." Back came an American drawl, "I can't get through it, I must go round it."

In some parts of the Hyderabad State there is a form of black magic known as 'Bhanamati', not only believed in by the masses but also by the educated.

The Deputy Inspector-General of Police, L. B. Goad, who was put on to investigate, became a firm believer.

The only manifestation of it I saw personally was once in camp.

I was dressing in my tent one early morning preparatory to moving camp when I saw through the chick an ordinary village-cart drawn by a pair of bullocks with five women and two men on board, drive up to the door of the tent.

The local Tehsildar and Police officers were standing outside ready to accompany me and I could not understand why they had not stopped the cart.

Suddenly, all the people in the cart commenced to make horrible noises, some crowing like cocks, others howling like jackals, and still others barking like dogs.

I thought this was some new method of introducing a petition so I stood still behind the chick and watched.

Presently the noises ceased, the occupants of the cart sat contentedly and the officials commenced talking to them.

I then went out and asked for an explanation and they told me that about 3 months previously, in a village about 6 miles away, there had been a virulent cattle epidemic, and the people in the cart, who were well-to-do Hindu Zamindars and their wives and daughters had performed a special ceremony and as an act of 'puja' had installed a new idol to stay the epidemic.

There was a quarrel with a Mohammedan weaver living in the same street who had broken the new idol.

He is said to have bewitched them and they had been wanderers ever since. They had heard that I was in camp and had come to me to beg to be cured.

It appeared to me to be a case of mass hysteria which is common in Holland and other low-lying countries.

I thought a walk would do them good, so I made them dismount and sent two constables to see that they walked back to their village.

I sent a Sowar to the village from my new camp next morning to see how they were and he came back to say, they were perfectly well and very grateful. I was inspecting the District Offices the next day when suddenly my blood froze at hearing the same noises again, all my friends were back in the same old cart, the disease had returned so they had come again to be cured.

I sat them all down in the verandah of the District Court, with a small table in front of them, upon which I placed a hunting crop and a glass of water. I said I would beat the man who started making noises and would souse the woman who did the same. They sat all day whilst I inspected and they had a meal without misbehaving.

The next day I left by train for Hyderabad and they saw me off with profuse thanks. I sent to enquire a week later and found they were just as bad as ever.

There is a large Banyan tree in the Residency compound in Hyderabad and upon it roost thousands of flying-foxes, eating all the fruit in the garden and defiling everything.

The Resident Sir Alexander Pinhey made up his mind to destroy and frighten them away.

Indians warned him that it would be most unlucky but he persisted and we were all invited and shot them as they flew to and fro.

Curiously enough Sir Alexander Pinhey died in Hyderabad soon after.

The story of his funeral is worth recording. The coffin was placed in the vestibule, a very high pillared building in the roof of which there were wild bee-hives. Outside was mounted a Guard of Honour consisting of a Battery of Horse Guns, a British Regiment, etc.

The choir was singing round the coffin to the accompaniment of a harmonium.

This set the bees off. They came down and attacked the British Regiment and one saw men suddenly break ranks and run without apparent cause. The gun horses were attacked and bolted.

The only persons they left alone were the coffin-bearers as they carried the coffin to the cemetery in the Residency compound.

"You did not officially inform the bees of the death," said a Sikh Sirdar. Curiously enough it is the custom in Somersetshire also to send a deputation to inform the bees.

You must "gang warily" in India, I took a few days' leave and went to Waltair in Madras to bathe in the Sea, which, by the way, I found was hot.

A man brought round for sale the most wonderful necklaces carved out of camphor. They were most attractive and as H.E.H. the Nizam was to open my Industrial

Exhibition I bought the most expensive necklace for fifty rupees, to hang round his neck instead of the customary garland of flowers.

Luckily I mentioned it to a Mohammedan friend and he said, "For God's sake don't, we Mohammedans use camphor for the dead only."

The well-known South Indian Barrister, the late Eardley Norton, was appearing before me in an important succession case and, as usual, when he appeared, the court was crowded because he could always be trusted to cause a sensation. He had against him a big array of local Barristers and Pleaders, dressed up in their gowns.

In his opening address he said, "My Lord, I see a great array of local talent against me. There they stand, absolutely stark naked. He paused and everybody wondered what was coming next, and he said, "What I mean is they are not clothed with the authority of the Law."

He spoke for about 15 minutes and his fee was twenty thousand rupees.

Lord Kitchener came to shoot tigers and the bundobust was entrusted to Hankin, the Inspector-General of Police, a master of bundobust of all kinds.

He also made a regular dispensary of himself. He could never resist buying and swallowing any patent medicine advertised which he thought would do him good.

When they were out in camp, Kitchener saw Hankin after dinner swallow a couple of pills. He asked what they were and Hankin praised their wonderful qualities. He asked for one and swallowed it.

Next morning there was no Kitchener. When he appeared about an hour late he shook his fist at old Hankin; he had been up all night.

One frightfully hot day after a tiger-beat Hankin said to him, "Would you like an iced Hock and Soda, Sir?" Kitchener said, "By gad, would I not," little guessing that such a luxury could be available 100 miles from the near-

est railway. But Hankin had buried huge blocks of ice ten days before and he unearthed iced hock and soda.

"To him that hath shall be given even more than he hath."

The present Nizam was inspecting one of his old palaces one day and he noticed a line of 'Alams' (religious banners) in the zenana portion, displayed on a wall.

He ordered their removal to the 'Mardana' or men's portion of the Palace.

When they were taken down it was found that the wall was only a partition. Breaking it down, a room was discovered behind it, in which, forgotten for a century, lay in chests the Nizam's share of the loot of Siringapatam, when the fortress was taken by the British with the help of the Nizam's forces and Tippu Sultan was slain.

The wealth was fabulous. There were monster gold mohars weighing about 18 lbs. each and I was told the largest emarald in the world amongst other things.

Talking of wealth, there was an old Banker in Hyderabad who was employed by the present Nizam for about 3 years to classify and value the jewels of Hyderabad. I asked him one day what he thought the jewels of Hyderabad were worth and he said, "Not less than 500 crores of rupees."

Out for a walk one day in Hyderabad, I met a man with about a dozen dead Chameleons hanging on a stick.

On questioning him I found that he was taking them into the city to sell.

My curiosity being aroused I asked him why people bought them. He said, "Don't you know, women who want to secure the obedience of their husbands, chop these chameleons up and cooking them in the food, give them to their husbands to eat, after which the husband does anything that he is told by his wife?"

I found that it was quite true, I mean the trade and not the result. In fact there is a recognized expression "Usa Ulloo Khila diya" (he has been fed upon a chameleon).

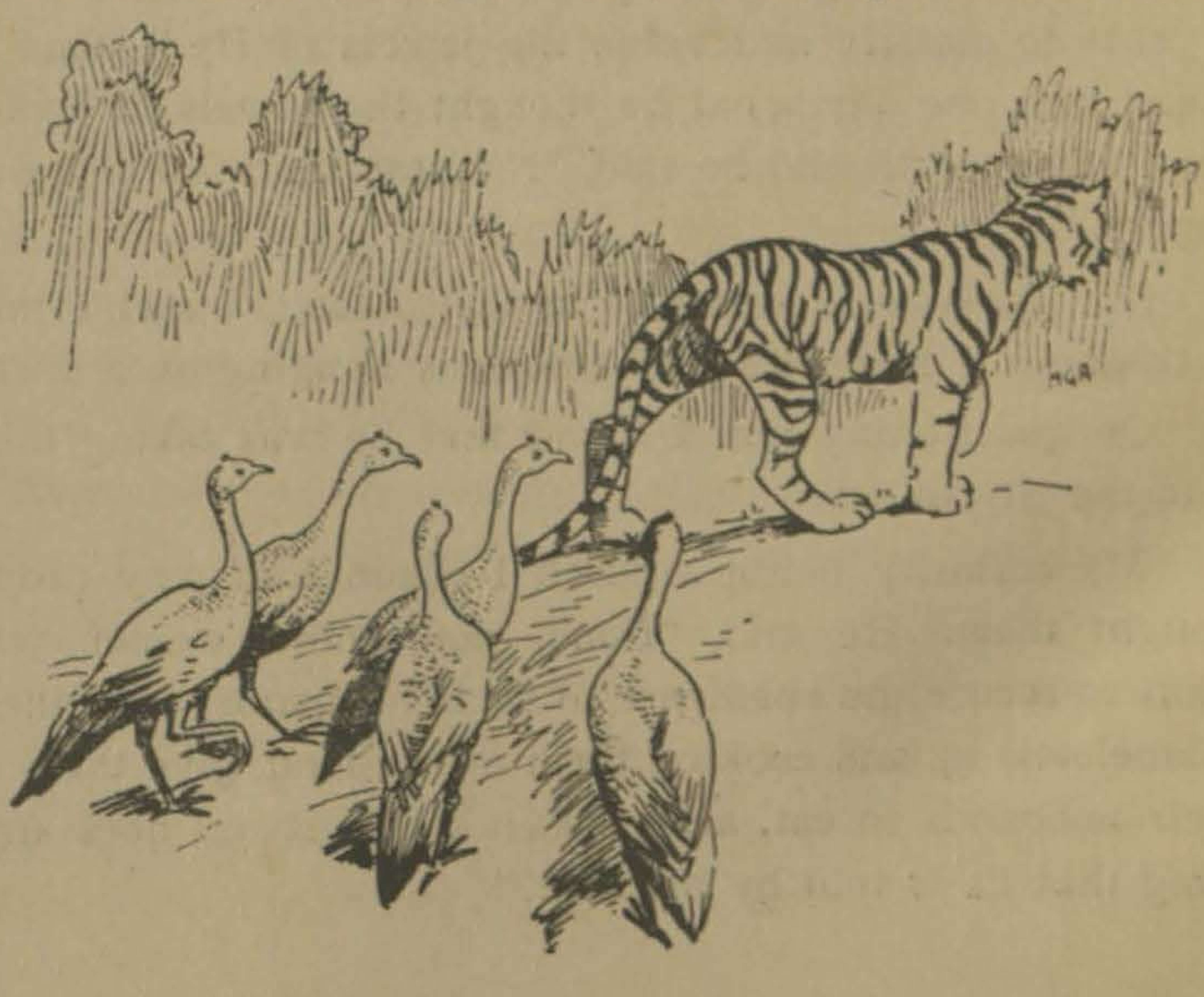


Although I have tried more than once to witness a tiger killing, I have not succeeded, but a friend of mine in Hyderabad was lucky enough to do so and he told me the following story.

A tiger had killed under a tree and my friend sat up on the tree over the kill and tied a live buffalo near the kill in the hope that the tiger would kill it.

Quite early in the evening, about 5 o'clock, he saw the tiger, walking slowly up towards the tree along a path, which ran past the tree.

To his astonishment he saw that the tiger was followed



by five peahens, all slowly and solemnly walking behind him, a Guard of Honour.

My friend thought that the tiger was going to walk past and on into the jungle and that he had not seen the live buffalo, but suddenly, like a flash of lightning, the tiger, seemed to leap almost from a stand-still, right on the living buffalo burying his teeth into his throat.

The buffalo never made a sound and the tiger, with his fangs buried in the throat of the buffalo and slowly sucking the blood, was facing my friend, who, after watching him for a little, shot him dead through the head.

Some tigers have peculiar habits. There was one I never managed to get, although I tried several times. He invariably tore open the head of an animal he had killed, ate the brain and then went off miles and did not go back to his kill.

There is a beautiful lake called Ramappa in the Hyderabad State and I paid a special visit there once to try and rid the countryside of a man-eating tigress.

When I arrived I saw the fresh marks of a tiger along the bank of the lake, and following them carefully saw they went into a cane-brake, below the bank.

As this was only about 100 yards by 50 yards I thought I had that tiger cold, but I was mistaken.

We hurriedly collected as many men as we could and proceeded to have a beat through the brake, but all that happened was that the tiger roared, the beaters ran away and nothing we could do would dislodge him.

The cane-brake was so thick and thorny that it was impossible to go in after him on foot and we had no elephant. We tried all day, but failed.

In the evening when it was beginning to get dark, I thought I would hold the tiger in the brake so I had fires

lit at intervals of about 20 yards round the brake, with two or three men at each fire to keep it going all night.

My idea was that I would try again next morning to beat the tiger out. But just as I had completed posting the men round the brake and having the fires lit, it got dark. I was standing on the bank, when suddenly a great dark mass flashed past me. The tiger had waited until it was dark, had crept silently out of the brake and before we could realize what was happening, had dashed away.

My tent was pitched on the bank of the lake, near a very old temple which was full of bats.

Sitting outside my tent one evening I saw a sparrow-hawk. He sat every evening on the branch of a dried up tree in the vicinity of the temple and waited.

As soon as it commenced to get dusk, the bats left the temple in swarms and the sparrow-hawk at once took his toll, easily catching and eating a couple of bats.



He appeared to have studied the situation and took full advantage of it every evening.

When I had been in camp there for about three days, news was brought to me that the man-eating tigress had again killed a man. I had given instructions not to disturb the corpse, and the people in the surrounding villages who knew that I had come out to try and rid them of the monster, were all out to help.

When I got to the site of the tragedy I found that a cowherd had been sleeping out on a field with his cattle. As the night was cold, he had dragged a log of wood near him and set it alight, but even the fire had not deterred the maneater for she had walked silently across the field and picked him up and carried him off.

I took up her tracks and found bits of the man's clothes at intervals as she dragged him into the jungle.

Eventually all I found was the scalp of his head. She had eaten the rest of the man completely and in consequence there was nothing to sit up over.

All I could do was to beat every possible cover, in the hope of finding her and I spent the whole day doing so, but with no result.

She was poisoned eventually as she was much too cunning to be shot in a beat and never left any portion of her human kills, over which one could sit and await her return.

In this same jungle I found a large panther which had only the night before, been obviously killed by a tiger, the panther's neck was broken. There were no marks on him, he must have suddenly met the tiger by accident and been knocked out by a single blow of the paw.

In the adjoining Province of Madras there was a European Doctor who had established a most lucrative practice as a Physician.

He prescribed according to the British Pharmacopea but clothed his prescriptions with mysticisms.

For instance, "go and find a hen with a single white feather which you must take and stir the medicine 7 times with that feather before you drink it."

The search led to much beneficial exercise which, together with faith bred by the occult, helped the medicine in its good work. Superstition dies tardily. An Indian Doctor who had been to England for 6 years and taken the highest qualifications, was in charge of a Military Hospital in India during the war and nearly killed an Indian Officer patient because, although he discovered that he had wrongly diagnosed the disease and had in consequence been treating him incorrectly, he would not alter the treatment because the moon was not in the right quarter.

There was a public meeting in the Gardens at Hyderabad during the war, Sir Stuart Fraser, the Resident, being in the chair, to collect War Funds.

We had an army of clerks in the background, so that totals could be quickly made and announced from the platform. I was extremely busy, but a voice kept on saying, "Wont you listen to me, I want to subscribe." At last I was able to turn to him and a man called Palmer handed me a piece of paper upon which was written, "I give 1½ lakhs of rupees to be paid from the sum the Nizam's Government owes me." A previous generation of Palmers had been the Nizam's Bankers and they had ancient claims.

When His Majesty the late King George V, came to Hyderabad as Prince of Wales, he was taken into shooting camp.

He had a cold and was not allowed by his doctor to go snipe-shooting, so he mounted an Elephant and shot. One of the big Nobles of the State climbed up and sat behind him.

When they got back to camp Sir Partap Singh of Jodhpur who was on the Prince's Staff, took the Noble aside and

abused him like a pickpocket saying, "Why you not walking, why you sitting on Elephant with your King."

The Prince gave us a very valuable tip regarding cold tea. Something had gone wrong with the drinks and he noticed a man carrying a water bottle. "What have you got in there" and the man said cold tea. "Give me some," said the Prince and took a pull but spat it out saying, "Bah, it's made with hot water." We said it always is, how else could it be made? He said, "Try infusing it in cold water." I recommend this to all Shikaris in the hot weather. Infuse the tea overnight in cold water. Drain off in the morning and add lemon and sugar to taste. It makes a most refreshing drink and is free of Tannin.

I was told by my brother that in Bihar he shot a small panther one day, and when passing through a village, the villagers begged him for the skin.

He wanted to know why they were anxious to have a panther's skin. They said, "If you will only give us the skin, we will show you why we want it."

So he gave them permission. They skinned the panther at once and as soon as the skinning was over, they brought out from a hut a big 'langoor,' a large grey black-faced monkey, which they had captured some days before.

They held the 'langoor' down and with the help of the village cobbler, sewed the panther's skin on to him encasing his body, and his arms and his legs and tail and head completely in it, but not wounding the baboon in any way.

Having done so they let him go. He bounded off to join his friends, who, when they saw a panther—their hereditary enemy—not only running after them but climbing up trees and jumping from bough to bough as nimbly as they did themselves, fled the country.

This was what the villagers wanted, for these monkeys were a great curse and did great damage to their fields and

orchards. Because of their "monkey god", Hanuman, they could not kill monkeys and the device they adopted had not been legislated against in their Scriptures.

A Mohammedan friend of mine went on Haj (pilgrimage) and kept a diary which he showed me on return.

He had described his sufferings from Sea Sickness and added with religious zeal that people complained about Sea Sickness but they failed to realize that it was especially devised by the Almighty to cleanse the pilgrim before he got to the Shrine.

Many attempts have been made to bring about amity between Hindus and Mohammedans and the following story was told me by a Mohammedan. I should like to hear the Hindu version also.

It was arranged that Swami Shardha Nand, a noted Hindu leader, and Maulvi Hasan Nizami, equally noted amongst Mahammedans, should meet in public and discuss matters amicably so that there should be amity between the two communities.

Swami Shardha Nand spoke first. He heaped praises on Mohammedans, but regretted that they ate meat which not only kept the communities apart but which led to lasciviousness.

When it came to Hasan Nizami's turn he referred to the Swami's statement about meat, and instanced the tiger and the bull as illustrations of meat-eater and vegetarian and the effects of the two dietaries.

A Mohammedan in the audience stood up and wanted to know why Hindus would not eat with them. They tried to make him sit down, but he was insistent. Hasan Nizami then explained that the reason why Hindus did not eat with Mohammedans was that their admirable religion laid down that they must never eat or drink or even visit people to whom they gave their daughters in marriage. This was

a sarcastic reference to the fact that Hindu Princes gave their daughters in marriage to the Emperor Akbar who thus tried to fuse the two communities and create nationality.

The result was as usual. Instead of amity being secured, differences were accentuated.

When political agitation first became acute, a red-hot Agitator came to Hyderabad and commenced addressing the people.

He was talking to a very large meeting, when the Kotwal, or City Commissioner of Police, who was an Indian, arrived on the scene and told the Agitator to desist.

He, seeing that the Kotwal was practically unattended, laughed at him and went on.

The Commissioner of Police said, "If you do not stop in five minutes, I shall have you arrested," but the man still seeing the Police Commissioner, unsupported apparently by any Police force, continued.

When the five minutes were over the Commissioner shouted "Pakro" (Arrest) and immediately about 200 men who were all wearing Gandhi caps and were mixed up with crowd, started arresting people.

Everybody ran, leaving their shoes and turbans behind and taking refuge in hedges and ditches.

During the Great War there was a strong Garrison of Territorial Regiments in Secunderabad and there were many educated men amongst them. I was asked by the Resident to lecture to them about India.

To improve on the ordinary lecture we borrowed the local theatre and made the stage into an Indian bazar and it was against that living background that the lecture was delivered.

About 200 of my friends, both Hindus and Mohammedans helped and dressed up to illustrate points in the lecture and it was in consequence most interesting.

I was on leave in England from Hyderabad in 1918 and there by accident I met Raja Sir Hari Singh of Kashmir. He was very kind to me. He had taken Douglas Castle in Scotland, for grouse and pheasant shooting and I shot with him there twice.

In England he asked me to go with him to see Beckett the English heavy-weight, fight Carpentier, the Frenchman.

The Prince of Wales, the present Duke of Windsor was there. He had just returned from his Canadian tour and the ovation he received when he entered the Holborn Stadium was most remarkable.

Just before the fight commenced I was touched on the shoulder by a London Policeman, who gave me a typed sheet from Scotland yard, warning us that an attempt would be made to rob Raja Hari Singh as he left the stadium and stating that all police precautions had been taken.

When the fight was over, and it will be remembered that it terminated with dramatic suddenness by Carpentier knocking Beckett out, I think it was in 73 seconds, we found ourselves walking out of the Stadium between a double row of policemen and as we entered the Raja's car which had been specially brought up, a Police Inspector took his seat by the Chauffeur and drove with us for about a mile, after which he alighted and disappeared.

What the inside history of that warning was I do not know, but the arrangements which were made for the Raja's protection impressed him very much.

I greatly enjoyed my two visits to Douglas Castle. Firstly, there was that historic pile itself, the Castle about

which Scott put these words into the mouth of the Douglas of that day, "And darest thou then to beard the Lion in his den, the Douglas in his hall."

One of the towers of the original building, although detached from the present castle by a few yards, is still preserved.

The castle itself is most picturesquely situated and full of historical treasures. Its broad halls and lengthy corridors were for some of the party, haunted by the ghosts of its past residents.

It was interesting also to meet again there men like Sir Walter Lawrence and Sir John Hewett, who were fellow guests. There was also an interesting personality in the Rumanian Prince Cantacuzene, who had fought on the British side in the Air Force during the War and had apparently invested much of his fortune in English bonds.

I remember, one evening after dinner he was much perturbed when Sir John Hewett argued with remarkable prescience that the only possible solution was a wiping out of all War-debts.

Sir Walter Lawrence had done the Settlement of Kashmir. Things were so bad in those days that he was paid in kind receiving in lieu of his salary so many hundred maunds of grain. He had great difficulty in getting people to take over waste lands in Kashmir.

He forced old Wazir Sobha Ram of Kashmir to take over some thousands of acres and made the old man cry, but he blessed him later on when the land became very remunerative.

Dear old Sobha Ram! Later in Raja Sir Hari Singh's time he was officer in charge of Zenana Palaces and we always knew by the set of his turban when he came to report whether there had been trouble or not.

Raja Hari Singh had an oyster-eating competition during one of our stays in the Castle which was won by Colonel Hoshiar Singh of his Staff who, gallant fellow that he was, very nearly died afterwards of his surfeit, because he had gone on eating, "For the honour of Kashmir".

There was a contretemps which the Raja never ceased to regret. A telephone message came through from Balmoral, to the effect that the King and Queen would be motoring past Douglas Castle, and enquiring whether Raja Hari Singh would give them lunch.

He was of course much honoured and delighted, but unfortunately there was some mix-up about dates and on the day upon which he had made elaborate arrangements to receive Their Majesties, they did not come.

The next day, when Hari Singh was away, the King and Queen arrived. Hari Singh's English butler and an Indian clerk who had been taken to England, proved themselves equal to the occasion and gave their Majesties lunch.

The butler later on wrote a pamphlet, styled "How I entertained the King."

Hari Singh was very anxious to purchase a whippet, the miniature grey hound, fancied particularly by coal-miners for racing. A whippet meeting is quite an event, with Bookmakers in attendance similar to a horse-race meeting. We heard that good whippets were owned by a family of miners at Motherwell, so we went there by car from the castle. We met the miner and his two sons, all over six feet in height. They were very courteous and raced their dogs in a field for us to see. The Raja fancied a black dog and we offered to buy him. The miner said he was not for sale. I tried to tempt him with high offers but he persisted that the dog was not for sale. The Nawab Khusru Jung was with us and he was sent to talk to the sons. He explained that it was the Prince of Kashmir and

that he offered a hundred pounds. We heard a voice suddenly roar out 'I don't care if it is God Almighty Himself, I do not want to sell the dog"! Hari Singh said to me, "No wonder you own the World!"

When he left England to return to India, Raja Hari Singh was kind enough to take me with him to see the battle-fields in France.

I am very glad indeed that he was able to make this extensive tour of the battle-fields, otherwise he could not have received the deep impression he did, of what the war had really been. When I wished him good-bye, I had no idea that I would meet him again, except perhaps casually, but in 1921 I suddenly got a message from him, to effect that he had been made the Senior Member of the newly formed Council in the Jammu and Kashmir State and he begged me to join him at once as his Chief Secretary.

I was glad of the opportunity of ending my service in a climate like Kashmir, but as the Prince of Wales was soon expected in Hyderabad, and all the arrangements for the visit were in my hands, I begged to be allowed to stay in Hyderabad until the Prince had come and gone.

But Raja Hari Singh was most insistent and I had to go to him practically at once and joined his service in Jammu in December, 1921.

I was most kindly permitted to do so by H. E. H. the present Nizam who with princely generosity awarded me a substantial pension for my twelve years' service to his father and himself.

Before leaving Hyderabad I must mention some of its great personalities. Maharaja Sir Kishen Parshad, G.C.I.E., the Prime Minister, a Noble of the old school, courteous and considerate, a scholar and a poet of considerable repute.

Sir Faridoon-ul-Mulk, a Parsi gentleman, completely self-made, a man of great intellectual powers and of unrivalled experience. He had been secretary to successive Prime Ministers and his services could not be dispensed with.

I dropped in to see him one morning and found him crying. I asked what was the matter and he said, "He is so good to me," and he gave me a letter to read. It was from the present Nizam "Dear Old Faridon,—Here is a little present from Yours Ever M. O. A. K. (Mohd. Osman Ali Khan);" and enclosed was a cheque for Rs. 25,000. I said "This is very nice, why are you crying?" He said, "What am I to do with all this money." "Oh Oh," I said, "if that is the only difficulty, leave it to me." Another morning I called and found him working as usual in his verandah. A telephone was hanging on the wall and it commenced to ring. "Excuse me my dear boy," and he went to attend to it. He said "Who is there," and then the instrument fell out of his hands and bending double from the waists he gave 17 salams due to Royalty, it was the Nizam speaking.



There was Col. the Nawab Sir Afsar-ul-Mulk, Commander-in-Chief of the Nizam's Forces. He had come to the State from a British Indian Cavalry Regiment, to teach the late Nizam Horsemanship and had remained to be Commander-in-Chief and the Nizam's faithful servant.

He had a most beautiful seat on a horse and an inimitable style of tent-pegging.

He had 4 sons and they were all given 'Mansabs' or life allowances of Rs. 300 p.m. each from date of birth, excepting Hamid who got Rs. 700 for swearing when he was a small boy at the Nizam seven times because he was teasing him. Sir Afsar went to France during the Great War as A.D.C. to Sir John French. I met him there in 1915 and we were on the same cross-channel steamer.

The decks were crowded with Tommies going on leave and one very merry and bright, produced an open bottle of beer and said, "Have a drink, old chap."

A submarine suddenly popped up, but it was one of our own and we sighed relief.

Afsar had taken an Indian cook to France and he refused to leave when it was time to go, in spite of a wife and seven children in India. He said everybody was so kind in France. I took Sir Afsar round London and we had a queue of people following us on the underground to see him jump on the moving staircases.

Then there was the famous Mrs. Sarojani Naidu who was then beginning to blossom into the all-India politician she now is. At the Exhibition of indigenous industries I held she was present during the Nizam's inspection and kept on saying to him that she was also an indigenous product. He said, "You are—are you? Mr. Wakefield you can take her."

Then there was the Nawab Fakr-ul-Mulk, who lived in a palace and kept up the old traditions of hospitality. He employed a separate cook for each dish and entertained lavishly.

Nawab Imad-ul-Mulk, who was the Secretary of State for India's first Indian Councillor—who took Indian tobacco home, when going through the French Customs they asked him what it was and he said "Conserve." "May we taste it," they said. They did and let it through as horrible.

All these have passed on. Nawab Salar Jung remains, descendant of the famous Salar Jung I, and son of Salar Jung II, whose memory was so good that he only had to read his speeches once to be able to repeat them word for word. And now Salar Jung III who, like Pitt, found himself appointed Prime Minister at the age of 23. And last, but no means least, the late Right Hon'ble Sir Akbar Hydari, P.C., the founder of the famous Osmania University which teaches with Urdu as its vehicle, and the Nizam's faithful Finance Minister who, with his unique Budgetory system has consistently balanced his budgets and shown a surplus whilst all round him deficit budgets were the order of the day. He was indeed the foremost statesman in Indian States.

CHAPTER XI

JAMMU AND KASHMIR

I JOINED Raja Hari Singh's service in December, 1921, as his Chief Secretary.

I remember the first Council meeting, I attended in Jammu. I was sitting behind Raja Hari Singh, to help him whenever need arose, but that was not to be.

The old Maharaja Partap Singh made me go and sit beside him at the head of the table and I was converted into a Council Secretary and took all the notes and recorded the resolutions.

He was a remarkable character, the old Maharaja Sir Partap Singh, and one of the oldest Rulers in India.

He was unfortunately very prone to be influenced in the matter of personalities and whenever we had trouble in the Council, it was always over some personality and not over any matter of policy or administration.

The Council was assembled before His Highness entered. He always shook hands with me and that handshake soon became the barometer of his feelings and of the sort of time we were going to have that morning in Council.

If he gave me a hearty shake of the hand and continued to hold my hand as he walked to his seat, all was well.

Sometimes I was given only a couple of fingers to shake; at other times my hand was merely aggressively touched; then we knew that trouble was in the air, about some personality to be discussed at the meeting.

There were frequent clashes between the Maharaja and his strong-minded nephew and Heir. As soon as a

clash occurred, Hari Singh used to become deathly silent. He would scribble on a piece of paper, "I have a headache, I must go" or some such sentence, and rolling the paper into a ball, would push it across the table to me. I used to open and read such messages and quietly put them into my pocket.

The old Maharaja watched these proceedings very carefully and realized that there was something wrong and sometimes that realization made him more amenable. I remember once, during an interview with Maharaja Partap Singh, he astonished me considerably by telling me that he had known and spoken to no less than 25 Viceroys.

I was disinclined to believe this and checked the statement when I got home and found it was true. The next time I saw him, I told him he had made a mistake and that he had really known and spoken to 26 Viceroys, because he had forgotten to count Lord Ampthill. He said, "No, I do not count him, he only officiated for six months." He was very enthusiastic about Cricket and privately maintained a team. He played the game almost to the last and judged all other games by the standard of Cricket. He told me one day that he would like to give cups for a Tennis tournament, and asked me to draw up the proposals and bring them to him.

I did so, but he said, "What is this about playing only the best of three sets? I cannot agree to this. Why should anybody get a cup for playing only three sets? Look at Cricket, you have to stand all day and sometimes for two days. No, in this Tennis tournament 64 games must be played by each competitor and not the best of 64 games either, but all the 64 games must be played."

That unique Tennis tournament was actually run on these lines.

He was very outspoken. It so happened that a first-class Resident had to be sent to Kashmir for a time, until a first-class Residency was vacant for him. The Resident was very anxious to remain in Kashmir, but did not like losing pay, as Kashmir was a second-class Residency. So one day he said to His Highness, "Why do you not apply to have this Residency made into a first-class one?" And he pointed out how Kashmir was one of the biggest States in India, in fact *the* biggest in area, and he felt sure that if His Highness made the request, the status of the Resident in Kashmir would be raised to the first-class. His Highness, who did not speak English much, said to him in his Dogree Hindustani, "Thank you very much, I have had so much trouble with second-class Residents that I have no desire to deal with first-class ones."

"Wattal" in Kashmiri means sweeper, but there is no sweeper caste in Kashmir. The old Maharaja Pratap Singh said there were only three real "Wattals" in Kashmir and he named three of his officials who had lost caste by going to England.

He was always hungry for information and was not at all shy of asking questions. When he met the Nizam who was a very silent individual, at the Curzon Durbar at Delhi in 1902, he immediately started cross-questioning him about the size of his State, the number of rivers, the number of mountain ranges, the income, etc. etc., interminably.

The Nizam was much perturbed but suddenly a bright look came over his face and he said to the Maharaja, "There is a book in which all this information has been written. I will send your Highness a copy as soon as I get back to Hyderabad."

He had a habit of pretending to fall asleep, if any subject distasteful to him arose.

I remember one occasion, on which a very famous British Architect was in attendance with rough designs of a palace to be built in New Delhi.

The Architect had spread himself in making the design and we soon realized that it was going to be a much too costly undertaking.

As soon as he realized this, the old Maharaja closed his eyes and pretended to be asleep.

I was sitting next to him interpreting. The Architect sat opposite and the plans lay on the table before us.

The Architect, noticing that His Highness had gone to sleep, suddenly pulled out of his pocket about a dozen tiny little smoking-pipes, and threw them with a rattle onto the plans.

His Highness awoke with start, saw the pipes and looked at me for an explanation. The Architect said, "Will you please explain to His Highness that I cannot bear a hot pipe, so I have these tiny little pipes specially made and I carry them to my work all full of tobacco. I smoke one and as soon as it begins to get hot, I take another.

I interpreted to His Highness, who said in Dogri "Sodai" (Lunatic). The Architect said, "What did His Highness say?" I said, "His Highness thinks you are unique." The palace was never built.

Maharaja Ranbir Singh, grandfather of the present Ruler, was a strong Ruler and courageous. He was told that there was a plot against his life and he must not ride out. He rode, an attempt was made to kill him but the bullet missed its mark.

In those days entry into Kashmir without a pass was a serious offence.

A Scotchman, member of the I.C.S., not knowing of the rule, came in without a pass and was arrested. The Government of India dismissed him from the service, and he went to Maharaja Ranbir Singh for a livelihood.

He was given road contracts and prospered exceedingly. The Prime Minister, or Diwan at the Court, heard that the Scotchman owed his prosperity to a lucky stone he possessed, to which he poured libations of whisky daily. The Diwan got the Maharaja to send for the Scotchman and his stone.

When he was asked about it, it was a curious looking stone he had picked up and he said he poured whisky over it daily because whisky was the Scotchman's most precious heritage.

The Diwan who coveted the lucky stone got the Maharaja to ask for it and the Scotchman immediately gave it up.

Later the Diwan got it from the Maharaja and that night one of his servants died, whereupon he hastily returned it to the Scotchman.

As a small boy I saw the ashes of Maharaja Ranbir Singh of Kashmir pass through Ludhiana on their way to the Ganges on an elephant with a Military Escort and a Brass Band playing "Cheer Boys, Cheer!"

During the Prince of Wales' (present Duke of Windsor) visit to Jammu there was a banquet followed by fireworks, which we sat watching.

His Highness told me to make arrangements to buy the Royal train—he had taken such a fancy to it. I was to go to Simla at once to do so.

Before going I wired to Sir John Wood who was then Political Secretary. He replied that the train was not for sale as it had been distributed amongst the Governors of the Provinces. The value of the train was 11 lakhs of rupees.

During the Prince's visit to Bharatpur the Maharaja who was eccentric, decided to mount his Cavalry Regiment on Walers, which was the name in those days of horses

imported from Australia. Six hundred Walers were immediately purchased in Bombay and Calcutta and rushed up to Bharatpur and put into intensive training, for time was very short.

The training was effected but the time had been so short and the training so intensive that the horses were reduced to bags of bones.

The Maharaja had a fertile brain. He sent out for electric dry cells. The Prince was taken down to the parade ground at night after the banquet. Darkness reigned supreme until a bugle call rang out and hey presto, a full cavalry regiment shone out, every man and horse outlined in points of light.

The unique review was the talk of the country and the envy of his brother Princes and nobody knew that it cleverly cloaked the condition of the horses.

During the previous minority Administration of this State the Administrator ordered a parade of the troops and found that half the strength paraded in its mother's arms, the posts were hereditary!

I was sent to H.H. The Maharaja by Raja Sir Hari Singh with a request that he should undertake to give no more land to outsiders and that no more foreigners should be employed in the State, all appointments being reserved for State Subjects.

H.H. had been cajolled frequently by visitors into giving them grants of land and the services were full of non-State subjects.

After a great struggle I was able to get these two decrees signed. The people of the State should never forget the action of Raja Sir Hari Singh in securing for them this veritable Magna Charta.

It was proposed to name one of the large Dredgers on the Jhelum river after the Maharaja. He refused the

request, remarking, "Am I expected to rake up muck all my life?"

In 1922 I got a promise out of Hari Singh that he would visit his Jagir of Bhadrawa, he had never seen.

Everybody said he would never go out, all praise to him, he went.

We took off from the main road (Jammu to Srinagar) at Batote after reducing luggage to a minimum as everything had to be carried on mules. The Wazir or Collector of Batote was Sheikh Abdul Qayoom.

He made a good impression and later on was remembered for preferment.

We rode to Bhadrawa and at the first stage Hari Singh himself continued the good work of reduction of luggage and returned some 30 more of the Army mules which constituted our transport.

I can never forget the devoted behaviour of Hari Singh's people *en route*. The spontaneity impressed one. Poor old women hiding in bushes and throwing wild rose petals over him as he passed.

At Bhadrawa itself the people were on their roofs with baskets full of pink-rose petals which they showered down upon him as he rode through the streets.

The Headmaster of the local school came to me and said the boys had made a play, would Raja Sir Hari Singh honour them by coming to see it?

He consented and that night we went. They portrayed, with much good humour, the dilatory and evil ways of all the local officials. They knew that in this intelligent and strong-minded heir to the Raj, they had a sympathetic listener.

What a beautiful country Bhadrawa is, flowing streams, fertile valleys and mountains. Raja Sir Amar

Singh, the father of Hari Singh, knew what he was about when he chose Bhadrawa as his Jagir.

From Bhadrawa we went to a place called "Bach" after red bear. It must have been very high, for none of us could eat there.

The early morning after we arrived, 'khubbar' was brought to me of three red bears "quite close to the camp". I got on a pair of boots and snatching up a tin of sardines, a tin of condensed milk, a box of biscuits and a rifle, dashed across in my night-suit to Hari Singh's tent. He followed me similarly clad and we raced across the hills.

We failed to see any red bears but what a lark it was and how we enjoyed it, including the strange meal later on of sardines, condensed milk and biscuits. We returned to Batote on horseback—"the happiest time of my life," Hari Singh said.

From Botate we went by car to Srinagar. Outside Srinagar we were stopped by thousands of people. Some had manacles and leg irons on, cunningly made of rice straw. A minister had forcibly taken away their land and had built himself a house upon it. They wanted redress.

In 1924 I was sent home on special duty. I had a lot to do but found time to carry out experiments on dead horses for a really effective big-game bullet.

The Kashmir bullet was the result, soft lead sheathed in very fine copper. It has been tested out against all kinds of big game and found to be most reliable.

In 1925 we went for a tiger-shoot in the Central Provinces.

I was sent on ahead with Thakur Sheonathsingh to make the bandobast. We went to Chanda and soon found that the jungles were stiff with tigers. There had been no shooting during the war and the tigers had multiplied exceedingly.

H.H. Sir Taley Mohd. Khan of Palanpur, Raja Sir Hari Singh's great friend, accompanied us.

H.H. the Nawab Palanpur (Gujrat) is one of the best Rulers in India and worthy of a much larger State. He is a cosmopolitan, joining in all the festivals of his subjects, Hindu and Mohammedan. His State is situated more or less in the Centre of the Gandhi Cult and yet he has had no trouble. Whenever Mr. Gandhi passes through Palanpur the Nawab goes and sees him in the train.

We were seven weeks in the jungle and bagged 17 tigers, two Bisons, 1 panther and 1 bear and several Chital and Sambur stags.

Some incidents are worth recording. One beat in a beautiful bamboo jungle a tiger and tigress came out at intervals and were shot and close on their heels came a charging bull Bison. Hari Singh was so surprised to see him that his shot was not so deadly as usual and he got away badly wounded and was not picked up until days later.

Only one Bison was permitted to be shot. I mention this fact because it bears on another Bison story to be told later.

I had a narrow escape on another occasion. Three tigers were beaten out and shot.

I had been on a Machan behind Hari Singh, we could see the beaters, the beat was finished.

Hari Singh asked me to come down and look at one of the dead tigers to settle a friendly dispute between him and the Nawab.

I came down and looked at the dead tiger and found there was only one bullet in it, Hari Singh's.

One of the beaters, a sepoy in the Nawab's entourage, carried a gun and seeing a spurfowl run into a bush he fired at it.



" . . . FIRED OVER MY HEAD AT THE CHARGING TIGER "

A fourth tiger was lying in that bush and he came out with a roar, galloping straight for me.

I was standing in a clearing without a tree, so all I could do was to stand still and see whether I could stop the brute with two shots when he came close.

A single shot rang out and the tiger lay dead almost at my feet. Hari Singh, who was on his Machan some distance behind me, had fired over my head at the charging tiger and had shot him through the neck. This was his usual shot but to bring it off on a galloping Tiger, coming head on, was a marvellous feat and probably saved my life. Later on he gave me the rifle he had used "With love from Hari Singh". There was a blazing hot beat. We climbed into our Machans and the ladders were taken away. Without any warning a very severe hailstorm broke and we suffered a severe battering. Hari Singh saved himself to some extent by getting under the mattress on the Machan. We were wet to the skin and our teeth were chattering with the cold. Needless to say the beaters had been scattered and there was no tiger.

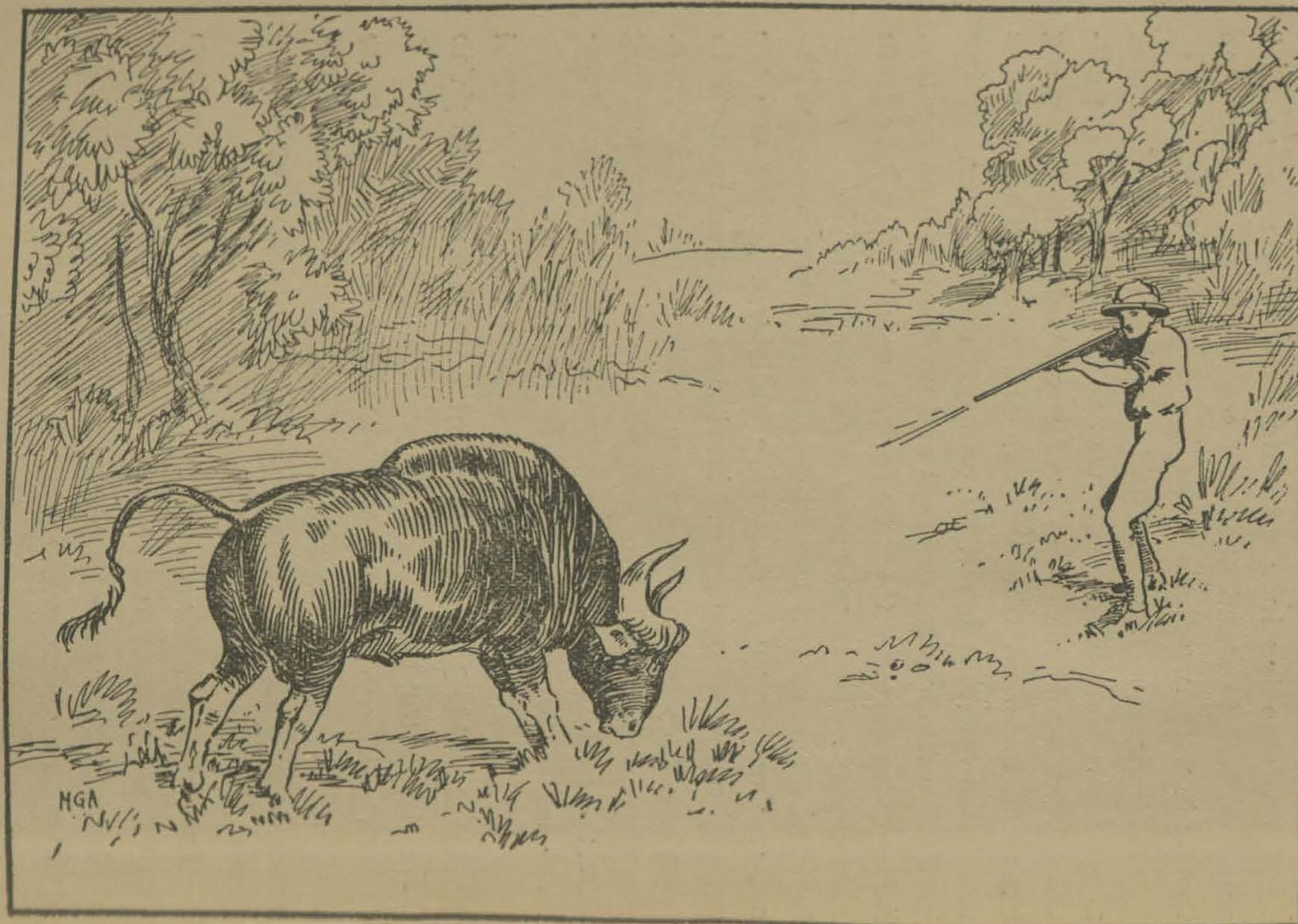
On another occasion a beat was blank. I left Hari Singh below his Machan and went with Sheonathsingh to find out how the tiger had got away.

We soon saw how he had been let through by some stops and were returning when I suddenly saw an enormous Bull-Bison, fast asleep in a small clearing in the jungle.

I watched him for some time, he was so soundly asleep that I made up my mind to photograph him.

I handed my rifle to Sheonathsingh who covered my advance as it were and I very gradually and noiselessly stalked the Bison.

He continued to sleep and I got a photograph of him. I then returned as noiselessly as I had advanced and still he slept.



ALMOST IMMEDIATELY A SHOT RANG OUT

We then sent a man up a tree to awaken him and after much handclapping and shouting he succeeded.

The Bison stood up and stretched himself, a veritable mountain of flesh standing 17 hands at the shoulder, and then proceeded to stroll off into the jungle in the direction in which we had left Hari Singh.

He was going so slowly that I decided to gently drive him in Hari Singh's direction.

When we had got him about 100 yards from Hari Singh's position I blew a whistle and Hari Singh shouted back, "What's up?" I shouted, "We are bringing a tame Bison to see you," and he said, "rot".

Almost immediately a shot rang out. The Bison had suddenly appeared about 25 yards from him with his head down and he had shot him. The Bison was in prime condition and his blue eyes were bright and clear. Why this animal, with a reputation for ferocity, behaved in so docile a manner, is still a puzzle to me.

We had got onto the wrong side of the local Indian Forest Officer and consequently the killing of a second Bison, though in self-defence, gave us much trouble.

In tiger-beats where there were no trees we used "Gentlemen." These were human faces on cross-sticks and with white coats on.

In one beat the tiger charged one of them with a roar and knocked him down. He was decorated in the field.

We had news from Jammu that the Maharaja was seriously ill so we broke up camp and returned after 7 weeks of the most glorious shooting. We found that H.H. was very ill indeed and Colonel Hugo, our Director of Medical Services, took him by easy stages to Srinagar.

But he died, and the body was taken out to the Ram Bagh and burnt.

The city-folk and many villagers also lined the route, weeping copiously.



The bier was covered with costly shawls and the pyre was of sandalwood. Raja Jagatdev Singh of Poonch, the spiritual heir performed the ceremonies.

For 11 days I think it was, we fasted on nuts. I got potatoes included because they could not be described as "grain," which was prohibited.

The old Maharaja was on his death-bed in a room upstairs in the palace, but was rushed down to die on Mother Earth which is essential for Hindus. A thread connected him with a cow outside and ensured the safe passage of his soul to Heaven. The priests had a good time when he lay dying. Five thousand rupees produced a Goddess in gold with promises of longevity. The palace gates were guarded and General Janak Singh, the Army Minister, arrested the statue of the Goddess and found it was not even gold.

A very interesting ceremony was performed after the Maharaja's death. A Brahmin was brought in from outside the State and shaved from head to foot. He was presented with samples of all the articles which had been used by the late Maharaja, money, motor-car, a horse, kitchen

utensils in gold and silver, beds and bed linen, etc. etc., and turned out of the State under Police escort, never to return under pain of death.

He took away all the sins of the departed potentate.

I was put on to check the ritual of Coronation with the priests and we eliminated all that was not in the 'Shastras.'

The Coronation was performed with great eclat being attended by several Princes and H.E. the Governor of the Punjab, Sir Malcolm Hailey.

There was a great display of jewels and 'Zabardast', H.H.'s favourite horse, was decked out with 7 lakhs of rupees worth of emeralds.

An American Cinema-Operator was employed to make a film. His name was Cowling and he was a live wire. The Police tried to stop him and he said, "Will you please go to Hell". Later on we sent him out duck-shooting with a Shikari. He brought back 50 coot. We asked him why he had shot coot and he said the Shikari kept on shouting "shoot." We asked the Shikari and he said I tried to prevent him by shouting "coot, coot."

The Maharaja Sir Hari Singh now ruled and his people looked to him for reform.

Every community asked to be permitted to present an address. He was well-advised to reply that he did not recognize communities, his people were one to him and he would receive a single address from them.

A single address was presented and he replied. Amongst other things he was well advised to say, "I am a Hindu but as a Ruler over my people my only religion is Justice." The next few years were full of hard work, for everything had to be re-organized, Ministers' portfolios, the High Court Offices, the Army, Durbars and Processions.

In the Army re-organization I pleaded for the enlistment of a double company of Kashmiris, but one day H.H.

told me that his grandfather, Maharaja Ranbir Singh, had raised a whole regiment and having uniformed and drilled them for six months in Srinagar, gave orders that they should march to Jammu. A deputation of their officers waited upon him with a petition, pointing out that in making arrangements for their march, no provision had been made for Police for their protection. The Regiment was disbanded. But time has wrought some change. During the riots which occurred in 1931 the wounds of dead Kashmiries were all in front.

On my first day in Srinagar a deputation of Students from the Government College waited upon me, complaining of having been beaten by other students. I asked how many they were and was told about 25, whilst the Kashmiris were 75. I enquired, "Why did you not beat them?" They said, "Sir, you have just come and do not know, we are a peace-loving and cowardly people." This was made just as a statement of fact and without any shame.

Canon Tyndale Biscoe has been working in Kashmir for 50 years and the motto of his large mission-school is "In all things be men." Character-building is the keynote of his training and it is unthinkable that any of his students should have made so shameful a confession.

Rai Bahadur Pandit Radha Kishan, retired Judge of the Jammu and Kashmir High Court, aged 76 and very infirm, came to the Palace on His Highness' birthday and begged me to get him the opportunity of presenting his 'nazar' there instead of at the public durbar later, because of his infirmity.

H.H. agreed and he was ushered into the presence and presented his 'nazar'. The old man thanked H.H. for the high consideration shown to a servant who had served his grandfather and said he had not much of life left. H.H. said, "Nonsense, I shall see you hale and hearty 10 years hence."

When I took the old man out, his eyes were full of tears, and he begged me to go back and induce H.H. to reduce his further span of life, for it was a burden to him.

I tried to soothe the old man by saying that his span of life lay with a higher power than an earthly Ruler. He said, "No, you do not know, our Rulers are invested with the attributes of the divine, please go and intercede for me." I went back to H.H. and he said "That cannot be, say that I have spoken."

We went into camp at Uri. After inspecting offices all day I returned in the evening to find H. H. sitting outside the Rest House receiving petitions.

He said he had received about 1,000 petitions and all were against an iniquitous system of usury and he asked me to explain.

I had come across a case of it in the Tehsil and told him that a cultivator had borrowed 12 annas to buy medicine for his sick father. That was 3 years ago and now a decree had been given against him for one hundred and eighteen rupees.

He was very angry and telegraphed for the Council and Mr. Middleton, the Settlement Commissioner. They all arrived and Middleton confirmed the universal prevalence of this iniquitous system of usury.

We sat for three days and nights and thrashed out the Agriculturists Relief Regulation, under which a debtor could apply to a court for examination of his account in his creditors' books, and if it was found that excessive interest had been charged, the court could cut down the total amount and give the debtor a decree against his creditor.

Pandits were usually the creditors and this hit them very hard and led to even greater hatred between the Pandit and Muslim populace than already existed owing to the Pandits having monopolised office and power.

The Pandits of Kashmir are very highly educated, the Muslims most backward in education.

The Kashmiri Pandit has flourished exceedingly in British India by reason of his brains and education, for example Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru, Moti Lal Nehru and his distinguished son Jawahar Lal.

I visited the George V Military School at Serai Alamgir near Jhelum and was much struck with the institution where the boys do everything for themselves.

I planned a similar institution for the state and asked His Highness to visit Serai Alamgir but he would not go. Presently the Viceroy, Lord Irwin, paid it a visit and His Highness went to motor him to Mangla in Jammu territory in which Lord Irwin was also making a tour.

I arranged with the Viceroy's A.D.C.s to capture Hari Singh when he arrived and make him inspect the place with the Viceroy.

This was done and I was ordered to immediately found a similar Institution in Jammu for Rajput boys, as a memorial to his Late Highness.

The Institution was started with 50 boys and very soon proved a great success and is still going strong.

His Highness is very fond of cooking. Dinner used to be switched off and we were all provided with materials and implements and cooked separate dishes, the rule being that if what you cooked was inedible, you got that and nothing else to eat.

Lord Irwin visited Kashmir later on, a most pleasant visit.

I think Kashmiris are the most emotional people in the world.

We took the Viceroy to see a village co-operative society. Lord Irwin was looking at the books when the

elders who stood before him suddenly burst out crying, with tears in profusion.

He was startled and enquired why. They said we are praying for your long life and prosperity.

I took him to see Christ's Tomb in Srinagar. The Ahmadi sect of Mohammedans believe that Christ was taken down from the Cross, revived and smuggled out of Palestine and died at the age of 56 in Kashmir and was buried there with his servant.

Lord Irwin was interested but just looked and said never a word.

He had never fished in his life but became an enthusiastic fisherman in Kashmir and was lucky enough to catch a 10 lbs. Trout up the Dachigam valley and appropriately enough in the Viceroy's pool.

I remember a Ruler who had a tooth-ache. A Dentist was summoned and he put up his paraphernalia.

The Staff was ordered to take laughing-gas and Staff Officers went under and survived the ordeal.

The Ruler then went under and had a tooth extracted, about 15 of us looking on. The rest of the evening was spent in discussing the sensations of all who had been gassed.

Colonel Tenants' house was on fire. H.H. the Maharaja of Kashmir insisted on going too; the Fire Brigade arrived and the fire was put out.

We found that it was a case of arson and I directed the Police to arrest the servants.

It was found that one of the servants, who had been many years in Colonel Tenants' employ, had seen his master lock a bag of rupees into a drawer. He had gone to the bazar, bought a bottle of kerosene oil, gone to the mosque and prayed for success and returned to the house at night.

He got in through a door he had left open and having stolen the bag of rupees, which was found in his house, set fire to the house with the aid of the kerosene oil to cover his tracks.

There is great opportunity for development in the State and it would soon be the richest, as it is the most beautiful, State in India.

In the Province of Jammu near the town of Riasi, the Chenab River, one of the five large rivers of the Punjab, wanders through the hills for about 9 miles and then comes back upon itself.

The hill dividing the two streams is only 600 ft. thick and the difference between the two water-levels is 45 feet.

By making a tunnel through that hill only 600 ft. long, a fall of the waters of the whole river of 45 ft. could be obtained.

This would provide sufficient Hydro-Electric power to work a railway to connect with the North Western Railway at Jammu and within a radius of 10 miles of the spot, coal seams 17 ft. thick, bauxite for aluminium 4 ft. thick, and on the surface, iron, lead and silver deposits exist.

In another part of the State there are sapphire mines. Some boxes full of sapphires taken from the mines in Maharaja Ranbir Singh's time, were in the Treasury and H.H. sent for them at my instance.

We found some stones, pounds in weight. I saw in the newspaper that a celebrated American Jeweller was touring India. He was called to Jammu and one day at tea he was shown 7 of those stones and asked if they were of any value.

He offered to take them at once and to pay 10 lakhs of rupees for them, but H.H. refused to sell because he intended making a State necklace.

I would call Hari Singh a genius if the definition of genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains.

If he gets interested in making plans for buildings or anything else, and he is always building, the passage of time is of no account.

He was devising a bag, a vade mecum. Cobblers had been employed for three days and nights making samples. The fourth night arrived and there were no cobblers. Tired out they had sought oblivion in drink!

Flattery was anathema to Hari Singh and he instituted an order that of 'Khushamdi Tattoo' or flatterer, 1st class in silver and 2nd class in bronze, a pony sitting up and begging.

The order was solemnly bestowed on every confirmed flatterer in private Durbar.

In 1924 when I was on board ship going home, I got a cable from His Highness: "Broken ankle, cheerio".

He had got off with a broken ankle tobogganing in Gulmarg.

A card was brought to me one morning in Jammu; "Mr. Albert Mayfield." He was a very brawny determined-looking individual and said he had come all the way from Canada to massage His Highness' broken ankle and asked me to take him to His Highness.

I asked him for his credentials and qualifications and he went off to fetch them. He returned presently with a portfolio containing three documents. Two were certificates that Albert Mayfield was a successful oil-borer and the third was from a Spanish Grandee stating that he had been told that Albert Mayfield was a blackguard but he thought him a jolly good fellow.

I said there is nothing to show that you are a competent masseur. He said, "Do you doubt me? Your figure is not perfect, I am prepared to demonstrate on you." I thanked him and asked him whether he would mind my sending him to the Inspector-General of Police to check his

bonafides. He said he did not mind and left, but he did not go to the Police and left Jammu.

I was summoned one day to the Palace and was introduced to H.H. the Maharani. Purdah had been lifted.

H.H. was good enough to say to her that if anything happened to him and she was in trouble, she must look upon me as her father; H.H. went to Cannes taking Her Highness with him and there was born the son and Heir Karan Singh, who is now a fine lad of great promise, so I am told.

The Princes gave a banquet in Delhi to British Indian Politicians on the eve of the first Round Table Conference.

Some of us were told to make them talk politics.

At my table there were H.H. the late Maharaja of Patiala, Dr. Munje, Madan Mohan Malavia, Sir Ali Imam, Sir Mohd. Shafi and Dr. Raje. Madan Mohan Malvia and Dr. Munje said to the Mohammedans, "Trust us and we will do everything for you."

They wrangled and at last Sir Ali Imam said to me, "Mr. Wakefield, the truth is the Hindus want a Hindu Raj and the Mohammedans a Muslim Raj."

At a later date we were in Delhi again and the Viceroy, Lord Irwin, was to take tea with Mr. Patel, the President of the Legislative Assembly.

H.H. of Kashmir was invited and insisted upon taking me. Several Princes were there, including those of Bikaner and Patiala, and Mr. Gandhi, Mr. Patel and Mr. Jinnah were also present. We had tea in the Garden, and the Viceroy and Mr. Gandhi in his unique clothes sat together on a sofa.

After the subject of the weather had been exhausted Mr. Jinnah said addressing the Viceroy, "Your Excellency, I find myself in great trouble, whatever I say appears to be wrong". "That is easily mended," said the Viceroy.

"If you always do as the Government desires, you will always be right, Mr. Jinnah."

The late Maharaja of Alwar paid Kashmir a visit. He could not bear the touch of leather,—his saddles and shoes were made of canvas instead of leather and he wore gloves and shook hands with them on because he could not bear the touch of human leather either.

He was clever but very eccentric and we had much trouble with him.

He had been to the League of Nations as an Indian Representative and on his return was giving an account of his stewardship in the Chamber of Princes during which he referred to "H.H. the Chief Bore" when talking of the Chief of Bhore.

The first time he visited England his people presented him with an address when he returned. It said amongst other things, "we have heard that so great was your popularity in London that when you left, the whole population of the town came to the Railway Station to see you off."

I had to find a bride for a young Prince once. "She is reported to be fair, with a good figure and features and she has blue eyes," I said. "Blue eyes?" he said, "my mother would say I had married a cat." Abdur Rahman. the great Amir of Afghanistan, woke up in the middle of the night and said to his favourite wife, "I am hungry." She said, "Food in the middle of the night? Go to sleep."

He slowly got out of bed, took the feather pillow into the corner of the room and systematically beat it with a thick stick until the sweat ran down his brow and the pillow was completely disembowelled and feathers filled the room.

The terrified woman crouched in the opposite corner of the room believing that her lord and master had become demented and that her turn was next.

He said, "That is how thou shalt me dealt with the next time I am hungered and there is no food." He told the story and said, "Now it has become a positive nuisance, whenever I waken there are maids standing round with dishes. 'Pulao my lord,' says one; 'kabab my lord', says another, and I turn over and sleep."

In 1878, the second Afghan War broke out and the Babus in the Commissariat Department, as it was then called, did not want to go.

There was a regular epidemic of disease and death amongst their female relations and at last Government shut down all leave and no excuse was taken.

A monster petition signed by thousands of their countrymen was then drawn up and submitted to the Viceroy, Lord Lytton, praying that Babus in the Commissariat Department should not be compelled to go to War. The petition opened with these words : "We by nature being a Nation of Cowards." Sixty years of British rule have elapsed, they would be ashamed to say so now.

When Hari Singh first became Maharaja, I instituted a Staff book in which the A.D.C.-in-Waiting had to sign his name and record H.H.'s engagements.

Maharaj Kishen Singh, Sirdar-in-Waiting, who had been on the Staff of the late Maharaja of——who drank himself to death, said to me, "Sahib, this is a very dangerous book, when Maharaja——dying of much drink, Staff book was examined by Resident, and Staff officers who had attended regularly were severely punished for having taught His Highness to drink."

I took Hari Singh to Udaipur to meet the Maharana Fateh Singh who was getting old and was the last of the old type. He came to the railway station to meet Hari Singh and held a Durbar for him. In spite of his age he insisted upon accompanying us shooting, although it was

hot weather we experienced hospitality and every consideration at his hands. He has passed on and was the last of his type, the soul of honour, a Rajput of the Rajputs; peace to his soul.

The promiscuous and uncontrolled manner in which the Muslim dead are buried in India often leads to much trouble when cities have to be extended or roads made.

The trouble arose on the Razmak Road on the North-West Frontier but settlement was arrived at after holding a 'Jirga' or meeting of Tribesmen, it being decided that payment should be made of Rs. 90 per grave to the next of kin to meet expenses of internment elsewhere.

But all was not plain sailing. Disputes and even blood-feuds resulted amongst the numerous claimants of long-forgotten graves, as they were now worth ninety rupees each.

A young and resourceful sapper cured the situation. At dead of night he stole out, accompanied by some trusted Pathan confederates, so that they could testify to the truth later. They dug a grave on the alignment of the proposed road and laid to rest in it the bones of long-defunct donkey.

Presently the road-work reached the grave and the usual mob of claimants demanded compensation. "This is my grandfather's grave," "this is my great grandmother's grave," said they. The grave was opened and it was discovered that the bones they had claimed for their ancestors were those of a donkey.

The countryside did not allow them to forget and the practice of claiming graves for the sake of the compensation ceased.

The Hari Singh High Street and the Boulevard Road along the Dal Lake were made in my time. To establish a world's record a big duck-shoot was organized at Haegam, H.H.'s private Jheel. Seven guns in 5 hours' shooting

picked up 2,136 birds. When the shoot was over, H.H. told me to get a couple of tongas to carry the birds into Srinagar. As I walked away I made a mental calculation of the weight and I returned to tell him that two ton-and-a-half lorries would be required.

There was no waste, the birds were all distributed to friends, the hospitals and the Army. H.H. kindly took me fishing in his famous Trout Stream, the Thrikar River, and I was lucky enough to catch a 10-lb. trout on a Jock Scot fly—


Lord suffer me to catch a fish
So big that even I
In speaking of it afterwards
Shall have no need to lie.

I left Kashmir in 1931 after the happiest years of my service, excepting the end but that is another story.

I was staying in Rawalpindi preparatory to deciding where to retire when I was roped in by the Military Authorities to supply the troops of the Northern Command with vegetables. We took up land and grew vegetables for them for 6 years.

It struck me that perhaps they would discontinue the arrangement some day, so I planted a citrus farm importing all the orange and grapefruit trees from Florida, California, South Africa and Australia. It has been hard work but pleasant and free from intrigue, and this, the eighth year, I am glad to be able to say that it has become a success and produces the finest grapefruit and oranges in India.

The Kiss of the Sun for pardon
The song of the birds for mirth
You are nearer God's heart in a garden
Than anywhere else on Earth.



THE RECORD SHOOT

CHAPTER XII

EDUCATION & POLITICS

I REMEMBER, more than 50 years ago, I was benighted and spent the night in a Zaildar's house in Ludhiana District where my father was Deputy Commissioner. A Zaildar is a headman of headmen. Every Tehsil is divided up into Zails for revenue administration purposes. I was leaving early in the morning and before I left the zaildar brought his son to me, just returned from Lahore having finished his education. The old man said, "Look at him, he wears patent-leather shoes and a black coat, insists upon 'dhobi'-washed clothes. He has not acquired sufficient education to secure a Government appointment and too much to enable him to contentedly live the life of his fore-fathers, he is of no good to you or to me."

Half a century has elapsed but almost the same allegation can be made regarding the semi-educated lads of the agricultural classes, the bulk of the population of India. But could things have been different? Much has been said and written about the extent to which the Indian system of education has been responsible for the rise of unrest. Many people would have us believe that education is the sole cause of the troubles which perplex the British Government of to-day. It might as well be said that we owe our difficulties to the persistent determination of the people of India to eat their daily bread. The theory is sometimes advanced that we ought to have restricted the people to the use of their own vernaculars and that we should have prevented them, almost by force, from learning English and studying English literature. We are urged in effect to raze our Universities and Colleges to the ground and to place Mill and Herbert Spencer upon a new *index expurgatorius.*

No doubt the methods are in many respects defective and unsound and too purely secular. No one would be more astonished and disappointed than Macaulay could he but see how his confident scheme had produced results far different from those he anticipated. But it ought to be remembered, when we are moved to decry the effects of education in India, that some rational and progressive system of education had to be devised, that its base was bound to be English and that it was compelled to derive from the West its chief sources of inspiration. But impelled by Exeter Hall we made the huge mistake of eliminating the teaching of the religions of the country, thus removing from a deeply religious people all moral restraint. Had we not unlocked for the people of India the stores of Western learning, they would have forced the gates open for themselves. They would never have been content to browse for ever amid the shady and venerable groves of Sanskrit literature. The West had burst assunder the barriers they had reared against intrusion and it was to the West they turned for new light and fresh guidance. And self-interest impelled the people in the same direction. A knowledge of English was an imperative preliminary to advancement in Government service. We could never have constructed so complicated an administrative machine as we now direct without the aid of a vast army of clerks and assistants whose knowledge of English is their chief recommendation. It is idle to talk now of shutting the door in their faces, it would have been idle to talk of it even in those far off days when Macaulay wrote his celebrated "minute". We may have forged the key which has opened the flood-gates against us but, as a self-respecting democratic nation, we could not have done otherwise. Four hundred millions of people, four-fifths of the inhabitants of the Empire, could not have been kept in intellectual bondage. As already stated the great mistake was made of making education purely secular, and this innovation

(for all education before our time was imparted by religious teachers) has resulted in cramming the rising generation with indigestible knowledge, without any regard for their moral welfare, and their training in the duties of good citizenship. But although this serious mistake was made, the broad aims on which the system of education was founded, were the only aims to be cherished by a race of rulers who conceived their mission to be the regeneration of India.

That education should have produced discontent was the most natural thing in the world, and is a veritable feather in our cap. We should not make it too much of a grievance that we have stirred dormant feelings and quickened into activity the first-vague yearnings after a cohesive nationality. If we did not perceive long ago that this would be the outcome of our efforts we must have been blind indeed. Lord Curzon's University Commission, although it led the intellectuals of India to plunge with unrestrained exuberance into violent opposition to the Government, commendably cleared the Augean stable of higher education, but the grave necessity of religious instruction remains to be recognized, and it is also necessary to make far greater efforts than have been made hitherto to educate the girls, the mothers to be of the generations to come. It does not appear to be realized how much the rising generation in India is influenced by the women. Character, like everything else in the East, matures quickly, and what chance has a boy got whose life up to the age of about 12 is spent entirely amongst his womenkind and if they are not only illiterate but if the unrelieved seclusion of their lives makes them narrow-minded, superstitious and bigoted?

Sir John Malcom, Agent to the Governor-General in Central India, issued in 1818 a pamphlet entitled "Instructions to Political Officers under my control on the eve of my departure from India." He wrote :

"The liberality of our Government gave grace to conquest and men were for the moment satisfied to be at the feet of generous and humane conquerors. Wearied with a state of continued warfare and anarchy, we were welcomed as deliverers and halcyon days were anticipated; men prostrated themselves in the hope of elevation—all these impressions made by the combined effects of power, humanity and fortune, were improved to the utmost by the character of our first measures. The Agents of Government were generally individuals who had acquired a name in the scene in which they were employed : they were unfettered by rules and their acts were adapted to soothe the passions and accord with the habits and prejudices of those they had to conciliate or to reduce to obedience.

But such a period was bound to be of short duration and the change to a colder system of policy and a widespread diffusion of education, were bound eventually to cause discontent and a yearning after power."

A remarkable prophecy considering that it was made 123 years ago.

The first noticeable evidence that the attitude of modern India towards the English was not reassuring, was furnished at the time of the Transvaal War. Excitement grew in India as the news of reverse after reverse was flashed across the Seas. Then came the disastrous black week with its series of alarming defeats. Many Englishmen resident in the large Indian cities noted with astonishment the sudden exaltation with which the stories of British misfortunes were received by the people. The consciousness that the Natives were rejoicing at the plight of their rulers, came with a sudden shock of revelation. There was an instant of savage joy, a slight but unwonted

manifestation of insolent hostility. I was in an Indian State at the time and felt it there too. Even those most in touch with the people had never suspected the existence of these seething passions of which they now gained a momentary glimpse. They had opened and shut the lid of a cauldron. The situation was inevitable. At first our comparatively mild and humane rule was accepted with great relief and thanksgiving. But it was natural that in the fulness of time our widespread diffusion of education, should awaken the very human desire to rule themselves. And this desire must increase with the fast-increasing spread of education. It is futile to imagine that it will subside. It is the large number of the people who are imbued with passive but disturbing convictions, who must be reckoned with. That is the condition of India and it behoves us to consider how we are to meet it. But we shall never appreciate all that it means unless we first comprehend that the primary cause of discontent and disaffection is not indignation over any particular grievance. No intelligent people in the world's history has ever conceived a warm permanent affection for an alien administration in which it has no practical influence. The Indian people only acquiesced collectively in our dominion until they had been sufficiently educated by us to have ambitions of their own. It is said that only a very small percentage of the people are educated and should not be permitted to count but "vox populi, vox Dei" is always the voice of the intelligentsia and not the voice of the masses. All the concrete and tangible blessing that British rule has conferred upon India are as dust in the balance when weighed against the desire to participate in the fruits of office. We are not of their blood and do not look out upon the world with their eyes, it cannot be expected that they should love us to such an extent as to look upon our presence as agreeable and permanent.

The Russo-Japanese War made a great impression in India. The echoes of Japanese victories resounded in every

Indian bazar. For the first time in hundreds of years the wave of European domination in Asia had receded. It was nothing new for European armies to suffer defeat at the hands of Asiatics, but never before had a great European Empire been humbled and laid low in so dramatic a fashion by an Oriental nation. The effect was traceable in every part of India. Indians did not stop to think, the majority did not know, that the traditions and history of the Japanese are as the poles asunder from the melancholy and factious records of their own peninsula. They knew little of the splendid spirit of patriotism and self-sacrifice which fired the Japanese and gave them unity, which the peoples of India, divided by religion and ethnology and environment, never have posssessed. They saw only a wild vision of Asia coming to her own again and straight away every garrulous tongue was loosened in the market place and young and ardent Hindus dreamed idle dreams of the days when their united nation should also step, armed and serene, into the circle of great empires. Since then Japan has entirely lost face throughout India by her aggression on China.

The ignoble part played by the Native Press in stirring up strife is so well known that it requires little reference. A limited number of Native journals are conducted with moderation and admirable skill. They often contain articles that would be a credit to any London paper of high standing. Such newspapers are almost invariably those printed in English. The activities of the National Congress, though more legitimate and far less wilfully provocative than the excesses of the Press, necessarily stimulate strife. The British authorities long made the mistake of treating the Congress with resentful disdain. Its very existence was regarded as an affront to the administration. A notable defect of the official temperament in India is that of undue sensitiveness to criticism. Unused to the frank attacks of parliamentary debate, unaccustomed to the candid antagonisms of English public life, unfamiliar with the wholesome influence of constant contact with a world outside official circles, Indian administrators are apt to be restive under external examination.

There has been little in the normal propaganda of the Congress that would have been deemed unusual or improper in English politics. From the point of view of the Government of India the Congress has constantly misrepresented the character and results of their work and their policy. It has exaggerated the imaginary evils of the "drain," said many injurious things about the land revenue system, brought many ridiculous accusations against innocent persons, and sought to convey to the Public in India and at home a perverse conception of the realities of British rule. But it has not as a rule departed in its collective capacity from the ordinary tactics of an English political party in opposition, yet, if the Congress has sometimes been unfairly maligned it has inevitably been a powerful instrument in accentuating discontent and dislike of the Government. It could not well have been otherwise when one reflects that its avowed object is to secure for Indians a larger share in the control of their own affairs. An investigation of its voluminous reports rather leads to a sense of its comparative moderation. The vituperative records of English party warfare would not show a cleaner sheet. But after all is said and done, the Congress remains an impracticable organization.

They came into power in seven out of the eleven Provinces in India and were doing quite well, but in a fit of pique retired from the Government. Now in the face of a world War, in which the Empire is fighting for its very existence, they decide not only not to co-operate but demand a constitution to be framed by Indians alone and to be independent of England. As a War measure, to associate Indians in the War effort, the Executive Council of the Viceroy has been enlarged, giving Indians a majority of votes and a Defence Council created, again with Indians in the majority; but the Congress and the Muslim League are not represented,—the Congress because it wants a con-

stitution framed by Indians alone and completely independent at once, in spite of the life-and-death struggle going on; and the Muslim League, having no hope of fair treatment under a Congress Government, has evolved a 'Pakistan' Scheme for the separation of the Muslim majority provinces as a separate unit, independent of the rest of India, and refrains from taking part in any political advance until and unless its ambitions are acknowledged, and here again completely ignoring the life-and-death struggle. But many Indians of great eminence have joined, and so the ball rolls on. What a Bedlam it is, and the Princes of India are supposed to Federate. They would be well advised to wait until the Government of British India has been placed on a stable basis. In this war they are co-operating loyally in men and money. Our obligations to them compel us to retain our directing position in India. But they ought to make every endeavour in the meanwhile to become constitutional rulers, to fix 10 per cent. of their incomes as their Civil List and to associate their people in their Governments.

Mahatma Gandhi is, on the whole, to be commended. He has lived the life of a true patriot and done his best for his people. But he is a visionary and has lived a hundred years or more too soon. The world is not ready, if it ever will be, for "soul-force". His over-riding weakness is love of the dramatic, of which the present "quit India" demand is an example. He cannot but have known that in the midst of a life-and-death struggle, it was impossible to comply with such a demand and, in consequence, there would be riots and bloodshed, which he especially decries. When the War is over and the British Government fulfils its promise of allowing the Indian peoples to create a constituent assmebly and to frame a constitution of their own, there will be endless quarrelling and confusion, and the state of affairs will be worse than ever.